THE

# CHALLENGE

OR, A

# Young Lady

TO

Sir THOMAS [illegible]

OR, THE

# [illegible]

[illegible]

Present Dress and Ensigns

Of the FAIR SEX

Are Vindicated and [illegible]

QUALITY, and [illegible]

By Madam GODERE, and [illegible]

genteel Ladies, who [illegible]

to every Challenge

[illegible] Encounter consisting

[illegible] LETTERS, Pro and Con

[illegible] Points relating to

AND IS

The 3rd Battle of this Nature

ever fought in England

[illegible]

BODLEIAN
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'TWas a considerable while since, that Advertisements were given in the Athenian Mercury concerning this Book and the design of it: There happen'd it seems a QUARREL sometime since between Sir Thomas,—&c. And Madam Godfrey—he reflected on the whole Sex, and she as vigorously defended 'em, till at length the Gentleman undertook more at large to prove 'em guilty of innumerable Faults and Follys, (that the whole Sex was made up of Vexation and Vanity, not a Patch or Mask, or Ribbon about 'em; nothing from Top-knot to Shoe-tie, but what needed reformation) and she to Answer whatever he could urge against 'em: But the CHALLENGER began so roughly that the Defendant fled to Athens for succour, which at her desire answered the First Paper, that against LOVE, but won'd not engage any further in the Controversy; only Printed an Advertisement for any other Ladys to come in and assist their Sex: Accordingly, as the Defendant receiv'd the Letters, she sent 'em to me, with Permission to Print 'em, having Answer'd several of 'em her self. And the rest were done by others of her Acquaintance, and many of 'em shown to the Gentleman before they were sent me. 'This first Volume beating up 'for Volunteers, 'tis supposed such an Army 'of Ladies will come in from all parts of Europe, as will humble Sir Thomas and all 'his Adherents. The War was no sooner proclaimed

*claim'd, but the Learned* Anonyma, *the Ingenious* Daphne, *Madam* H--- *and other Ladies, appeared in behalf of their Sex; and 'tis hoped the News of this* First Battle *will soon reach the Ears of Madam* D'acier *of* France, *Madam* Daunoy (*Author of the* Travels into *Spain*), *the Lady* Manley, *Madam* Pix, *and the Ingenious* Pindarick Lady, (*who lately publisht a* Book of Poems *under the Name of* Philomela). *'Tis not doubted but these Ladies, and many others will take up* Arms in this Litteral War; *in which all the* Dresses, Customs and Humours of the Fair Sex *will be boldly attackt*--- '*The* Ingenious Bernice *has* already 'promised the Defence of Commodes, Madam *Wells* a farther Defence of Topknots, '*Climene* the Defence of Lap-Dogs, Madam '*Gibbs* the Defence of Kissing, *Ephelia* the Defence of *Red Hair*, Madam *Diggs* the Defence of Patches, Madam *Sherburn* the Defence of Womens taking Tobacco; And '*Ariadne* will prove *there's no Sex in Souls*, against *Leander*, who affirms there is. Neither is *Clarinda* or *Sapho* Cowardly, but have 'promised to fight for their *Rights and Priviledges* as long as they can weild Tongue 'or Pen---*And sure I am if these Heroines come thus in a Body, Sir* Thomas *and his Army will soon be Routed. But suppose these Ladies (like Cowardly Soldiers) will neither* scratch nor bite, *but turn their Backs when they see the Enemy, yet the* Valiant Godfrey (*as* Oldham *expresses it*)

Wears

Wears her Pen as others do their Sword; *And resolves* (with the Females already Listed) *to Charge the Enemy through and through*; *But the greater Force comes in, the* more hopes of Victory——

☞ All Young Ladies therefore that are willing to serve under Madam *Godfrey*, (their She-Champion) are desired to send in their Names, and place of Abode, and they shall be furnisht wirh Pen, Ink and Paper, and enter'd into present Service. The Place of Rendevouz is Mr. *Darker's* House in *Bull-head-Court* near *Cripplegate*, to whom all Letters must be directed——

*That every Lady may take or propose* what Point they can best defend, (*for each Female has the Liberty of naming as well as taking her Subject*), *at the End of this* FIRST Battle *is added some of the* Challenges *designed for the Second*.—The whole Encounter will consist of 600 Letters, *Pro* and *Con*, on all the disputable Points relating to Women. *And as soon as the* Peace *is concluded, there will be printed an* Alphabetical Table *of all the Ladies engaged in the Fight, and if permitted, their* Quality, and Place of Residence, *with a* Pindarick Poem *to* Anonyma, *Madam* H—— *and the* Ingenious Ariadna, on their timely assistance in this Female War.

*If any be so* wise and incredulous *still, as to ask* whether this War be real or not? *I answer, 'tis design'd by the Challanger as a peice of Diversion for* Ladies these Winter Evenings.

So

*So that 'tis not a Pin matter whether 'tis* real or feigned. *I suppose no man is* so very silly, *as to have the worse Opinion of the* Turkish Spy, *because generally thought a Fiction--- But* (*for once*) *to humour these* Nice Palates, *I do assure 'em that this Quarrel is matter of Fact; and might I have leave to tell who the Ladies are that fight under the Names of* Anonyma, Sapho, Cleonta, Arsinda, *and* Daphne, *&c.--- 'twould give such Reputation to the Undertaking, that this* First Volume *would soon swell to the size of the* Turkish Spy. *I had like to have forgot to tell the Reader that* several of the Subjects being near a-kin, *and many of the Ladys not knowing what the rest had writ, 'twas impossible but their* Notions *must* interfere *in several places*, and be very like, if not the same with each other. *An accurate Reader may also take notice that the* Style *is the same in several of the* Answers, *and will rightly* conclude *that they are by the* same Hand; *A great part of the work, I think near half*, being Written by the Lady who first undertook the Quarrel, *because there were not enough of her own* Sex *came in to* help her. *I am not to Answer for* the Freedom, the Combatants use with one another, *for I declare it on the* Honour of the Black Bird, *I neither know the Knight nor Lady.*

*But if this be worth the while*, I'm promis'd the rest of the Letters: *This is all*, Mr. Reader *that I had to Acquaint you, since you know of old that I am*, Your Humble Servant,

PHILARET.

# The CONTENTS of the First Battle.

*That none but a Fool can be in love, by* Sir Thomas p. 1
*Denied by the* Athenians ——— ——— 7
*Against the Female sexes Pride and Vanity, by* Sir Thomas 13. *Answered by Madam* Willet ——— 21
*An Essay in Defence of Top-knots, and the present Fashions by* Anonyma 27. *Answered by* Sir Thomas 41. *That Blushing's no Sign of Modesty by* Mr. Sandford 61. *Denyed by Madam* Prestwood 64. *Against Vizard Masks by* Sir Henry 66. *Answered by* Daphne 70. *That Women are more cruel then Men by* Sir Thomas 73. *Answered by Madam* Godfrey 80. *That in a Dishonourable Amour the Womans most to blame by* Mr. Palmer 85. *Denied by Madam* Crockford 88. *Against reading Romances by* Sir Thomas 92. *For them by Madam* Godfrey 97. *That a* Black-a-moor *Woman is the greatest Beauty by* Mr. Bexford 101. *Denied by* Sapho 106. *Against naked Breasts by* Sir Thomas 111. *Answered by Madam* Wood 114. *Against Painting and other Artificial Beauty by* Sir Will. 116 *The Defence of Artificial Beauty by Madam* Godfrey 121. A *second Answer to* Letter XI. *further proving that Women ought to Paint by another hand* 126. *Against Womens managing business by* Sir Thomas 119. *Answer by* Arinda 134. *Against Old Maids by* Sir Thomas 139. *Their Defence by Madam* Snell 144. *Against Fondness and Forwardness in Women* 148. *Answered by Madam* Godfrey 154. *Against Dancing by* Mr. Woolhouse 157. *For it by Madam* Feild 161. *Against Platonick Love and Friendship in different Sexes by* Mr. Rich 164. *Its Defence by Madam* Godfrey 170. *That Women are not more Religious then Men by* Mr. Randal 177. *The contrary prov'd, that*

*that Women are more Religious then Men by* Madam Carter 185. *That ugliness is most desirable in a Wife by* Sir Henry 193. *Answer in Defence of Beauty by* Madam Dent 198. *Against Shee-Wits by* Sir Thomas 206. *For them by* Madam Godfrey 212. *Against Womens Jealousy* by Mr. Trenchfield 219. *Answer'd* by *Madam* Brigginshaw 224. *That a true Wife's incorrigible* by *Mr.* Axtel 229. *Answer'd* by *Madam* Barnes 236. *Against womens prodigality* by Sir Thomas *p.* 1. in the 2d Alphabet. *Answer'd* by Madam Hastings 8. *Against* marrying *a Widow* by *Sir* Thomas 13. *The Defence of Widows* by *a Young Widow* 18. *Against Plays* by *Mr.* Kingham 24. *For them* by *Madam* Chace 248. 1st Alphabet. *That there's no such thing as* Love after marriage, by Mr. *Stratford* 23. *That 'tis possible to* love as well after marriage *as* before, *and the* way *to do it* by M. *H*—31. *That no woman can be faithful in* absence by *Sir* Thomas 38. *Answer'd* by *Madam* Godfrey 44. *Against* Nunneries by *Mr.* Preston 48. *For them* by *Madam* Lake 55. *Against* the Unquietness, Impertinence *and* Garulity *of women* by *Sir* Charles 59. *Answer'd* by *Madam* Haithorn 64. *Against womens longing* by *Mr.* Hollis 68. *The Defence of womens longing* by *Madam* Radford 73. *Against Learning in Women by Mr.* Harcourt 101. *Answered by Madam* H—106. *To an old woman about to Marry a Young Man* by *Sir* Thomas 254. *The old womans Answer* 256. *Another Answer by a Young Lady* 257. These 3 in the 1st Alphabet. *The Cure of Love by* Sir Thomas 78. *Answered by Madam* Godfrey *in a Letter shewing the ways to be Lov'd* 82. *That Women are the oddest things in Nature by Mr.* —— 87. *Answered by a Club of VVits* 89. *Against womens Inconstancy by Mr.* Harcourt 91. *Answered by Madam* H—95. *A second Answer to Mr.* Harcourt, *wherein is proved that Women are more constant then Men by* Ephelia 97.

THE

# THE CHALLENGE,

Sent by a

# Young Lady

TO

# Sir Thomas—

OR, THE

## Female War, &c.

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## LETTER I.

### *Againſt* LOVE.

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By Sir *THOMAS*—

---

I Was in earneſt, and am ſo ſtill, and have too much reaſon to be ſo, and deſire nothing but *a clear Stage*, and *no Quarter*. I ſhall begin my Attack on that which is the very Foundation of all your Sexes Pride, and the Dotage and Folly of our own, and that's *LOVE*,

*which I undertake to prove, none but a Fool can e'er be guilty of.* I know you'll ask me preſently, whether I never knew a *wiſe Man* in that Condition? I grant, many that are eſteem'd wiſe, may have had a ſhaking or two on't, or have at leaſt thought fit to pretend ſomething like it, to hold their Necks o' one ſide, and look like Fools, that they might not be out of the Faſhion, as our Grandſirs wore Ruffs, our Grannys Farthingales, and your ſelves now, ſuch Aerial Monumental Topknots; which tho' you all acknowledge little leſs ridiculous than a Cap with a Bell at the Top of it, yet if the *Seven-Wiſe-Miſtreſſes* ſhould riſe agen, they'd rather never be kiſs'd, than be one Barly-Corn ſhort of the Faſhion. But you'll ſay, they don't all diſſemble; for if *wiſe Men* han't bin really in Love, why do they marry? A ſhrowd Argument. And who ever did ſo that was well in his Wits? 'Tis true, that Men of the greateſt Senſe may ſometimes overſtrain their Heads with thinking, and get a little *delirious*, and in that *Fit*, Nature falls upon them like a Coward, when they are *down*, and pops 'em into *Matrimony*; and when once their Horns are faſt in the *Brake*, let 'em get out agen how they can. That this is true, you your ſelves muſt grant, or your great Admirers, the *Athenians*, if you'd either of ye be ſo ingenious as to reſolve me one Queſtion, and that is---Whether you ever knew any

of thoſe celebrated *Wiſdoms*, who did not play the Fool egregiouſly in ſome one great Inſtance of their Life, and in this I'm ſure as much as any other. You have heard, I ſuppoſe, of one of their Sagacities, who when he had *marry'd* his *Maid*, frankly own'd that there was no reaſon below the Girdle, and he never gave a more *righteous Judgment*. And perhaps 'tis neceſſary that thoſe great Men ſhou'd have ſome ſuch *remarkable Blemiſh* that *others* may *know* them, and they *know* themſelves to be but *Men*, as the Spots in the Sun and Moon, are enough to keep any but Sots from worſhipping 'em; and as the old *Romans*, notwithſtanding their long Beards, convinced the *Gauls* at laſt, that they were not Gods, becauſe they were capable of paſſion as well as themſelves. Suppoſe then, at worſt, that a *wiſe Man* ſhould have bin in Love, 'tis as a *Fool*, not a *wiſe Man*: He for the time parts with his *Wiſdom*, puts off his *Politic*, and appears in his *Perſonal* Capacity, unleſs you'll rather ſay, that as the Gods are fabled to have done, he *diſguiſes* himſelf to deſcend among Mortals. This I ſtill affirm, 'tis no part of his *wiſdom*; he's drawn into't by a meer *Trick* and *Fallacy* of Nature; 'tis what he wou'd, if he cou'd, *avoid*, like *ſleeping*, or other leſs handſome Actions. 'Tis certain, no *wiſe Man* wou'd ever be in Love, if he knew how to help it, becauſe it makes him look ſo *like* a *Fool*,

that the *two Sofia's* are hardly *leſs diſtinguiſhable*. For muſt not any Man in his right Senſes, (which beſure is no Lover) muſt he not own that upon a fair and equal Ballance, the Inconveniences of that Paſſion infinitely outweigh that *ſcratching* ſort of a Pleaſure, which ſome ſay is to be found in't. Wou'd any *wiſe Man*, I'd fain know, bring a thouſand Miſchiefs upon himſelf, which he might keep clear of, or make *anothers* Misfortunes his *own*, as if he had not already ſufficient to torment him? But he that's not in Love is *half an Angel* to the Wretch, who is condemn'd to row in that Ship of *Fools*, chain'd to ſome other Fellow-Slave, to have and to *hold* with a Vengeance, like thoſe poor Creatures, whom the Tyrant faſtned to *Dead Carcaſſes*, that they might *ſtink* and *rot* together. The Story of *Pandor's* Box is doubtleſs miſtold by the Poets: 'Twas the *Dreſſing Box*, which Nature preſented to all your Sex, containing, as I hope to prove, I know not how many hundred Kinds of Poyſons, Miſchiefs and Miſeries, intruſted all in your Hands, to puniſh and plague Mankind. I'd fain know to what peice of Midwifry a Man muſt have recourſe, to find all the Diſeaſes of your *Bodies* only, (ſince theſe of your *Minds* are granted innumerable) with which, if a Man has the hard Fate not to be *choak't* or *poyſon'd* the firſt Night,

as

as a certain King they talk of uſed to ſerve his Wives, yet how many a tedious Moon and Year, and Age, muſt he languiſh with ſome frightful Hag *ruſtling* by his ſide, unleſs he takes a Doſe of Opium to break the Charm, and give him his *Habeas Corpus* to an eaſier, and more comfortable Bed in the Duſt? 'Tis one of the leaſt and moſt tollerable Inconveniences of that whimſical Paſſion, that it turns the Brains of all it ſeizes, and makes 'em ſo ridiculous, that 'tis impoſſible to pity 'em, without laughing at 'em.

And the worſt of it is, that this Madneſs is infectious too, and better come near any other Venemous Creature than a Lover:--- For not only his Bite, or his *Sight*, is *mortal*, but 'tis almoſt equally dangerous to *hear* him. His *Sighs* kill as certainly as the *Breath* of a *Serpent*, and infuſe the *ſame* Poiſon into others, which he himſelf was ſo full of, that it runs over. To ſpeak truth, he's not only a public Nuiſance, but a common Enemy, and deſerves as well to be expell'd a regular Commonwealth, as the Poets from *Plato*'s, or as that *Tragedian*, who put a whole City into a Fever, by reciting a Famous Tragedy. All wiſe Law-givers have taken a peculiar Care to puniſh thoſe very ſeverely, who have bin Corrupters of Manners, and by their bad Examples, debauch'd the Commonwealth, and infected it with Riot and Lewdneſs.

But nothing effeminates a Man more than this ſickly Paſſion; nay, it makes him deſpiſe or hate all who are healthier and wiſer, and will have it a mark of Dullneſs and Nonſence, not to play the Fool, and is as angry with thoſe who do not, as the *Sybarite* with the poor honeſt Fellow, who was hard at work; which ſo highly diſpleaſed him, that he was like to have beaten him, becauſe it made him ſweat to look upon him. The ſubject is ſo copious, that I find 'tis eaſier to ſay too much than enough upon't; I ſhall therefore add no more, but one juſt Remark, that 'tis eaſie to obſerve what an uſeful and innocent Paſſion we ought to eſteem it, when we find nothing more common than for the Raviſher, the Inceſtuous, the Adulterer, and ſometimes the Murderer, to plead *Love*, to excuſe them, which therefore ſhou'd ſeem not only a Pretence for the blacheſt Villanies, but even the *Cauſe* of them.

*THOMAS* ——

*Anſwer*

*Anſwer to* Letter I.

## By the *Athenians*.

ALL Men muſt Love, and this Sir you grant, and that Nature it ſelf obliges 'em to do ſo, which if true, it muſt be *Good* and *Rational*, and the contrary *unnatural*, then which nothing more can be deſir'd to the prejudice of your opinion; nor can any thing be pleaded more to the Advantage of Love then that 'tis neceſſary in our preſent State of Life. When we come to be Angels 'tis another matter, but what's that to thoſe that make the objection? Would not a Man deſire to *Eat* and *Sleep* when he has occaſion, and if he ſhou'd quarrel with Nature for obliging him to it, wou'd he not thereby highly bring in Queſtion both his *Piety* and *Wiſdom*, it being no leſs then taking it ill, that he's made a *Man*, not a Stone, or a Tree (tho even they *Love* too, in their way) or a ſenceleſs Lump of Earth, when ſhe was at Liberty into what mould ſhe'd caſt his yet *undetermin'd matter*? What is there ſtronger, more certain, or more unaccountable and wonderful then Sympathy and Inſtinct? But had the Loadſtone that *Reaſon* we boaſt of, 'twou'd ſurely make better uſe on't then to find fault with Nature for making it ſo dearly Love

the Iron. But there's more then this in't, there's ſomething highly rational in the very *Eſſence* of *virtuous Love*, abſtracted from that muddy *ſence* we have been ſo long talking of, tho the objection makes it all nothing elſe, as if Sir *Thomas* had no Notion of any purer Love, and yet it concludes againſt Love in General, which is by no means a fair way of arguing. If there be no reaſon *below* the *Girdle*, ſure there's ſome above it, or elſe we are in a worſe condition then thoſe which ſome eſteem their *Fellow-Reaſoners*, and *Fellow-Lovers* too, if they Love promiſcuouſly and make it all a matter of *ſence* only. But that there's ſomething more refin'd in *Love*, is evident to any, who will but be at the pains to reflect on the *cauſe* and *manner* of it, and nothing is more certain then that the *mind* of *Man* perceives it is not, nor can be in it ſelf compleatly happy. It therefore looks *abroad*, coaſts about, and ſurveys the whole Creation, as the firſt Man did in *Innocence*, to ſeek for ſomething like it and ſuitable to it, till it meets at laſt with ſome *imbody'd Soul*, and that it Loves, for were it the body only, 'twou'd Love a *Carcaſs* as well as an Animal, at leaſt *one Perſon* as well as another, the contrary whereof is evident to all the World, and that only Brutes, or thoſe who are very near 'em, have no choice in theſe matters: It finds, 'tis true, no *perfect* ſa-

*Satisfaction* in what it *Loves*, even when it poſſeſſes it; and what's the reaſon, but becauſe the Body lags behind, comes between, and obſtructs its happineſs; no other weakneſs then is to be found in all ſenſible pleaſures. But the reaſonableneſs of Love reaches further: The ſympathy of *Souls* is *rational*, and we are conſcious of it, and can reflect upon it; there's not only, as has been ſaid, ſomething of *choice*, but even of delicacy in't, whereas there's none in any *Magnet* either *Dead* or *Living*, a ſubject indeed fit to be wrote upon by none but a Tranſported Lover.

However, nothing can be weaker then the remaining objections, which this angry Gentleman produces againſt that beſt of paſſions, the direct contrary to moſt of what he aſſerts being evidently true. He calls it a *Lazy* diſtemper, when 'tis the moſt *Active Principle* in the World; wou'd perſwade us that no *Wiſe man* is, or *wou'd* be in *Love*, whence it follows by the Rule of contrarys, that either *hatred*, or at leaſt a ſtoical *Apathy wou'd* better become him, which needs no confutation. So far is *Love* from being an Argument of *Folly*, that we defy him to inſtance in a *Fool* that ever was in *Love*. Tho o' t'other ſide, he knows the ſtory of the Aſs in the *Turkiſh-Spy*, and we leave him to apply it. And as this *Averſion* to *Love* is no great *ſign* of *wit*, ſo 'tis no better of *Civility* and *Humanity*. For

which reaſon, when we find a perſon who really has all thoſe qualifications, fall foul on that well-natur'd paſſion, we may well believe one of theſe two things, either that 'tis only a *Copy* of his *Countenance*, only as a Tryal of Skill and oſtentation of his *Wit*, to ſhow how much he can ſay for an *ill cauſe*, or elſe that his mind is *ſowr'd* by having been himſelf *unfortunate* in his amours, in which caſe he's a prejudic'd Perſon, and an unproper Judge, and as little regard is to be given to his *Ravings* as he has for Truth or Juſtice. But let ſuch as theſe ſay what they will, the World will be ſtill apt to believe their ſences, and when they have ſo often ſeen ſuch as have been neither Liberal or Courtly, nor Induſtrious, nor it may be ſo much as neat or cleanly before they have fallen in *Love*, immediately after reform'd as it were by Miracle, and become quite other Men, and when their difference from themſelves has been and often is ſo Remarkable, and the Change ſo much for the better, and they become both Generous and Liberal, and Courtly and Diligent, who can hinder himſelf from concluding that it muſt be a Noble Principle, and very Beneficial to Mankind, which cauſes ſuch an Advantagious alteration? But above all, the ſlanders he caſts upon Love, none appears more unjuſt or improbable then his charging it with effeminating Mens minds; when 'tis

Noto-

Notorious that it does the contrary, and that ſometimes to a Fault; and that even a *Timorous Heart* will not refuſe to *fight* when his *Miſtreſs* is near him.

As for the Gentlemans *Civil Farewell*, wherein he throws all thoſe miſchiefs upon Love, whereof 'tis either the innocent, or but pretended occaſion, he can't but be ſatisfy'd himſelf 'tis a very unfair way of *Arguing*, ſince if that wou'd hold good, we'd fain know how he cou'd Anſwer an objection much of the ſame nature brought againſt *Religion* it ſelf, the pretence of which all muſt own has been the occaſion of much miſchief in the World. But the ſame Anſwer will ſerve to both; 'Tis not *Religion*, nor is it *Love* that really occaſion theſe fatal diſorders, but the *pretence*, the abuſe, the *Vizard* of 'em both, nor will it ever be otherwiſe, but that *Villains* will *Profane* and Scandalize *one* of theſe as well as the *other*.

But after all, what wou'd the objector gain ſhou'd we grant that Love were really ſuch a Bugbear as he has repreſented it, or how come Women more then Men to be concern'd in't? O-- he tells us in the Beginning, 'tis " this which is the Foundation of all the Female Sexes Pride, as well as of the *Dotage* and *Folly* of *Mans*. But was there never a *Beau* of his Acquaintance who grew Proud and Vain with being *Belov'd*, nay, with the very *Fancy* and

*Dream*

*Dream* on't, having ſo good an opinion of the *Beauty* and *Good humour* of his own *Wig* and *Cravat*, that he thinks 'tis impoſſible any Lady in the World ſhou'd reſiſt him? Such Monſters as theſe he knows have been found, out of *Africa*, and 'tis not at all fair to lay the weight of a Folly that ought to be divided between both Sexes, on *one* only, and that the *weaker* too, eſpecially when ſo great a part of Men have ſo much their own *good word*, that if the Ladies ſhou'd not take pity on 'em, and let 'em now and then make *Love* to them, or at leaſt to their *Fan*, or *Picture*, they wou'd infallibly fall in Love with their own *dear ſelves*, and like *Narciſſus*, ſtare ſo long on their own *ſhadows*, till they pin'd themſelves to Death.

*Athens.*

## *Letter* II.

### *Against the Sexes Pride and Vanity.*

### By Sir *THOMAS*—

A Vaſt *Sea* to *Launch* into, and not more *wide* then 'tis *unfathomable*: They are indeed but *one*, tho diſtinguiſh'd by different *Names*, or at leaſt have a mutual *Intercourſe* and flow into each other. But for more *exactneſs* I'll diſcourſe of them *diſtinctly*, and deſcribe the dangerous *Rocks* and *Sands* and *Shelves*, that are every where ſcatter'd round 'em, that tho you are reſolv'd to *ſink* your ſelves, others at leaſt may *beware* of 'em.

And firſt, your *Pride*, which you know was your *Fall*, as well as that of your dear *conſident*, who *perſwaded* you to it. 'Tis hard to ſay, where you ſhow it moſt, in your *Converſation* with *us*, or with your *ſelves*, or with *one another*.

While you have *Eyes*, you will have *Pride*, you have ſufficient in your ſelves to feed that, and your *vanity*, tho no other living Eve ſhou'd ever ſee you. Is it for your *Husbands*, or ſo much as your *Lovers*, or for the ſake of the reſt of the World, that's

that's all this *Patching* and *Painting*, and *Curling* and *Dreſſing*, and *Fooling*? No, I muſt clear you from all theſe; 'Tis as much for your own *dear ſelves* you do it, as for all the reſt together. We fancy the *Peacock* ſpreads his *fine Train* to oblige the *Spectators*, but it's a great miſtake, for he does it often enough, and *ſtares* on himſelf, and admires his *glaring Train*, when he knows not he has any *Witneſſes* to admire him.

Thus wou'd you do, if in a *room* by your ſelves, and you were ſure neither to *receive* or *make* any *viſits*; you'd yet *ruſtle*, and *ſtrut*, and look back on your *Train*, and mend your *Curles*, and make Court to your own *amiable ſelves*, for a whole day together.

However, as to your *outſide* you have oftentimes ſomewhat that may at leaſt give a pretence to your *Vanity*, but what have you to ſay, for your *minds*? What ſhow or ſhadow of Reaſon, for being *Proud* of what is ſo perfectly *Contemptible*, and there's ſo little *hopes*, or it may be *poſſibility*, of their ever amending? You are even *Proud* of your *own Pride*, when you can find nothing elſe, and you thus make a ſort of an *infinite Proceſs* in *Vice* and *Folly*. Your Sex reconciles a thouſand *Contradictions*, which is it ſelf the *greateſt*, your minds are *weak* and yet *ſtubborn*, *looſe* and *diſſolv'd*, and open to ſuch *pleaſing ſophiſtry* as you are ſure will *ruine* you.

you, and yet at the ſame time *impregnable* againſt the utmoſt *efforts* of *ſober* reaſon, mighty *full* of your *ſelves*, and yet as notoriouſly *empty* as thoſe *ſhapes* of *Men*, who ſo much admire you. I ſhall find you a *Glaſs*, e'er I've left ye, better then Mrs. *Behn's*, and much truer; and which, if you'd look upon't half as often as on your own, there would be ſome hopes you might a little rectify theſe *mental Deformities*; but I'm perſwaded you are much more inclin'd to *break* it, for you never yet *endur'd* one that *told* you your *Faults*, any more then a *Gown* that ſhows your *Ill ſhapes*, you dearly Love to be *bolſter'd*, and he or none muſt have your *Heart* that *flatters* and *abuſes* ye.

But I'm ſlipt from your *Pride* to your *Vanity*, which ſeems to *reſpect others*, while the former is often *terminated* on your ſelves; Tho 'twill be as difficult to ſeparate one from t'other, as you from either, and therefore I muſt now conſider 'em *promiſcuouſly*, and take that which comes uppermoſt.

And if ever either of 'em ſhow'd themſelves, 'tis in your pretences to *equality* with your *Lord* and *Soveraign*; that *Nobler Creature*, whom you were made to *ſerve* and *obey*, a ſort of an *Appendix* you are to Mankind, a *Crutch* to his *Mortal Nature*, made (one wou'd be tempted to think) on *Proviſion* of the *Fall* (had not you

you your ſelves been the *Principal Actors* in it,) without which one can ſcarce imagine there had been any *need* of you. However, *made* you were, for *another*, and yet have the *Vanity* to flatter your ſelves, that *he* was rather *form'd* for *you*, and that all Mankind are to bow *down* and *Worſhip* ye. O! How hard it goes to pay a little pretended *bodily obedience*, but if it once comes to the *mind*, you'll no more yeild any *Superiority* then a begging *Spaniard*, to a *Nobleman* of any other *Nation*. There you are perfect *Levellers*, as fit to *rule* as any, and as much *right* to't, tho you may as well ſay your *Bodies* are as *ſtrong*, and can undergo as much *Fatigue* as ours.

How many poor Husbands d' you make *weary* of their *Lives* by the *Pride*, the *Uneaſineſs*, and the *Vanity* of your *Tempers*, and what *Bunches* of 'em have *ſtrung* themſelves on this occaſion?

And no wonder, if you ſeldom miſs *trying* your skill with them, after you have clos'd them, at the ſafe *Lock* of *Matrimony*, when you are generally ſo well practis'd in *Domineering* before you are Marry'd. Your *Lovers* are your *Slaves*, from the very firſt ſight, and you rule 'em more *abſolutely* when once *Chain'd* to your *Bed*, then the *Algereens* theirs, when faſten'd to their *Gally-Benches*. Your *concern* is not ſo much, what *ſubjects* you have, as how *many*; nor how they *live*, as how they *ſerve*, nor how

you

you *come* by 'em, as how you may *preſerve* 'em. You have the *Vanity* to believe all rhat theſe ſay of you, all the groſs *Flatteries* wherewith they load you, with which Tyrants are generally pleas'd, becauſe they think greater things of *themſelves*, then they can hear from others. How many *perjuries* are you *Guilty* of? Both all your *own*, and theirs too, who are ſo unfortunate, to be enſlav'd by your fatal artifices. They muſt be deeply *forſworn* to pleaſe you, and proteſt you have ten thouſand *charms* they never dreamt of, tho your *Faces* be as *mean* as your *minds*. And if theſe happen to be *Blaſphem'd*, if any whom you are grown *weary* of, and have *caſt* 'em off for the ſake of beloved *variety*, happens to take the *ungenteel Freedom* to ſlander you with the greateſt *Truth*, what *attonement* preſently but his Blood, and what *Sacrifice* leſs then *humane*, to appeaſe your *Savage Deity*! One Rival is preſently hired with *ſmiles* and *hopes*, and all the *Witchcraft* of your *Sex*, to cut the *Throat* of another, to gratify your *infernal Pride*, and *inſatiable revenge*: Whereby you have often a *double advantage*; you get rid of two Lovers at once, and make *room* for more, while one of 'em is *hang'd* and the other *murther'd*.

Nor have your own Sex much fairer *Quarter* from you then *ours*. No *Truth*, nor *Juſtice*, nor *Friendſhip*, you are all in *Hobbs* his State of Nature, *Independent Empires* of your

your ſelves, and at profeſs'd *Wars* with all the World. Your very *Cloaths*, your *Gowns*, much more your *Faces* are *Rivals*: You'd ſcarce one of ye, give another an *Inch* of *preheminence*, tho 'twas upon the *Edge* of a *precipice*, and to ſave both your *Lives*; ſo much leſs *wit* have you then the two *poor Goats*, who meeting upon a *narrow Bridge*, and finding it impoſſible to *paſs by* one another, or to *return* without *falling* into the *River*, one of 'em very *politickly* and *humbly* laid himſelf down, and the other *went over* him, by which both got ſafely whither they intended. And did they not Act far more like *rational Creatures*, then the two *Good Wives* of *Paris* t'other day, who met in a *narrow ſtreet* and complimented till *Night*, getting both *Dinner* and *Supper* in their *Leathern-Tabernacle*; rather then either of 'em wou'd leſſen the *Grandeur* of their *Family* by going backward, and leaving the other in *poſſeſſion*.

You ſhow us, how little *Beauty* is to be really valu'd by the low *eſteem* you have of it in any but your *ſelves*. Some *fault* you are ſure to find in the moſt regular Face, and then, none but *all the World* knows it.

'Yes, truly, ſhe's a pretty ſort of a Wo-
'man enough, for what there is of her,
'for a little Apple Childiſh Face. Or elſe,
'on my word a proper Dame, and abun-
'dant

'dant ſhape ſhe has to recommend her, 'ſhe'd make a good handſome Man enough, 'that's the Truth on't. Or the contrary, were 'ſhe not a thought to ſlender, a little d'ye 'call't, (*crys another Erynis*), why ſhe's a MEER SPIDER, a perfect INSECT, two Pyramids ſet together. Or, ſhe has a 'good Complexion, Nay, ſet down in-'different, 't has a notable Eye of the 'WALL in't; either DOUGHBAK'T, or 'the OVEN OVER-HEATED. Or—For 'her FINE EYES all the World ADMIRE 'her, yes, they have a Languiſhing caſt 'with 'em, ſhe is a little CIRCUM-'SPECT, and has the advantage, that ſhe 'can throw one of 'em on her LOVER, 'and the other on her HUSBAND, at the 'ſame time, without altering her PO-'STURE, and look equally amorouſly on 'both. Well, but haſtn't Madam *A*—a very 'graceful preſence? Yes, and a fine ROL-'LING-PIN-FACE. She's tall, as a 'BELL-ROPE, Lovely WHITE TEETH, 'and a mouth like an--O YES! CURI-'OUS HAIR, with an Eye of GOLD 'in't. Round plump SNOWY HANDS, 'and you ſee ſhe's not a little PROUD of 'SHOWING 'em. Charming EYE-'BROWS, why you may ſee the LEAD 'SHINE upon 'em. A GOOD FOR-'TUNE, Thoſe always come SHORT on 'the telling, or weigh leſs after Mar-'riage. Of an UNSPOTTED REPU-

TATI-

'TATION,--- Pretty well ſince ſhe broke off with my Lord *R*--or after HANDSOME *G*--had left her--or where ſhe's not WELL KNOWN;---or---Nay, we ought to hope the beſt ſtill;---Many have bin ABUSED, and we live in a MALICIOUS WORLD. She TALKS WELL, but affected: Very good HUMOUR'D, but FOOLISH; a great deal of WIT, and ILL NATURE.

The plain Meaning of all which is juſt thus, if you wou'd but ſpeak out.

'I'm ſo PROUD, that I hate any ſhou'd be thought a FINER WOMAN than m ſelf, or ſo much as equal with me. I'm the prettieſt, littleſt, ſofteſt, roundeſt, plumpeſt, propereſt, gracefulleſt Creature that I ever ſet my Eyes on. Have the moſt Virtue, Beauty, Wit and Reputation. The fineſt EYES, the beſt Preſence, the prettieſt Ways, the loveliеſt Hair, the eveneſt Teeth, the moſt enſnaring FINGERS, the moſt ſurprizing Foot, the beſt Shaped---The moſt charming Elbow, and Tip of an Ear, of any in *CHRISTENDOM*.

——Well, *Madam*, You are, I ſee, ſo raviſh'd with Admiration of your ſelf, that 'tis pitty now to diſturb you, or *wake* you out of ſuch a pleaſing *Dream*; and therefore, at preſent, *there I leave you.*

*THOMAS—*

*An-*

*Answer to* Letter II.

By Madam *WILLET*—

*In a Letter to Madam* Godfrey, *the Lady who first engag'd her in this* Female War.

*Madam*,

I Doubt you have *chosen* but a *bad second*, in a very *good Cause*, however I cannot deny to contribute the *little* I am able, where our *common Interest* is concern'd; leaving it to your *Discretion*, either to give these rude Thoughts, the Honour of a place amongst *better Company*, or totally to suppress them.

As touching the *Accusation* of our seemingly angry *Antagonist*, who chargeth all our *Sex* with *Pride* and *Vanity*, we may bear it with the less *Concernment*, because almost in the *Prelude* thereof, he fairly owns what I take to be very much to our *Advantage*; namely, that it is not for *the sake of their Sex*, that we take so much

pains

*pains* in *Dreſſing* and *Adorning* our ſelves, but meerly, and only for the *Decency* of the thing in its own *Nature*: I hope he will not *forbid* us to *reverence* our *ſelves*, or to conſider that we are *humane Creatures*. If we were to be *buried*, he would permit us to make uſe of ſome *Ornaments*, which yet ſurely he will not alſo attribute unto *Vanity*, ſeeing we ſhall have none but *Worms* to admire us in the *Sepulchre*.

Let us therefore make the beſt uſe of this one piece of *Ingenuity*, which has, it ſeems, *undeſignedly dropt* from him. Let us record it againſt we have *occaſion* for it: This Gentleman plainly aſſerts in the midſt of all his paſſion, That *it is not for the ſake of our Lovers that we take ſo much pains with our ſelves*; nay, as if he had not bin yet *kind* enough, he again adds, that *he himſelf will clear us from this Imputation.*

But I do not *conceive* that we need all that which he ſo bountifully *grants* us; for let us ſuppoſe that we did really expreſs ſomething more of *Solicitude* in our *Dreſs*, when we expected the *Viſits* of a *Perſon*, for whom we had a *vertuous friendſhip*, I cannot ſee any thing *criminal* in ſuch a *Behaviour*, or, that looks like *Pride* and *Vanity*; nay, rather the contrary, for nothing *ſavours* more of *Pride* than to *affront* or *ſlight* a Perſon, who doth not *merit* it, and who be[illegible] us any *reſpect*, and waits

upon

upon us, in order to *expreſs* the ſame.

Now, nothing in my Opinion can be a greater *Affront* to a Perſon of *Condition*, than when we are *forewarn'd* of their *Viſits*, to be ſurpriz'd in a *Dreſs* not ſuitable to *receive* them ;--- Or, ſometimes to repay the *Honour* of ſuch a *Viſit* in the ſame *undecent Manner*.

Moreover, it is evident, that many Perſons expreſs as much *Pride* and *Vanity* in a *moroſe* and *undecent Dreſs*, and *Deportment*, as any Others can in the moſt *faſhionable Dreſs*, and the *moſt coſtly Ornaments*.

Was not the *Cynical Philoſopher*, *Diogenes*, guilty of more unexcuſable *Pride*, than the famous *Alexander the Great*, who came to make him a *Viſit*, for which the *brutiſh* Fellow could find no handſomer way o f Requital than by bidding him *ſtand out of his Sunſhine?* We are not to regard what any Perſon *wears*, but in what *manner* he doth it. The moſt reſplendent Monarch in the Univerſe could not be more *proud* of his ſtately *Palace*, than that ſame *Tatterdemalion* was of his *ſtinking Tub*; nor the moſt Beautiful and moſt Magnificent *Youth* in all *Greece*, of his *Rich* and *Splendid Robes*, than he of his *Squalid Rags*, which would *Nauſeate* to *behold* them.

Theſe things being agreed to, as I ſuppoſe none will deny them, I proceed yet further in the *Defence* of our *Sex*, as to the *Articles* now under *Debate*; which I may fairly

fairly do, or at leaſt *ſilence* our *Accuſers*, by a juſt *Recrimination*. If we are *vain*, are they otherwiſe? If we are *proud*, are they *humble*? Let us make an equal *Eſtimation* of things, and the contrary will be indubitable. We have, we do not deny, ſome outward *Embelliſhments* which are not proper to Men, and perhaps we uſe more than they do, and were we ſomewhat more pleaſed with them, a little good *Nature* would not chuſe to impute it to a *Vice*, when at the utmoſt it can be no more than a *Weakneſs*: But we deſire either our preſent *Antagoniſt*, or any other of our *pretended Enemies*, to give us Information, if ever they have ſeen a Lady, altho' *dreſt* to the greateſt *Advantage*, who had ſo much *Complaiſance* for her ſelf, and ſo little for another, as when a *Gentleman*, a *Stranger*, was in the Room, who came to make her a *formal Viſit*, to employ a great part of her time, in *admiring* her ſelf in the *Claſs*, without any regard to the *Company*, or to common Civility? And after they have reply'd to this Query, we ſhall deſire 'em as ingenuouſly to ſatisfie us in two or three more: How many of their *own Sex* they know, who will not *employ* themſelves in the ſame manner, tho' their *Miſtreſs* her ſelf were in *Company*? And whether this be as *civil*, as we know it is a *faſhionable* way of *entertaining Ladies*? And laſtly, if this be not a *clearer Demon-*

*ſtration*

*ſtration* of their own *Sexes* inſufferable *Vanity*, than any which they can *affix* upon *ours*.

If you furthermore accuſe us, for *affecting Dominion* over your *Sex*; and being reſtleſs for the Superiority, at leaſt an Equality with them: For my part I know no *ſenſible Woman*, who deſires either.

It is enough for us to ſhare the *Government* of a *Family* with you; for which, *Nature* deſign'd us, and for which you ought to *thank* us, and which we may *juſtly expect*. Some *Inequality* we *concede* between us, but the neareſt to *Equality* or any *Degree* that you can aſſign. Our *Governors* you were conſtituted, but not our Tyrants; we were given you as *Wives*, not *Slaves*, and there can be no greater *Indication* of *Vanity*, than to pretend to an abſolute Authority, where you have no Right to any but what is *limited* and *legal*.

But above all things, I ſtand amazed, that the Gentleman ſhould charge on our *Sexes* Pride, thoſe *Tragical Events*, which we are too often occaſion'd by the ſame *Vice* in his own. Can we prevent our Lovers Quarrels, which the Law it ſelf cannot? Or can we favour *all*, or may not the moſt Virtuous, Modeſt, and Diſcreet *Lady* living be ſometimes the *innocent occaſion* of ſuch Misfortunes, or when the furious *Rivals* are engag'd, would he

have us, (like the *Sabine Wives*) run between, to part 'em?

And on this *Head* I muſt further add, That if Men were but ſo peaceable and quiet, of ſuch ſoft, ſuch tender, and compaſſionate Diſpoſitions, as we generally ſpeaking, muſt be own'd to be; or laſtly, of ſuch forgiving, pardoning Tempers, it is certain, there would not be ſo much *War* and *Bloodſhed*, ſuch *Piracy* by Sea, and *Ravage* by Land; ſo many great and ſmall Robbers and Murtherers, as now oppreſs and diſtract *Mankind*, and make you more Dangerous and more Savage than the fierceſt Beaſts towards one another.

Thus, *Madam*, I have, as well as my mean Abilities would permit, anſwer'd the unknown Gentleman's Letter, and remain

*Your Humble Servant*,

Elizabeth Willett.

LET-

# LETTER III.

*Being an* Eſſay *in Defence of the preſent Faſhions of the* Female Sex.

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Written by *ANONYMA.*

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THo' I have bin ſomething *negligent*, as to *Time*, yet the *Subject* you have impos'd on me to treat of, doth ſufficiently demonſtrate the *Power* you have over me: When laying aſide all the *curious Thoughts*, flowing from all the *noble Subjects* of *Heaven* and *Earth*, you have bound me up to a *Woman* (forgive me mine own *Sex:*) And to that which is *tax'd* as the greateſt *Vanity*, ever committed by 'em; I mean the *Extravagancy* of their preſent *Faſhions*, amongſt which, that of their *Heads* ſeems to be *vaineſt*; Their *unreaſonable Toppings:* And to which they ſeem ſo united, that 'tis not in the power of Reaſon or Ridicule to make 'em part with them. Other Faſhions have their ſhort Continuances here, and then they go off the *Stage*; this the ſettled *Poſſeſſion.* They are never weary, never will be *aſham'd* of this, tho' it pre-

vails beyond all *meaſure*, and is become ſo *Troubleſome* and *Chargeable*, that it has forc'd 'em to lift up the *Tops* of their *Doors*, and of their *Coaches*, to admit 'em.--- But I forget my *Province*, which was to defend, not to accuſe the *ſoft* and *tender Sex*: And indeed I ſpeak but the *Language* of the *Vulgar*, and (amongſt 'em) of the rudeſt of *either Sex*, who only are *Enemies* to theſe *Dreſſes*, and *Expoſe* 'em. As for the *Gentile*, and *Underſtanding*, the *livelieſt*, and well Educated part of *Mankind*, they *ſcruple* not to approve 'em, by *uſing* of them. Indeed, few or none have defended 'em by the *Pen*; a Sign that their *Enemies* are ſo illiterate, that they cannot read; nor had I undertaken this needleſs Task, had it not been in Obedience to your Commands; and in order to this, I ſhall ſpeak of *Dreſs* in general, and firſt, Prove it be no Sin or Folly, and then ſecondly, Shew the Advantages of it, and that it has ſome poſitive Good in it; and then laſtly, apply all to the preſent *Head-Tires* of *Ladies* in particular.

To begin then, I lay this down as a Principle: That there is nothing Uggly or Beautiful in it ſelf, but with reſpect to the ordinary Rules and Cuſtoms of Nations. There be two outward Things obſervable in a Body; the Figure or Shape, and the Form or Colour of it: For the Figure or Shape, it is wiſely contriv'd into that

that which nature produces, and that which is Redundant, or Deficient, is said to be Monstrous or deform'd, not that 'tis so in it self, but in respect of its deviation from the common Standard, that nature proposes to its self to build up the Body of Man in. And as Figure; so Form (by which I mean Colour) depends upon the customary Draughts of Nature. And we count a mixture of White and Red Beautiful, because it has Anciently been counted so; Whereas the *Blacks* (they say) have other and contrary Notions of Beauty. A plain Demonstration that Beauty is founded in Custome, not Nature, and that nothing is originally and simply ugly.

2. And as the Form and Fashion of the Body, so the Form and Fashion of those Garments that cover it, are all Judg'd handsome or ugly, by the Rules that Custom have proscrib'd to it: For there be two ends of Cloaths; The first *Natural*, to defend the *Body* from *Cold*, &c. The other *Civil*, to *distinguish* Sexes, and the several degrees of each Sex, and to set it off and adorn it. And tho in the first of these a certain Fitness and Proportion of the Garment to that Member it is design'd, or to the whole Body for the use aforesaid, is the probable Rule it ought to be made by; yet in those that distinguish the Sexes, and degrees of each Sex, (as some always must be own'd to have the only Authority). And

this is the Reaſon that ſeveral Faſhions that appear at firſt ſight ſtrange, if not Monſtrous, ſhall become ſo agreeable by Cnſtome that we fall in Love with 'em, and admire 'em, and cannot think thoſe we doted on before tollerable: 'Tis true, great Perſons having always claim'd the Richeſt works of the Richeſt Materials; ſuch habits have been uſual ſigns that they were known by. And wrought Gold and Garments of diverſe Colours, are the outward Indications of Perſons of Honour, Greatneſs and Riches. And meaner Stuff and Workmanſhip for the Inferior ſort. Thus it has ever been. But we ſpeak not of the Materials, but Figure of the Diſtinguiſhing Garment, and therefore for thoſe of Ornament, which is the laſt end of Garments, I muſt lay down theſe General Rules.

1. That as every Creature is bound by the Law of Nature, to build up and repair his Body by Nutritions, ſo to adorn it and ſet it off in the beſt manner he can, by the Ornaments neceſſary thereunto; which is in effect, but to ſet off Gods work, and make it appear more Illuſtrious and worthy of him.

2. The particular way to do this is not fixt, but guided by Fancy. That is, we firſt try one way and then another, according to our ſeveral Fancies and Opinions. And having experienc'd one way, perhaps in time

time we like it not, and fall to another, and ſo to a Third, and ſo on till perhaps we fall into ſome of the Old again, when either they are forgotten, or our Fancy alters, and we think it again conduceable to that end: And ſo, tho' we differ from our ſelves, in the Methods and Means of Adorning our Bodies, yet we agree in the end. The Means are only Trials, wherein we are guided by our Fancy. They are *Eſſays* of *poor imperfect Man*, to compleat himſelf, which is the end of *Human Nature*.

3. We have an Eſtimation for Things we have not try'd, and for Perſons of Honour, and true Worth, and the firſt is the occaſion of the *Inventors of new Faſhions*, and the ſecond, of thoſe *that follow 'em*. Every one wou'd improve his Body, and make it appear as perfect as he cou'd; but every one cannot tell how. The Rich and Great are thoſe that contrive theſe outward Embelliſhments; which having try'd and prov'd, others (that have a great Veneration for what they do) imitate 'em: So that there is cauſe in Nature, *Viz.* Perfection, for the Invention of *new Faſhions*, and for the *Vulgars* following 'em. As likewiſe for their Change; when we find by Experience that we have miſt this end, and therefore are enclin'd to try another,

And *laſtly*, When a *Dreſs* is grown common, or us'd by vile and ordinary Perſons, it has loſt its Diſtinguiſhing and Adorning Quality; and ſo the End being loſt, 'tis fit it ſhould be laid aſide, and another aſſum'd, till Authority ſhall be pleaſed to Appropriate Garments and Faſhions to the ſeveral Sorts and Degrees of *Sexes*: So that 'tis the want of ſuch a good Law, that brings a neceſſity of Change of Faſhions. 'Tis neceſſary Perſons of Quality ſhou'd be known, that they might have their due Honour: And ſeeing every ordinary Creature will break in upon a Faſhion, and dreſs like 'em, and Authority will not interpoſe to make an Incloſure, what can, nay, what ſhou'd they do but fall into another Mode for diſtinction? So that the Original of Faſhions, and the Changes thereof, is founded partly in our natural deſire of Perfection, and Attempts towards it, and partly in that Order and Diſtinction, which ſhou'd be amongſt Mankind, without which, all things will fall into Confuſion.

Theſe things being premiſ'd and agreed to (as I ſuppoſe they muſt be) I wonder why Man (unreaſonable Man, that is guilty of the ſame Crime, if it be one) ſhou'd rally upon poor Ladies for the pretended Extravagancies of their Dreſſes. Do they pretend they are uggly or monſtruous? Why! there is nothing ſo in its ſelf; and

Cuſtom

Cuſtom reconciles every thing, and is the Rule of Decency; that is decent, which the tried and approv'd Cuſtoms of well-educated Perſons have made ſo.----Is it becauſe they change and alter? Why! this is nothing but a continued Eſſay, to render themſelves Beautiful and Compleat in Body, as well as Mind; the Work of Humane Nature. We are ſent hither to Adorn and perfect both the Body and Mind, as far as we may. Education and Study is the Means to the one, and Dreſſing to the other.

Each are to be dreſs'd, tho' in a different way. The Body muſt be adorn'd with ſuch Improvements as it is capable of; and he that doth neglect it, is a Sloven, and a Sinner againſt the Law of Nature. I do not here make any Compariſon betwixt the Body and the Mind; I am willing to prefer the laſt, and its Accompliſhments, (and wou'd to God it was more minded) yet I ſay alſo, that whilſt theſe are done, the other ought not to be left undone. Let the Lady be as long as ſhe will in her Cloſet, at her *Dreſſing-Box*, provided ſhe be not longer there than at her *Prayers*. I will not blame her Endeavours, to adorn her *Body*, if it doth not take up the neceſſary time of Adorning the *Mind*. Why! doth not every thing ſtrive at Perfection; and if it fails in one Attempt, try another? Do we not every day

*Eat* and *Drink*, tho' we have try'd it ſo often, and have found it will cure the Diſeaſe call'd *Hunger*, for ſome time only? Is it a *Sin*, to render God's Workmanſhip *beautiful*, and try every *Method* of *Art* or *Nature* to effect it? To leave the *Dreſſes* as well as *Company* of the *Vulgar*, and to lay aſide a *Garment* when it can diſtinguiſh us no longer? *Ladies* wou'd keep to their *Faſhions*, if others wou'd keep *from* them: But the *Inferior ſort* break in upon 'em: What hurt is it then to forſake the *Room*? If *Authority* will not keep up *Decorum*, but render all *common*; yet let *Ladies* be more *prudent* and *regular*: And tho' hard-hearted Mankind will not afford their *Honour* a *Protection*; yet I hope the Women will do themſelves Juſtice.

The Sum of all is this--- God makes, and Apparel Shapes, *&c.*--Every *Man* and *Woman* is born in a poor *Squalid* Condition, and *Imperfect* in *Form* and *figure*, till by *Nutrition* the *Body* has attain'd its due *Proportion*, *Magnitude*, and *Beauty*; and even then it is ſo mean a *Figure*, that it is not fit to be ſeen *Naked*, nor can it *diſtinguiſh* the ſeveral *Orders* of *Mankind*, and therefore *Nature* has taught all *Nations* to conceal their *Imperfections* under *Cloaths*, and to *diſtinguiſh* one from another by them. And becauſe *Beauty* is the *Creature* of Fancy, and that the ordinary ſort continually *break* in upon the diſtinguiſhing

*Faſhions*

*Faſhions* of the *Nobility* and *Gentry*; The *Form* and *Mode* of Garments are forc'd to be changed as often as there is an occaſion.

And if there may be given a ſufficient reaſon, not only for the Adorning of our Bodys, but for the often changing the outward *Mode*, or *Faſhion* of its *Ornaments*, who can deny this to our *Female Sex*; who ought to keep up the *Advantages Nature* has beſtowed on us, over *Men*, in *Softneſs*, *Sweetneſs* and *Beauty*. Who are either *Married* or (I ſpeak only of the Sex in General, and not of every particular *Woman*, who may find reaſons to reſolve the *Contrary*) to be *Married*, and who deſervedly ſtand upon our *Beauties*, as well as *Merits*, or other *Accompliſhments* to *Command Love* and *Reſpect*, and *preſerve* it when *obtain'd*. Why therefore ſhou'd *Envious Man*, grudge us a little time to fit our ſelves for them? Eſpecially ſeeing they themſelves are the *Cauſes* of it?

But you may ſay our *Detractors* are of both *Sexes*, and we are *Indicted* as *Offenders*, Not ſo much againſt the *Laws* of *Decorum* as Religion: Indeed if this were ſo, 'tis but time to *undreſs* and lay aſide for ever all our *Ornaments*, and wear nothing but *Sackcloth*. But this is a miſtake; *Religion* doth not forbid it, nor will the *Soul* be injur'd by the *Ornaments* of the *Body*, its dear *Aſſociate*; And the objections are

founded

founded upon *Ignorance*, *Miſtake*, and *Superſtition*, as will appear if we conſider them.

1. We are accus'd of *Pride*, but this common and popular *Accuſation* will ſignify nothing to thoſe that conſider what *Pride* is; That it is not any thing about the *Body*, but is reſident in the *mind*, and conſiſts in an over *valuing* a *Mans ſelf*, or in thinking *better* of our ſelves then indeed we *deſerve*, or in *boaſting* of our *Endowments*, as tho they were our *own*, and not derived to us from *Above*. And how can *Cloathing* and *Adorning* our *Bodies* (which is nothing elſe but *covering* and *hiding* the *Defects* of our *Carcaſs*) be any *Indication* of the *Pride* of our minds? Indeed *Cloaths* are nothing elſe but a tacit confeſſion of our *Native Imperfections*, and *Ornaments* ſeem to confeſs that the *Body* it ſelf wants them --And what *Fool* can be Proud of that which is not his own, but what he muſt be beholden even to the *Beaſts* of the *Feild* for? And if any *Lady* when ſhe has *dreſt* up her ſelf with the utmoſt care and *Curioſity*, can really think her ſelf *better* then ſhe was *before* in her *Night Cloaths*, I muſt own ſhe has a *mighty Fancy*, but little *Reaſon*, and I cannot believe that there is *any* of *our Sex* (as fooliſh as we are) that can think ſo.

2. There be two places of Scripture, that to the *Slovenly Zealots* ſeem to bear hard

hard upon us; the first in the *Old Testament*, the second in the *New*.

That in the *Old Testament* is *Isa.* 3. 17. and so forward; where there is an *Antiquated Inventory* of the Womans Ornaments; Such as Interpreters know not well how to render in *English*, and these are threarned to be *taken off* the Daughters of *Zion*, and they forc'd to *submit* to their contraries. But then these *Ornaments* are not there *Condemn'd* as *Sinful* in themselves; But the Sin consisted in their *Pride*, *Wantonness*, and *Luxury*. V. 16. They were *haughty* and *disdainful*, and *overlook'd* their *Equals*. Besides, rhey had the *Aspect* and *Gestures* of *Harlots*: Their *Wanton Eyes*, and their *Nice* and *Tripping* Gate, *Symptoms* of the *sensuality* of their minds; For these *Crimes* it was, that God threatens to *Strip* 'em of their *Ornaments*, by which it wou'd follow, that *Ornaments* are not a *Curse* but a *Blessing*, and the being *depriv'd* of 'em, a *Punishment*.

The other Text is 1 *Pet.* 3. 3. To which I willingly Subscribe, that the Principal Ornament of a *Virtuous Christian Wife*, is not the *outward ones* of the *Head-Tire*, or *Gold Chains*, or putting on *Apparel*, but that of a *Meek* and *Quiet Spirit*. This is an *Ornament* indeed, and that which excels all *External Ornaments*, and yet it is not *exclusive* of 'em, unless you wou'd have the *Woman* lay by not only her *Gold*, but go with

with her *Hair* about her *Ears*, and uſe *no Apparel*. And to conclude all on this Head, I dare Appeal to the moſt *Slovenly* and *Moroſe* of either *Sex*, who rail at *Pride* and the *Faſhion*, becauſe they cannot come up with it; Whether *Dreſſes*, even the moſt *Richeſt* and moſt *Curious* are not *Lawful*? When God himſelf is ſaid to be the *Dreſſer*, and to Adorn his adopted *Daughter Jeruſalem*, after the moſt *exquiſite* Faſhion of thoſe *Times*, Vide *Ezek.* 16. 10, 11, 12. Whether *Precious things* were not made for our uſe? And if ſo, why they may not be *uſed*? Whether a *Chriſtian* hath not as good a *Title* to the beſt things as *others*? And laſtly, Whether we may not wear 'em under theſe conditions.

1. That we come by 'em *Lawfully*.

2. That they are *Suitable* to our *State* and *Condition* of *Life*.

3. That we be not Fond or *Proud* of them, or *unreaſonably* think our ſelves the *better* for 'em. And Laſtly, that we be willing to part with 'em upon the Account of *Neceſſity*, *Juſtice* and *Charity*. I ſay, if theſe conſiderations are duely weighed, I dare make our Enemies of either Sex, our Judges in this Affair, and Stand to their own *Arbitrament*.

And thus I have, I hope, with ſome clearneſs, Vindicated the *Lawfulneſs* of uſing *Ornaments*, and of changing and following the *Mode*, which *fancy* (to *diſtinguiſh* the

ſeveral Degrees of Life, and Adorn all) Firſt invents, and *Cuſtome* reconciles and renders *decent*: Give me leave now to add this poſitive Good of this ſuppos'd *Vanity*: For ſurely none will deny---That our Engliſh in *conſtancy* and *change* of *Faſhions* (how much *Lightneſs* and *Vanity* ſoever it is charg'd with) doth yet advance.

1. *Ingenuity* and *Invention.*

2. *Induſtry*, and that it is a great Enemy to that which is the *Vehicle* of all *Temptations* (I mean) *Idleneſs*. And then,

3. *Trade*, and keeps many Thouſands, which wou'd otherwiſe *Starve* or *Invade* others Callings, and ſo juſtle others out of a *Living*, and *Strave* 'em. And

Laſtly, *Charity*, by inclining *Ladies* to give away their *Cloaths* to their *Attendance*, by reaſon of the *change* of the *Mode*. And theſe *convey* 'em to their *Inferiors*, and ſo they go through ſeveral hands before they be *worn* out. And ſo tho we have loſt the *Old Hoſpitality* of the *Engliſh Nation*, and *Houſe-keeping* is *Retrench'd*, yet there is ſtill a Communication of *Cloaths*, which can be attributed to nothing but this *Volubility* of the *Faſhion*. So great a *good* proceeds from this *ſuppos'd Evil*.

I ſhou'd now deſcend to our *particular Dreſſes*, and thoſe of the *Head* eſpecially, the *Subject* of ſo much *Wit*, *Mirth* and *Railery*, for their exceſſive *heights* and other extravagant Circumſtances; Againſt this all

all ſorts of *People* have level'd their *Laugh ter* and *Indignation*, and yet they have kept their *Station* in ſpight of 'em all; ſo that they ſeem to have the *Fate* and deſerve the *Motto* of the Palm Tree.

*Depreſſa reſurgo.*

The more they are *rail'd* at, the more they *ſtick* to the *Forehead*, and grow the *higher*; a ſure Indication at laſt that our *Sex* can be ſometimes *conſtant*. I ſhall upon the former Grounds aſſert of 'em, that they have no neceſſary *Immoral Conſequences*; and therefore are in themſelves *indifferent*; and if they have *lifted* up the *Tops* of the *Coaches* and *Chariots*, they have put many to *work*, and ſo preſerv'd *Lives*, and caus'd *Money* to *Circulate*. If theſe are *high*, 'tis becauſe every one wou'd at leaſt ſeem *Proper* and *Tall*, and what *hurt* is in that? And as *Monſtrous* as they are repreſented, yet *Cuſtome* has reconcil'd 'em, and made 'em *handſome*, and a *Woman* without her *Toppings* is now a very *odd Creature*. I ſhall only add this of them (1.) That a *Head* once *dreſt* is ſoon on and off; and ſo doth not take up ſo much *time* as formerly, and ſo *Ladies* have ſo much the more leiſure to *ſerve God* and do *Good* to the *Publick*. (2.) That many thouſands get an *Honeſt Livelihood* by 'em---But I perceive I have exceeded all *Meaſure* in this Letter, and beſtowed too many words on a matter of ſo little *concern*. It was on-

ly

ly in obedience to your Injunction; for I am your very

*Aug.* 19. 1696. *Ofequious, tho unknown*

Anonyma.



*Anſwer to Letter* III.

## By Sir *THOMAS*—

# Being a Reply to *ANONYMA'S* Eſſay, in Defence of Dreſſes and Topknots, *&c.*

*In a Letter to Madam* Godfrey, the Firſt Challenger, *and Perſon ingaged in this Controverſy.*

*NAY Madam*, this is not *fair Play*, and I muſt needs complain of you for making War in an *unlawful manner*, not only bringing more *Seconds* then I can well deal with,

with, when we were to *meet ſingle hand*, but attacking me in my own *Quarters*, before I had put my ſelf in a *Poſture* of *Defence*; whereas I expected you'd have been all purely on the *Defenſive*, as became your *Sexes Modeſty*.

*Nay, and Learned Ladies* too, for I find your Friend has a Touch of *Latin* (for which I'll not forget her in due *time* and place) and yet worſe, ſo very *Grave* ſhe is, that I'm afraid ſhe won't let me *Laugh* without making her *Angry*. But if ſhe be, I muſt e'n take it *patiently*, a ſort of *ſelf denyal* with which our poor ſuffering *Sex* is but too well *acquainted*, when we have any *concern* with yours. And I have this comfort, if I am ſo *Fortunate* as to *Diſarm* this notable *Champion*, who I ſee is detach'd from your *main Body*, like a ſort of a ſingle *forlorn hope* to try my *ſtrength* at the *beginning*, I ſhall have the fairer probability of prevailing with greater eaſe, over the reſt of your *Diſheartened Army*. Pray ſtand *you aſide* a while, and let us two alone together.

*To the most Ingenious* Anonyma, Author *of the* Essay *in* defence *of* Dresses, *&c.*

'TWas really great pity Madam, to take you off from your *Metaphisical Speculations*, and to debase your soaring mind to so *mean* a *subject* as you are now *engag'd* in. You deserve I see a better *cause*, you have so well defended an *ill one*, I know not whether so *Ingeniously* as *Wittily*, for I'm apt to believe your *mind* and your *Pen* hardly went together. However, we must *joyn issue* upon the *matter*, and I must ask your Pardon, if I take the *boldness* to *unravel* your *involuntary* or willful *mistakes*, and-- confute all your appearances of *Reason.* Which yet on better thoughts I know not whether there's so much *need* of, because I find we agree very well in the beginning of your *Essay*, and may *Travel* for some time quietly enough together, (tho I doubt our way must soon part.) You own " your Sexes *present* Fa-" *shions* are *extravagant*; you own the " height of their *Toppings* is *unreasonable*, and have made a sharp and just *observation*, " *That they yet seem so united to these ex-*" *travagant and these unreasonable Customs*, " *that 'tis not in the Power of Reason*, or " *Ridicule to part 'em.* Why shou'd you and

and I quarrel, or diſpute any further, when we are both ſo *exactly* of the *ſame mind?*

But alas, 'tis not long that you continue in this *Ingenuous Temper*: The *prejudices* of your *Sex* ſoon turn your mind, and accordingly *mould* all your *thoughts* in *defence* of what you juſt before ſo highly *diſapprov'd* and ſo juſtly condemn'd. And you begin with what's *inſinuating* enough, that *This is only the Language of the Vulgar, and that the rudeſt of both Sexes; but that the liveliеſt and beſt-bred part of the World approve theſe things by their uſing 'em.*

But I muſt ask leave Madam to remind you in the firſt place, that we are not now enquiring what *one* or *t'other does*, but what's *fitting* and *reaſonable* to be done? And beſides, that 'tis not impoſſible that the *many* ſhou'd be in the *right*, nay, 'tis plain they ſometimes are ſo, and thoſe who call themſelves *better bred, becauſe they eat better and dreſs finer*, are very widely *miſtaken*. But ſuppoſing Perſons of *ſence and breeding*, which yet you'll not affirm are always to be meaſur'd by the *Dimentions of the Top-knot*, ſhou'd be alſo guilty of theſe *Extravagancies*, can that ever the more *change* their *Natures*, or make 'em agreeable to *Decency* and *Reaſon*? Nay, does it ſo much as ſhow their *poſitive* and full *approbation* of 'em? all I think that we can fairly conclude from it, is, that they make uſe of 'em,

and

and are really *Ridiculous to prevent their being thought ſo.* Nothing in ſhort is plainer then that in ſuch Inſtances as theſe, they are meerly *borne* down by the *Tyranny of cuſtom*, and e'n give themſelves up to the *ſtream* becauſe 'twou'd be *folly* to *ſtrive* againſt it, when they are yet certain of being *hurry'd* away by its *impetuoſity.*

That none, but a parcel of *Ballad-ſingers and Grubſtreet-Authors*, have ever yet *writ* againſt 'em, there may be alledg'd two very good reaſons; the firſt, becauſe 'tis ſuch a *Contemptible ſubject*, that a Man of ſence wou'd no more *draw his Pen* at it, then a Man of Courage wou'd his Sword againſt a little *yelping Cur*, that made a noiſe at him as he paſs'd the *ſtreets.* The ſecond, that as you your ſelf own, your *Sex is Incorrigible*, and why ſhou'd any attempt to waſh the *Blackamoor white*?

But why then do I now take up the *Cudgels?* Becauſe Madam, you have made ſuch a *cauſe* as was before *deplorable*, almoſt *formidable* agen by your *eſpouſing* it, and becauſe your *Ingenious Sophiſtry*, if it remain undiſcover'd, will I fear, harden your *Sex* yet further in their *Obſtinacy and Folly.*

And now, to examine your moſt elaborate *Oration, or Sermon.* I ſcarce know which to call it, wherein I ſhall, as *Civility* obliges me, wait on your Ladyſhip in your own method, from the *Doctrine to the Application.*

You

You aſſert Madam in the firſt place, very victoriouſly, that *Dreſs in General is neither Sin nor* Folly, and *ſhame* and *rags* on thoſe that ever think it is. Nor therefore will your ſecond Propoſition be deny'd, that it has *advantages in it, and ſome real poſitive Good.*

But not a *ſtep* further, for when you come to apply this to the preſent *Toppings Headgeer*, we muſt have a *ſore ſtruggle* before you carry me with you.

Nor muſt you take it amiſs that I deny *even Principles*, at leaſt the firſt aſſertion whereon you beſtow that Name, for we now Live in an Age, that very unwillingly takes up with any Authority but that of Reaſon.

You ſay, there's *nothing ugly or beautiful in it ſelf, but with reſpect to the ordinary Rules and cuſtoms of Nations*: Here Madam, in the firſt place you ſeem *not* to argue clearly, but to confound *Decency* and *Beauty*, and *Deformity*, which ſeem to be widely *different*, at leaſt I'm ſure we form *Notions* ſufficiently *diſtinct* about 'em. A *Woman* may go very *decently* habited who yet is naturally very *deform'd*, and one of the moſt *beautiful* of your *ruinous ſex*, muſt be *undecently* dreſt in your *aerial Toppings*.

But ſuppoſing you only intend to argue from *Beauty* to *Decency*, and ſo on the *contrary*, your Foundation is yet *weak* and

*de-*

*deceitful.* For I think, all are agreed that *Beauty is ſomething more then Fancy*; I know the objection, from the *Blacks*, but how can the particular *odd opinion* of one ſmall part of the World, and that the moſt *Barbarous*, any way affect, or influence the General Judgment of *mankind*, any more then we ought to think, *eating one another*, is not contrary to the Law of Nature, becauſe ſome of thoſe *Savage Nations* conſtantly practice it, or that there's no ſuch thing in Nature as *modeſty*, becauſe the ſame *diſown* it.

We ought therefore to conclude even of *Complexion*, which I confeſs, is but the leaſt part of *Beauty*, that there's ſomething in't more then Fancy and Opinion, becauſe the *Blacks* are only a ſort of *Monſters* in *Nature*, at leaſt Deviations from it, ſince none ſuppoſe the firſt *Man* and *Woman* were *Created* in that manner.

But even among them there's *Proportion*, and good *Featnres*, which is agreed on by all *Civiliz'd* mankind, who ſure are the moſt proper Judges, as (thoſe who *ſee* are of *Coleurs*,) to be the beſt and moſt laſting part of *Beauty*; and you'll never perſwade an equal Judge, that a *Carnous Noſe*, thick *Blnbber* Lips, and a horrid *cruel*, *diſtorted* Face, is in it ſelf ſo *agreeable* as theirs, who are *otherwiſe* And 'tis as clear on the other ſide, that there is a juſt *Proportion*, which is *pleaſing* to all that are not prejudic'd by

*Edu-*

*Education*, or the cuſtoms of their Country, and would be thought ſo at firſt ſight, even by a *perſon* bred in a *Deſart*.

I've inſiſted the longer on this, becauſe of the *Parallel* you either make or inſinuate between *Decency and Beauty*, and indeed they are near a-kin, tho I think not the ſame, for *Beauty may be call'd, if you will, the Decency of the Body, and Decency the Beauty of the attire.*

To let paſs your ſmall miſtake in Phyloſophy, that *Form is Colour*, whereas **Figure** with *Colour* ſeems its more proper *definition*, I muſt yet agree with you, that nothing is Originally and Simply *Ugly*, any more then Simply or Originally Evil; but yet none can doubt but there are *Deviations* from *fair* as well as *good*, and what is ſo, muſt be *ugly*, and that Independently to any Mans *fancy* or *opinion*; tho not without a *reſpect* to thoſe *Rules* and juſt *Proportions* from which it *errs*.

And I further am willing to grant, *That particular liking depends on particular* Fancy, *and unaccountable Sympathy*, Whence 'tis, that perſons *differ* ſo much in their Judgments of theſe matters, and one may Love one ſort of *Beauty*, another it may be the quite contrary, but none can ever doat on *Deformity*. No Man ſure, in his right ſences, ever thought that a *Low, Black, Lowring, Scouling, Splay-footed, Squint-Eyd, Naſty Creature, was a Beauty*, any more then

then they wou'd commend ſuch a one for *Neatneſs*, *when they ſtunk alive*. But if there ſhou'd happen to be ſome *Caliban* in Nature, an equal Match for ſuch a *Sicorax*, what need any envy his *Choice*, or cou'd he perſwade any ſhe was a *real Beauty*, *becauſe he thought ſo*; any more then *Brimſtone*, or *Aſſafetida* can be ſaid to be a good *ſmell*, becauſe ſome perſons Love it more than Roſes.

For which reaſons neither can I be induc'd to believe, that the *Decency or Deformity of Dreſs depends on cuſtom only*, and are one or t'other as that preſcribes, according to your *aſſertion*: Becauſe there is certainly a *Natural Decency*, *which no cuſtom can ever alter*. 'Tis true, this is not *eaſy* to find, but I think the neareſt we can go to the *Law of Nature*, *is by ſearching into the Law of Nations*, or the generally receiv'd *cuſtoms* and *uſages* of all the *Civiliz'd* part of *mankind*, which will ſway very much with a *modeſt* Man, if they are not, (as I think they never are) evidently contrary to clear and undoubted *Reaſon*: And the beſt way I grant, to find out what *Dreſs* is *Reaſonable*, is to conſider the ends of *Apparel*, which you think, *Are only three*, *to defend from Heat and Cold*, *to diſtinguiſh Sexes and Degrees*, *and laſtly for Ornament*. And 'twere well if thoſe *ends* were well obſerv'd, by the preſent Age, which whether they are, or no, we may by and by have occaſion to enquire. However, I

muſt remind you Madam, of one *End of Cloathing beſides all theſe*, which I'm ſorry you have *forgotten*, tho 'tis an eaſy thing for your *Sex* to do it, and that is the very *end*, for which *Adam and Eve firſt made ſuch a hard ſhift, when they ſow'd Fig-leaves together, and made themſelves Aprons*; 'Tis a *Confeſſion* of our *Guilt* as well as *want*, and certainly ſomething is ſtill due to *ſhame and modeſty*, and the *Siameſe* Garments which are open before, and thoſe in ſome parts of *Africa*, which cover ſo little of the Body, don't Anſwer that *end*, let their *cuſtoms* be what they will, and therefore 'tis *not all cuſtome*, and whatever Dreſs offends any ways againſt it, whatever *Nation* 'tis in, ſuch a Cuſtom could never defend it,---nay, nor ſo much as any thing that's extreamly *inconvenient* to your *Sex*, vaſtly *extravagant*, and evidently contrary to right *Reaſon*. But againſt *how many of theſe Rules do thoſe Ornaments offend, which your Sex has made uſe of in your own memory?* Did thoſe *Gowns* keep you *warm*, which left your *Boſoms* ſo far *Naked*, that 'tis ſcarce *handſome* to *think* on't? And cou'd *cuſtom* ever make this a modeſt *Dreſs*, any more then 'twou'd be ſo, for the *Woman* to wear the *Mans* Apparel, an Old Ceremony of the *Pagan Worſhip*, invented for no good Reaſon, which yet is ſo common among the *French*, with whom *Piſtols*, *Hat and Feather*, are no more infallible Signs of virility then

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riding aſtride, and which began to be as much in *Faſhion* among their *Mimics of this ſide the Water*,---and yet, that laſt, you muſt own no *Cuſtom can legitimate*, becauſe againſt one great *End* of *Apparel*, the *Diſtinction* of *Sexes*, by your own confeſſion, as well as againſt *another* which you never *thought* of, whereof I've bin juſt now *diſcourſing*,---and yet this *Habit* chiefly made uſe of by *Perſons of Quality*, to diſtinguiſh them from thoſe of the *Vulgar*, whoſe *Imitation* they think ſo very *diſgraceful*. And will not the *Matter* of the *Apparel* ſerve for ſufficient *Diſtinction*? The Richneſs and the Gravity of the Fancy,—whereby true Quality is ſo eaſily diſtinguiſh'd from thoſe who vainly affect to appear like it? Whence your firſt Aſſumption will do *you* but little Service; That every Creature is bound to ſet themſelves off as well as they can, and to make God's Work appear more Illuſtrious and Worthy of him:—But alas, *Madam*, can you flatter your ſelf, you're more like him, when you have a new Gown on, than if you were dreſt all in Hair-cloth, or Sack-cloth. Dreſs your Mind, and a little Care will do about the Body. Take Care to be Decent, and that's ſufficient, and the leſs ſollicitous you are, perhaps the better, about Matters of this Nature.

You ſay, *the particular way of Adorning our ſelves has no Standard, nor is it fix'd by any Law---- and we may change as often as we pleaſe.*---- But was it not *better*, when we kept to our *old Cuſtoms*, without any *Law* to oblige us, as do moſt *Nations* in the World, beſides the *French* and *we?*---- and what have we got by changing our Faſhions for theirs, but the Danger of changing *Government* too, together with them?

And is it any ſign of a *ſtay'd* and *wiſe Temper*, to be always thus *new-fangled*; to throw away to day what we *bought yeſterday*, tho' the *Money* might have bin infinitely better employ'd, in the Relief of the Poor and Miſerable, or in cloathing it may be half a ſcore poor Creatures, now *half naked*, with the unconſcionable *Serpentine*:---- *Train of one of your Gowns*; which after all, before you've worn it long enough to be well *fitted* t'ye, muſt it's likely augment your *Chambermaid's Wardrobe*, and you are looking abroad for another. And this *Monthly Adorning*, *this Compleating your ſelves*, *as you call it*, muſt be in good time, the "*End of HUMANE NATURE.* Pray ſpeak for your *ſelves*, and your *own Sex*, and involve not all Mankind in ſo *ridiculus* a *Folly*.

You ſay, "*Every one won'd improve their* "*Bodies*, *if they knew how*; *but the Rich and* "*Great are thoſe that contrive thoſe outward*

"*Im-*

" *Embelliſhments.*----Upon their *Shop-boards* you mean Madam, or in their *Exchanges*:---- For that the *Taylors* invent ſo many thouſand Faſhions at home, or brought 'em over from *France*, in former Reigns, who ſent us their *old Faſhions* for our *old Shooes*, is, I ſuppoſe, beyond Controverſie.

But then theſe *Perſons of Quality* change theſe *Faſhions* agen, when they find they have miſt their *End* in 'em, that is, *Embelliſhment* and *Perfection.* And did they never yet *change* for the *worſe*? and is there not certainly a more or leſs becoming *Dreſs*, abſtracted from all *Faſhions*?--- And what *Folly* is't for me to change what *beſt* becomes me, or according to you, *Madam*, is moſt conducive to the Perfection of my *Nature*; for nothing but meer *Novelty*, without any manner of Reaſon?

But you have a Pretence for that too.--- When a *Dreſs* is once *prophan'd*, by being worn by Vile and Ordinary Perſons, it has *loſt its Diſtinguiſhing & Adorning Quality, and is, you ſay, immediately diſcarded, and a new one to be invented, that may better anſwer thoſe Ends*,--- But, methinks, that's not ſo very *civil* neither, when you are imitated by others, purely out of a *Veneration* for your bright Example, and profound *Judgment* (in laying the *Skirt* of a *Gown*) as ſoon as they are got into your *Colours*, on purpoſe to ſhow how highly they *re-*

*ſpect* and *honour* you, for you immediately to *throw* 'em away, and maliciouſly leave that Faſhion for no other reaſon.

But for once, let's take what you ſay for a juſt occaſion of doing ſo, *When the Mob apes Quality, the end of Diſtinction is loſt; the old Dreſs muſt be abdicated, and your Brains rackt for a new one.* Well, I deſire no fairer a *Conceſſion*; for I'm ſure it muſt from hence inevitably follow, that *down go all your Toppings* the next moment; for if you ſay they are not now grown common, ſhow me one *Kitching-wench*, at leaſt on *Sundays*, when her *Pail's* off, that ever appears without 'em.

Nor can you deny, that the *antient Method* of keeping in *one Faſhion* was much the better way of *Diſtinction*, than *yours*, of *altering every moment*, becauſe while that laſted, 'twas eaſie for the Law to proportion every one's *Dreſs* to their *Quality*, and as eaſie to know 'em by it; but now, according to *your* own *Conceſſions*, the *Vulgar* is continually apeing you; you *change* petpetually, meerly out of ſpite, and they will ſtill follow you cloſe at the Heels, and put you to an *endleſs Labour.*

Beſides, you ſeem to place the *diſtinction of Quality* in what is at beſt but very *precarious*: Is it only in the *frequency of changing?* Then the *Eaſtern Nations* infinitely outdo all the *Gallanty* of *Europe*, a great part

part of whose Treasures consist in *Vests* and *Changes* of *Rayment*. Nay, even the *barbarous Americans* had this part of *Magnificence* when *Cortez* came among 'em, which perhaps may give us some faint *Light* into their *Original*.

Nor is the Alteration of the *Fashion* any better *distinction* than that of the *Vest*; for a poor *Change Girl* may turn her *tawdry Mantua*, and *alter* the *Fashion* on't as often as any *Lady* of the greatest *Quality*: And suppose one of the best note, and whose *Fancy* was most follow'd, shou'd invent and practice any thing, *monstrous* or *undecent*; as for instance, to mount *her Toppings two or three Yards in height*, or to have a *Train*, long enough to sweep a *Street*. (*they make nothing of a whole Room already*) wou'd this be ever the less *undecent* or *extravagant*? But you *recurr* to your first Refuge,--- your Scepticism in Manners--- "*That there's nothing in it self uggly or hand-*
"*some, and Custom reconciles every thing,*
"*and is the Rule of Decency.* Whence it follows, that the *Gentlemen* and *Ladies* of the *Cape*, with their *delicate Bracelets* of *stinking Guts*, and rich *Lockets* of corrupted *raw Flesh*, are as *decently* dress'd as any *Person of Quality* in *Christendom*.

As for the Advantages you talk of, over *Men*, in *Softness*, *Sweetness*, *and Beauty*, I can't tell what you may have in the two *latter*, nor am I much concern'd, but I'll

own as freely as you can *aſſert* it, that you have it in the *former*, tho' in a *Sence* it may be ſomewhat wide from that, wherein you *underſtand* it.

But it ſeems, your *Notion* of *Beauty*, as well as *Decency*, depends upon the common *Cuſtom*; for you can't be ſo much as *handſome*, without *Top-Gallants*, in your own Opinion; tho' you may have heard of ſome *Ladies* in as *polite* a Court as any in *Europe*, who ſtill continue to *dreſs* in their *Hair*, in ſpite of the *Faſhion*, and yet appear as *triumphantly* as any. And ye can't but own that this is generally a more *becoming Dreſs*, (as 'tis more *natural* and *ſimple*) than any other.

For your *Texts*, Madam, I think we had e'en better leave 'em to the *Doctor* of your *Pariſh*, ſince I find you make but *indifferent Work* with 'em, and I'm afraid I ſhou'd make *worſe*.

I confeſs I always thought, *Divinity and Topknots had but little to do with one another, and that 'twas ſcarce decent to intereſt any thing ſo grave in ſo frivolous a Matter.* I ſhall therefore leave you in full *poſſeſſion* of 'em, and only admire at the Happineſs, *a Woman of Learning*, I ſee enjoys above all of *her Sex* or *ours*, that ſhe converſes with none ſuch as are *vain* enough to be pleaſed with *fine Cloaths*, or think better of themſelves, when dreſs'd with the *utmoſt Curioſity*, (tho' that, as ſhe has, *the very*

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*PERFECTION of HUMANE NATURE,*) than when *Mobb'd* up in their *Night-cloaths*, when they expect no *Spectators* nor *Admirers*.

And here will come in very fitly *your three Conditions, which make it lawful*; you think to wear the *fineſt Cloaths* you can get: Firſt, *that they be honeſtly come by*, which I confeſs is prudently enough put in; becauſe *lifting* 'em out of a *Shop*, without *paying* for 'em, is ſomething *dangerous*, as well as *ſcandalous*. The ſecond, that they be *ſuitable to our Condition*; that is, according to your Rules, frequently *change*, if of *Quality*; and if *lower*, *Imitations* of thoſe *Changes*. Thirdly, That *your Sex been't proud of 'em, nor fooliſhly think themſelves the better for 'em*,--which you have already ſatisfied us they never do. And laſtly, *that they be willing to part with 'em on the account of Neceſſity, Juſtice or Charity*:-- Which when they are, I dare promiſe 'em, others in their room, more Magnificent than were ever worn by an *Empreſs*; eſpecially, when their Charity is ſo ſuperabundant, to give away one of their Favourite Dreſſes, or to part with 'em, or deny themſelves of 'em, to Relieve the Pooreſt and moſt Miſerable Creature in Nature.

If you know any ſuch, you'd do your *Sex* a great Kindneſs, to inſtance in 'em. I deſire but Twenty in Twenty Years, and give you all *England* to find 'em.

But you yet plead that your Inconſtancy, and Change of *Faſhions*, encourages *Ingenuity* and *Induſtry*, and *Trade*, and all that's Good. A home Argument, it muſt be own'd, for it abundantly laps over, as will plainly appear by the Conſequence; for if whatever encourag'd any Art or Trade were defenſible for that Reaſon, it muſt be granted, that Quarrels and Injuſtice it ſelf are very defenſible, becauſe without them the Lawyer cou'd not get his Living. That Debauchery, Intemperance, Lewdneſs, are very pretty Qualifications, becauſe the poor Vintners, and Phyſitians and Surgeons (to go no further) get very comfortable Livelihoods on theſe Occaſions, and it's likely, wou'd ſtarve without 'em.

But above all, who wou'd not admire at your Ladyſhip, for bearing us in Hand, That a great deal of good *Charity* comes from this Variety of *Dreſſes*, becauſe the *Ladies* give away their *Cloaths* to their *Attendants*. A ſuperabundant piece of Beneficence, to beſtow an old Gown on an old Chamber-Maid! And is this to ballance the loſs of our ancient *Engliſh Hoſpitality*, which you own is ſo much decay'd, and that it owes its Ruin in a great part to the Extravagance of your *Sex*, you hardly your ſelf ingenuouſly deny, ſince this draws all the *Ladies* to Town, and you, their Husbands, letting the Seats of their Anceſtors

ſtors drop to the Ground, for fear you ſhou'd have the *new Faſhions* a Fortnight too late, if you went not up to meet 'em.

And beſides, this wonderful *Charity* of you *Ladies*, in beſtowing your Wardrobes thus plentifully on your Inferiors, which by the way your Husband is ſure to pay for, and making, as you call it, *a Circulation of Cloaths*, unluckily deſtroys one of the other *Ends*, already mention'd, and that is, encouraging *Trade* and *Induſtry*: For the more of your old Cloaths there are in *Long-Lane*, the fewer new ones muſt conſequently be made. No, Madam, the true way to be charitable indeed to thoſe poor Tradeſmen, were to deal with your *Cloaths*, as they ſay the *Dutch* do with their *Cinnamon*, and other *Spices*; when they have a great Harveſt of 'em in the *Eaſtern Countreys*, make a huge Bonfire of a great part of 'em, which effectually prevents a Glut in *Europe*, and gets 'em a better Trade for the Remainder,

And now for the Strenuous Defence of your *Monumental Head-Dreſſes*, both in *Engliſh* and *Latin*, which it ſeems muſt not be Condemn'd, tho' you fairly own they have ſeeded to that Extravagant Heighth, that we are forc'd to alter our Coaches and Honſes, to make you room (as the *Trojans* pull'd down their own Walls to give the *fatal Horſe* Admittance.—But

once

once more, these *every* Alterations employ many poor People, and keep 'em from ſtarving.—An extraordinary Advantage, juſt as a Bullies breaking Windows, makes Work for the *Glazier*, tho' the Landlord will hardly thank him.

"But they wear 'em ſo high, becauſe "they would ſeem proper, and is there "any hurt in that?—Nay, I confeſs there's only Pride and Diſcontent, and a little aukard Hypocriſie in't, as well as open Folly; for the Wench that dances upon Stilts, or *Jack-Pudding*, that ſtalks with 'em from one Booth to another, may more properly be therefore accounted *Tall*, than one, who wears *high Toppings* for that Reaſon. Beſides, that's only an Excuſe for the *Short*; but what's this to thoſe who are already high enough, and by this Addition are made a *Match for a Garagantua.*

The moſt plauſible thing that you can urge for 'em, is towards the Cloſe, that They ſave time, which your Sex improve to better Uſes. This I confeſs is a good Defence, if 'twere but a true one: For is't not evident, that your Sexes time lies dead upon your Hands, and you know not what to do with 't; and if you are Doing nothing, you'll ſoon be doing Miſchief; and on the other ſide, imploying your ſelves in what you are capable of, Dreſſing and Trifling, is at leaſt a more Tolerable ſort of Idleneſs.

I had.

I had like to have overſlipt one thing before we part, which well deſerves Notice. You ſay that the Obſtinacy of your Sex in this ſort of Dreſs is a ſign, That you can once be conſtant. I muſt grant it is ſo, but then pray anſwer me when you ever were ſo before, unleſs when in the wrong? — And if theſe odd, inconvenient, unbecoming, fantaſtical *Windmill-Heads*, are not ſufficient Evidence, that you're ſo in the preſent Caſe; then I'll ſay no more, but that I am

*Your Miſtaken Humble Servant,*

THOMAS——

## LETTER IV.

### *That* Bluſhing's *no Sign of Modeſty.*

By *Mr.* SANDFORD.

AMong all the Tinctures and Paints that the Pride of your *Sex* ever invented, none ſo cunning as that of *Bluſhing*: I kno-

know you'd have it thought Natural, but I'm ſatisfied 'tis no more ſo, than 'tis a ſign of *Grace* or *Modeſty*. You are grown excellent Proficients in the Arts of Diſſembling.

You are *Monſters* almoſt as ſoon as you can creep abroad, and play with you Fans. You learn to Bluſh, as you do to Weep and Feign, without any Teacher,— a Diſpoſition 'tis in you, that may indeed be much improv'd by *Art* and *Practice*, and one wou'd not think what vaſt Progreſs you'll make in a few Years. Formerly in the almoſt forgotten days of *Virtue* and *Innocence*, to have a good *Hand at Bluſhing*, went as far to the marrying a young Girl as a *good Portion*. It lookt like a Red Flag of *Defiance*, hung out, which makes a Man of Courage more eager for the *Onſet*. It appear'd wholſome at once, and pleaſing;—'twas ſo like an *Apple* next the *Sun*, or a fine *Streaky Katherine Pear*, that every Body's Mouth *water'd* at it. It look'd like a lovely *Sun-ſhiny Evening*, or any of the fine things, to which an Amorous *Poet* compares his *Miſtreſs*.

But thoſe Days are gon--We are now come to an Age of much more *ſinful Knowledge*. *Your Sex*, even *yours*, is improv'd in *Deceit*, and ours in *Caution*. And when we ſee a young Thing hanging down her Head, and her Face cover'd with *Bluſhes*, how are we *uncharitable* when we think there's

ſome-

ſome reaſon for't? You were therefore as good leave this Trick; which, like all others, now 'tis found out, can be no longer uſeful, and which has not the leaſt Shadow of Reaſon to be ſo highly eſteem'd, both by your *Sex*, and ours, as it has bin formerly. For when you *Bluſh*, either you have done ſomewhat, for which you ought to be aſham'd, or you have not: If the latter, as you ſay, it often happens, why d'ye *Bluſh* at all? If the former, how come you ſo ill *Diſſemblers*, to confeſs it,—and what are you the better for't? or what Satisfaction is't for an *Ill Action*? Or if for ſome little innocent Miſtake, or Misfortune, you have ſtill leſs Reaſon.

A *modeſt Aſſurance* is after all, the beſt Token of *Innocence*; but as for *Bluſhing*, the *Players* themſelves can do it; and thoſe who have yet a leſs *honeſt Name*, in the greateſt Perfection.

*Theophilus Sandford.*

*Anſwer to* Letter IV.

## By *Madam PRESTWOOD.*

YOU were beſt blame *Nature*, who has both given us *Faces*, ſuch as they are, and *Blood*, to ariſe in 'em, and *Veins* to convey it thither; as in other Springs and Fountains, which ſhe ſends up from her inexhauſted Store, and yet you will hardly complain of her for refreſhing the World. I confeſs I know not what to make of *Bluſhing*, but yet I wou'd not be without it; for 'tis, I think, a handſome ſilent Reproof t'ye, when your *Sex* ſpeaks ſuch things as are not fit for ours to hear; and if we *bluſh* for you, who have forgot to do't for your ſelves, ſure you ought not to be ſo highly diſpleaſed at it.

'Tis well you own that *Bluſhing* was once reckon'd a good Sign, in the Days, you ſay, of *Virtue* and *Innocence*, and 'twill be hard for you to ſhow a Reaſon why it ſhou'd now be diſus'd, unleſs becauſe your *Sex* has driven thoſe her two Companions out of the World.

A *Bluſh* is the Daughter of *Modeſty*, and no wonder you are ſo ready to quarrel with her, when you have ſo long ſince proclaim'd *open War* againſt the *Mother*. What is

is more ingenuous than this *Emotion* in the Young and Innocent, and who is there that's not pleaſed to ſee it?

'Tis a ſort of a *Natural Virtue*, and an *Indication* how good we ſhould all be, wou'd but you let us alone. Shamefacedneſs is the firſt and laſt Guard of *Innocence*, which well may be ſuppoſed to bleed at the ſight of her Murtherers.

Sometimes you pretend there's nothing in't commendable, becauſe 'tis not voluntary, but that's eaſily anſwer'd, for that the Habit of *Modeſty*, whence it flows, may be eaſily loſt, your *Sex* can furniſh us with numerous Examples.

But he muſt be very much in Love with *Paradoxes*, who ſhall pretend to prove that the Act of *Bluſhing* is in our own power, ſo that any one can *Bluſh* when they pleaſe, which you may perſwade the World is true, when you can but ſo much as ſneeze in that manner, without uſing any thing to provoke it.

You ſay many *Bluſh*, who have no *Modeſty*. I can't tell that, but am rather inclin'd to believe they have ſtill ſome Sparks on't left, and much more than thoſe that *ſpeak againſt* it, wherein they contradict the Sentiments of all places, and all Ages, as well as common Experience, Senſe and Reaſon.

*Judith Preſtwood.*

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## LETTER V.

### *Againſt Vizard Maſques.*

By Sir *HENRY*—

AN *Over-grown black Patch*! I'm as *Zealous* againſt the *Mother*, as an old Puritan wou'd be againſt all the abominable *Daughters*. Be as *ugly* as you will, let us *ſee* you, but you're too *wiſe*, for then 'tis *ten* to *nothing*, we *avoid* you.

Yet there are ſome of you have *indifferent Saleable Faces*, and what reaſon have thoſe to *hide* 'em? Is't for fear they ſhou'd *bluſh* and tell *Tales*, put on your *Maſque* for once when you read this, leaſt *Murther* ſhou'd out before you are aware on't.

If you are really *handſom*, you imjure both your ſelves and us, by clapping this *Potid-Face* between us and you. If you are not, and talk *pertly* to us, how many *Thouſand Lies* are you the occaſion of? How well are we all o'th' ſudden *acquainted*, tho we ne're ſaw one another before in our *Lives*? How ſure are we, that we are intimately acquainted with that *Chin*, and thoſe *Eyes*: 'Tis *impoſſible* we ſhou'd be

*mi-*

*miſtaken* either in the *Leer* of one, or the *Dimple* of the other; beſides that inimitable ſoft Charming *Voice* of yours, to which, we cou'd make *Affidavit*, and know it as well as our own *Nurſes*.

Well, after all this *Chatt*, which has laſted 2 or 3 Scenes, up goes the *Curtain*, and a very *Sycorax* ſtares us in the Face, ſo Frightful perhaps and Ghaſtly, that if *Macbeth's* a Playing, we are ready to take you for one of the *Witches*, vaniſh'd from the *Stage* into the *Pit* or *Gallerys*, then we *Nauſeate* all our own compliments, ſtart at the thoughts of a *Succubus*, and wou'd not ſtay a moment longer with you, tho like one of the *wayward Siſters* before mention'd, you would give us a *Kingdom* for our *reward*.

And yet what honeſt meaning can you have by thus *putting* out the *Lights*? Some *dark work* ſure you have a mind to be employ'd in, and by this ſtratagem you can defy *Day* it ſelf, and make it *Night* whenever you pleaſe.

They talk of *Witches* calling the *Moon* out of *Heaven*, but you have found a way to *call* the *Sun* thence, or which is the ſame thing, make it *ſhine* in vain, and never *reproach* your *crimes*, or hinder your *ſatisfactions*.

*Truth*, indeed, ſeeks the *Light*, and hates all *Diſguiſes*, but what's that to *Women*, who are never more *like* themſelves, then when.

when they're *Incognito*, and who have this ſtill to ſay for't, that they can't appear in a *worſe ſhape* then their *own*.

And now we talk of *Truth*, I wonder how the old doating *Moraliſts*, came to make that, and all the other *Virtues* of the *Feminine Gender*. *Fortitude* it ſelf, or *Manhood*, tho' it carries the *Nobler Sex* in its *Nature*, in moſt *Languages*, me yet is reckon'd of the other. If there were no *Virtues*, but what were to be found in that *Sex*, 'twou'd almoſt tempt one to be of their doating opinion; who pretend *Virtue* and *Vice* are both the *ſame*, and differ only in Name, and *Imagination*.

But I think, they reckon the ſeven *deadly Sins* too of the ſame Gender, and in that I confeſs, they have made ſome *amends*.

And there's hardly any of 'em that your *Mask* wou'd not fit, for what ſome of your Flatterers have ſaid of ſome of your *Sex*, that if *virtue* were to take a *viſible ſhape*, 'twou'd certainly appear in *theirs*, may with more Juſtice and Reaſon be ſaid of *Vice*, at leaſt as to a great part of you, who when once you give your minds to't, infinitely *exceed Mankind*, and are more *exquiſitely wicked*.

But you wear not this *Velvet ſcurf* for nothing. No, 'tis that the Amorous *Sun* mayn't look upon you; nor the *wind kiſs* you ſo cloſe till it Chap your pretty Lips;

or

or for fear *Apollo* himſelf and all the *Zephirs* ſhou'd fall in Love with you.

But if that be your Fear, throw your masks by, for 'tis natural to deſire what's unknown; the Philoſophers tells us, that *Black* drinks in the Rays of the *Sun*, more greedily then any other Colour: That ſubtle *Chymiſt* makes Gold in the deepeſt *Caverns* of the Earth, however he ſeldom or never expoſes it, without ſome thin *Cruſt* over it, and who knows but through ſuch a Feeble *Curtain*, he may more eaſily transform your *Faces*, at leaſt into the ſame *Complexion*? He may *double-Gild* you, or at worſt, *Lackar* you over, tho he'll not be at the Charges to finiſh the Proceſs; or go quite thorow with his *Tranſmutation*.

However, of this you can't be *ignorant*, that the *cloſer* you keep your ſelves from him, the more *cloſe* he *ſticks* t'ye, when once he gets you at an *advantage*; while thoſe who are always *expoſed* to his *Courtſhip*, and are not ſo *ſqueamiſh* as you. he requites 'em with a *natural Mask*, which can defy all *Weathers*, and will laſt 'em as long as their *Lives*.

HENRY——

*Anſwer*

*Anſwer to Letter* V.

By *DAPHNE*—

IF there are really ſuch terrible things Lurking under a *poor Maſk*, as you'd make us believe, and the very harmleſs *Bead*, that belongs to't, be as Mortal as a *chaw'd Bullet*, I wonder you don't go *on* with your *Reformation*, and not only pluck that off, but ſerve us as you ſometimes do ſome of our *Sex*, whom you find *too honeſt*, gives us an *ill Name*, and turn us out to the *Rabble*, to *ſtrip* us for all together.

Sometimes we *expoſe* our ſelves overmuch, if but a part of our *Necks* happen to be ſeen, and we *Veil* 'em not as an *African Lady*; your Modeſt *Eyes* are preſently *offended*, you are as angry as *Olivia*, and we are laying *Nets* and *Springes* for amorous *Woodcocks*, and all ſtark naught to your own certain knowledge.

Will nothing pleaſe you? Will you make Laws for us, and repeal 'em again the next *moment*, or will you oblige us, by ſuch as are perfectly contradictory to each other, or rule us abſolutely without any Laws at all? Yes, doubtleſs, that humours moſt your

your perverſe *Appetites*: You'd all be Tyrants if you cou'd, but we ſhall claim the liberties of our Country, we are all *Free born Engliſh ſubjects*, and had as good have *no Government* at all as ſuch as we had *better* be without. Be as much our Maſters and our Soveraigns as you pleaſe, the Law is your beſt Defence, as well as ours, and you muſt never hope ſo far to alter the Fundamental Conſtitutions, as to render this the *Purgatory* of *Women*, which has been eſteem'd and call'd their *Paradice* from *immemorial Ages*.

You muſt therefore give us leave when our Rights are thus invaded, to ſtand up for 'em, at leaſt quietly and modeſtly. Pray let us have the right of addreſſing, leſt we ſhou'd be tempted to take more. Let us however, ſigh under our Grievances, for fear if you ſhould be ſo unreaſonable to deny that eaſie remedy, we ſhou'd be forc'd on thoſe that would be more violent, and like *over-loaded Camels*, throw off the *unequal Burden*.

My *Mask's* my *Sanctuary*, I'm in my own *Houſe*, my *Caſtle*, if you attempt to turn me out of that, if you dare but ſo much as draw a Latch, look you to what follows!

I'll take leave to turn one of your own Canons upon you, ſince I'm ſo cloſely beſieg'd: Either you are pleas'd to ſee us look well, or you are not: If you ſhou'd have no more Wit nor Conſcience, then to chuſe the latter, what is't to you whether

ther you ever ſee us or no? If the former, why are you diſpleas'd with our endeavours to preſerve that little *Beauty* Nature has given us? Eſpecially when you don't ſtick, to ſay 'tis the only thing for which you value us.

I know there is now and then the appurtenances of ſome Bags, but they are no more a part of us, then of our *Goldſmiths* or *Guardians*.

We muſt not Paint, nor make uſe of an innocent Patch or two, to look a little more Gallant, and diſtinguiſh our ſelves from the very *Mob* (amongſt whom, tho you're never ſo well acquainted, you can expect no *writing-Ladies*) nor hardly I think ſo much as waſh our Faces. Yet ſurely they are our own, and we may let you ſee 'em or not as we think fit, and if we mayn't mend 'em, may at leaſt preſerve 'em. Why are you not as *Chagrin* at us for wearing *Gloves*, which if you pleaſe you may call *Maſking* our Hands, as for thinking fit to hide our Faces, and yet if we happen but to pull one of thoſe off, either neceſſary or innocently, we muſt be call'd a thouſand *Vanities*? 'Twas to *ſhow* the *white hand*, and that all might admire it. Turn the *Argument* to the *Face* and try your *Skill* in *Anſwering* it.

Pray where's the *conſcience* or *modeſty* of your *Sex*, or at leaſt that ſo much boaſted *Reaſon*, in denying us ſuch perfectly *innocent*

cent Cuſtoms as theſe, and ſo loudly exclaiming againſt 'em? Is't becauſe you lay ſo many, and ſuch eaſie Reſtraints on your own Deſires? Becauſe you are ſo very modeſt, ſo over *Virtuous*, ſo wonderfully mortified, that you can't ſo much as endure any thing in your Sight, that you are pleaſed to call *Vanity*? Shut your Eyes then of all *Loves*, break all your great Glaſſes, make Scare-crows of your Flaming Wigs, and reform all thoſe Fooleries which we have as fairly told you of, in anſwer to one or other of your *Letters*, as ever you did *us* of *ours*.

*Daphne*——

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## LETTER VI.

### *That* Women *are more cruel than* Men.

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By Sir *THOMAS* ——

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WHich will appear beyond Contradiction by an Induction of Particulars. You are evidently more cruel to *Enemies*,

and even to Friends: To your *Rivals*, and your *Lovers*, and your very own dear ſelves, which wou'd make one leſs wonder at your Barbarity to all the reſt.

And firſt for your *Enemies*, whom if you conquer'd by Right of *War*, and only made uſe of the Advantages which *Fortune* gave you, as did your ſtrapping *Amazonian Predeceſſors*, when they rambled about the World, and carry'd Slaughter & Deſtruction with 'em where-ever they came; this wou'd be ſomewhat more excuſable: But a Coward no more dares be Brave, than Merciful, nor is therefore likely to Attack openly one he hates. You have more Sure and Private Methods of Deſtruction: You outdo the very *Crocodile*, who is ſaid to weep over her Prey; for you kill *ſmiling*, and deſtroy *embracing*, like the *Tyrant*'s Daughter, as he call'd her; who had an Engine dreſs'd up like a Beautiful Woman, to whom he led thoſe he had a mind to be rid of, who advancing to Salute her, ſhe immediately cloſed her Arms, and Cruſh'd 'em to Death.

'Tis a common Obſervation, that we never hear of any remarkable Miſchief, rarely of any Bloody Murther, but there's a Woman at one end on't; and that you exceed the moſt Barbarous Thieves and Banditti in Thirſt of Blood, thoſe poor Travellers feel, who fall into the Hands of ſuch People, when they have any of your *Sex* among them

them. You have all a Touch of the *Wild-Iriſh* in ye. You do ten times more Miſchief than the *Men*; and if Candles are to be made of *Heretical Tallow*, or a *Sprawling Child* or two to be roaſted, who but a Woman to dip her Hands in the Greaſe of one, and Spit and Baſte the other?

And if you can do this in Cold Blood, and from an Innate Love to Cruelty, with little or no Provocation, what is the Viper then when his Spirits are enrag'd? What a Figure d'ye make when poſſeſs'd with your own proper Spirit (for you need no worſe) that I mean of *Malice* and *Revenge*? How amiable do you all look when you're angry? How ſweetly are all your *Muſcles* turn'd? How mild your Eyes? How ſoft your Voice, and how like *Incarnate Women* all over?

The Worm turns a Serpent, and that a Dragon; you breathe as many Knives as a Juggler ever ſwallow'd; you vomit Ropes as he does Ribbons, and have as many ſorts of Poiſons as he brings Liquors from the Spunge between his Teeth; you *run-a-muck* at all Mankind, Ranverſe Nature, and Fire the World.

This in ordinary Caſes, but if you are once wrought to the heighth, if your Jealouſie or your Ambition urges you on new Methods of Ruin; if your Deſires are defeated, or your Loves refuſed, or your Crimes

expoſed, you are then a thouſand times worſe than I've yet deſcrib'd; more Neſts of Hells and Furies ſwarm within you; you are more Venemouſly, more rancorouſly implacable; all Blaſting, Lightning, and Hurricane. In ſhort, ſo ſuperlatively bad, that none but you your ſelves can Conceive or Deſcribe it.

Tho' after all, I think, you are leſs dangerous when you appear thus in your own proper Shapes, than when diſguis'd, almoſt paſt Knowledge, in thoſe of Love and Friendſhip: For then you perfectly drill us to Death, and murther us, as they ſay Witches do, by turning us into Pincuſhions, and ſticking us all over with Nails and Bodkins, like an Orange with Cloves, or *Bergerac* with his Flies, to give us the more lingring Torments.

Or elſe, to return to *Witches* agen, when you have once Metamorphoſed a Man into that *Brute* of a Lover, you ſtrait clap a Broomſtaff behind him, and ſwitch him thro' thick & thin in all your *Aerial Journeys*, which way ſoever the *Vane* happens to turn, the *unaccountable Jaunts*, and endleſs *wild Gooſe Chaſes* of your own *Jack-a-Lent Fancies*, and *unaccountable Humours*.

A famous Doctor is of Opinion, that Spirits, tho' ſeparate, have yet a Plaſtic Power over *Matter*, and can *mould* a *Body* into whatſoever Form or Shape they pleaſe, as we can a bit of Wax: For Example—

A

A *Man* into a Pudding,—a *Woman* into a Snake or Cat, or any other Miſchievous Creature. An old Man, and a Child into a Cockle, or an Oyſter; which laſt may the more eaſily be brought about, if that will but hold, which is very poſitively aſſerted by another *Grave Philoſopher*, that their Souls are the ſame already, or that he can hardly imagin any *Difference* between 'em. But whether or no one word of this be true, 'tis ſure enough, you make us what you pleaſe, and moſt maliciouſly alter the very Form and Figure of many a poor *Lover*; ſometimes you draw out his Neck, till by Virtue of a looſning Plaiſter of Hemp, 'tis as long as the Glutton wiſh'd his own: But much oftner his Ears to that prodigious length, that *Midas* was a meer *Roundhead* to him.

At one time you skrew his Face into a thouſand *Antic Forms*, at another his whole Body, which looks Aſquint after you have once overlook'd him, as much as thoſe Eyes which did it. His Chap falls, he hears with his Mouth, and only eats with his Eyes; his Hands dangle, if they don't happen to fall croſs one another; and in a word, you ſteal him away from himſelf, and leave a perfect Changling in his Room; and if there can be a higher or baſer Inſtance of barbarous Cruelty, than not only to do this, but to *Triumph* in it; and when you have adorn'd

your *Courts* and *Anti-chambers* with ſuch Brutes of your own transforming, as *Circes* Palace was ſtock'd with, to divert your ſelf, with ſetting the poor *Creatures* together by the ears, to tear one anothers Hearts out. I ſay, if you can ſhow me any thing more brutally cruel than this, which is your conſtant Practice; why, then I muſt own your *Sex* has one Reſerve of Miſchief, wherewith I was never yet acquainted.

But it's in vain for Man to expect better *Quarter*, when your own *Sex*, if any thing handſome, are as implacably hated by you as old Age, or a fooliſh *faithful Friend*, that tells you all your Faults, in hopes to make you better. You wou'd all be *Eleanors* if you had *Roſamonds* to deal with, and what *maze* ſo intricate, that you have not a *Model* on't in your own Minds? Pulling *Quoifs* is nothing,— "Tear out the "Jades Eyes; off with her Noſe (tho' "war' *Coventry*;) ſtamp her under Feet; "ſhe have my Man; ſhe ſeduce my Hus- "band; ſhe pretend to be as handſome as "me; I'll eat her Heart; I'll gnaw her "Soul; I'll grind her till ſhe's inviſible.

Nay, Your Cruelty is extended, even to your ſelves as dearly as you dote upon 'em: Never were there elſewhere any *Cannibals* ſo fierce, as to eat themſelves, and feed on their own Fleſh, tho' they perhaps might now and then

make

make a luſcious Feaſt on a fat Friend, or Enemy. *Envy* makes you gnaw your own Intrails, defeated *Malice* or *Revenge* ſets you oftentimes quarrelling with your ſelves, and wreaking your Spite on your own Minds or Bodies, becauſe you can't reach others: But *Pride* is the moſt *vexatious Devil* of all your Tormentors.

To this you are *half Martyrs*; for this 'tis that you ſo often wear a *Scotch Boot* all over ye. The *Thumbkin*'s a Jeſt to't, and no more than a ſtrait pair of Gloves. You are ſo far from allowing your ſelves room to Eat, that you care not whether you can breathe or no, ſo you can but look fine, and have your admirable Shape commended. What a *Baſtile* of *Whalebone* you drag about with you? You are more than chain'd, for you are both Pinion'd and Manacled, and can ſtir no otherwiſe than a poor Reynard, caught in a Trap, which he drags after him;— tho' ſubtle as you are, his Cunning here goes beyond ye; for he'll gnaw off his own Leg to get out of Priſon, but you wou'd do the ſame, rather than be deliver'd,— any more than *S——n* in the Jakes, on his own *Sabbath*; and ſince you are ſo fond of your Cage, 'twere, I think, pity to diſturb you, and there I leave ye.

*THOMAS—*

*Anſwer to* Letter VI.

## By *Madam* GODFREY——

BLeſs us Sir! What *Monſters* you make us, ſure *you* were never *born* of a *Woman*, or at leaſt will take care never to *touch* one of thoſe *infectious Creatures*, leſt you ſhou'd *bliſter* all over.

We us'd to reckon our ſelves pretty *harmleſs Creatures*, ſoft and mild, and *tender hearted*, and were ready to ſcreek when we did but hear of any *Bloody Murther* committed by your *Sex*, and always afford our *Pity* to the greateſt *Criminals* when they are *miſerable*. Nay, a higher inſtance of our *Compaſſionate Temper*, we have too often no more Wit then to believe you, when you *ſwear* and *whine* and make *ugly Faces*, and pretend you have no choice but that of *Ragoo*, the *Woman* or the *Gallows*, and are of a quite contrary *humour* to *his*, for you'll *Dangle* if you mayn't have the *Woman*, he rather then have her. And thus you ſeduce us, like other *eaſy Friends*, to *bail* you *Body* for *Body*, and ſoon get laid up in your *Room*, while you, when your *Turn* is once ſerv'd, never more *value* or *regard* us.

You

You ſay we are *Cruel* to our *Enemies*, if we were indeed *ſevere* towards them, and juſtly *puniſh'd* 'em, you cou'd not very reaſonably *blame* us, but it is too evident, our fault lies on the other ſide, and we are *over-merciful*. What more formidable Enemy have we then *Mankind*, without whoſe help the Devil himſelf cou'd not *hurt* us, as they ſay he cannot *Poiſon* without the *Witch*, to *whom* but *you*, do ſo many of us owe their *Ruine*, and how few of ye are there, that do not bear the ſame *Malice* in *Heart* againſt our whole Sex, and wou'd, if you had an opportunity, treat 'em in the ſame manner; and yet, Ah! you know we are but *too ready* to *forgive* you.

If we ſhould grant that where a *Woman* is once throughly engag'd in any *Barbarous* Action, ſo contrary to our Natures, ſhe is then more *cruel*, even then you who *inſtruct* her, yet all that we can thence conclude is, that a *Renegade* is the Bloodieſt *Turk*; that your Company and Converſation can change our Natures, and make us ſometimes run wild like your ſelves; and laſtly, that the Corruption of the beſt things is the worſt, and that we may therefore gueſs how excellent the Wine was once, which is now grown ſuch *keen Vinegar*.

I well hoped you wou'd have ſtopt your *Career*, when you had run ſo far as to make

us in our Fury, overturn *whole Nature*, and Fire *the World*; But it ſeems, Sir *T.* you have more *miſchief* for us ſtill to do: In the caſe of *Jealouſy*, *Ambition*, or *Revenge*, when we are wrought, you ſay to the *heighth*, but I confeſs, I thought both you and we had been in our *Altitudes* before, and that you look'd and ſpoke in the *laſt Paragraph*, exactly like one that had newly loſt his Miſtreſs, and was juſt Raving at the Diſappointment. The Truth is, after you had made us *deſtroy* one *World*, you ought at leaſt to have taken care for another, ſome *Foot-hold*, and *Foundation* to play our pranks upon, before you had brought us upon the *Stage*, and not left us floating in *Chaos* without any *Mercy*.

You are often *talking* of *Witches*, Sir *T.* are you ſure none of 'em ever did *you* any injury? Authors ſay they can work ſtrangely upon the *Imagination*; ſometimes they'll make my Lord Mayor himſelf, and all his *Hounds* miſtake an old Woman for a *Hare*, as *ſtout* a *Puſs* as ever went *panting* over *Banſted Downs*. At other times they'll *ſteal* a *Trick* from *Pimperlepimp*, and perſwade ye, that you ſee *vaſt heaps* of Mony before ye, as large as the *Bankers* have in their *Cheſts*; Anon they'll make you think all you ſee is Raw-head, and Bloody-Bones, and as *Pentheus*'s Aunts and Mother miſtook him for a *Wild-Boar*, ſo you take

take all our *ſoft* and *innocent Sex*, for *Hyæna's* and *Tygreſſes*.

If you are really of that opinion, 'twill be in vain to attempt perſwading you out on't, eſpecially while you labour under ſuch an infected imagination. But if you ſhou'd happen ever to come to your ſelf again, pray Anſwer a *Queſtion* or two, which you may eaſily remember, for your *memory* I find is ſtill indifferent ſound, tho you may be, I fear, a little toucht in your *other* Faculties.

Of What Sex think ye was *Phalaris*, *Mezentius*, *Sylla*, *Catiline*, *Domitian*, *and Nero*, and all the other Famous *Tyrants* in the World?

And who are thoſe, who now make ſo great a diſturbance in it, and have for ſo many years indeed endeavour'd to *overturn* it?

They are, if I miſtake not, the *Men*, who *Kill*, *Burn*, and *Raviſh* for *Sixpence* a day all over *Chriſtendom*, unleſs you'll ſay they are too *Generous* to ſet their *Villanies* at ſo low a rate, and that they rather commit 'em, as we do, for their *own ſatisfaction* and *diverſion*.

And with the ſame Juſtice, you would have us Anſwer for all the *Antick Tricks* you are *guilty of*, when the Spirit of Love has poſſeſs'd ye. Whatever *Beaſts* you turn your ſelves into, let not us Anſwer for it. Can we help the *growth* of your *Ears*, or wou'd

wou'd you have us dreſs all your *ſham-ſore-Hearts*, which you *expoſe* as other *Beggers* do their *Legs*, or *Heads*, to wring out the *Charity* of *every well diſpos'd Fool* that paſſes by 'em? No, in theſe Caſes People are now generally harden'd, and much for the ſame reaſon, and therefore pray take the ſame Anſwer: We cannot *give* to *all*, and there's ſo many *cheats*, we know not whom to *believe*.

But ſuppoſe you could get off the latter, the former will ſtill *remain* and be *unanſwerable*. Are we cruel becauſe we don't make *mince't Meat* of our *Hearts*, and give a little to *every pretender*? Or would every *one* of you have *all*, and force us to work *Miracles* to *content* you?

For ought I ſee, ſhou'd we *Quarter* our ſelves and give every one of ye a *piece*, even that would not *ſatisfy*, and we ſhould be only reproacht with *Cruelty* to our ſelves, inſtead of kindneſs to you; ſince you already are ſo *diſingenuous* to reproach us as guilty of the ſame *vice*, becauſe we put our ſelves to ſome *inconvenience*, and it may be, *pain* too, in our *Dreſſes*, meerly to *oblige* your *Generous Sex*, who thus *thank* us for it.

*Rachel Godfrey.*

LET-

## LETTER VII.

### *That in a* Diſhonourable A-rnour *the* Woman's *moſt to blame.*

By *Mr. PALMER*——

THat you were the firſt *Tempters* of *Mankind*, I think you won't *deny*, and 'twou'd be to as little purpoſe, to pretend that you han't follow'd that *Trade* ever ſince. But ſuppoſing that now and then it ſhou'd be otherwiſe, yet 'tis certain, if you'd never *yeild*, none wou'd ever *tempt* you, which it may be they begin often in *Jeſt*, when you *catch* 'em at their *word*, and *yield* in *earneſt*.

However, I doubt not to prove, that whoever begins ſuch an *Intrigue*, the women are always moſt in *fault* in the managing it, for they have the *Reſtraints* of *Modeſty*, and *Shame* and *Nature*, or if they ſhake off theſe, a ſtrong byaſs of *Intereſt* and *Cuſtom*, They run much the greater *hazard* in their *Perſon* and *Reputation*. They know all this, they

they have heard a thouſand times, that thoſe *Oaths* on which they force our *Sex* in thoſe matters, are reckon'd but things of *courſe*, and no more *Obligatory* then their own *vows* of *Eternal Friendſhip*. They ſee their *Neighbours* ruin'd every day, it may be their *Kindred*, their *Siſters*, their *Friends*, or their near *Acquaintance*: Yet they'll on in the ſame *Road*, 'tis *Green* and *Pleaſant*, they have agreeable *company* in't, and it humours their *Vanity*, they are admir'd and prais'd, and kneel'd and ſung to, and *treated* and *careſs'd*, and for this they part with *two Worlds*, and think they have a *good bargain*.

Nay, how can they deny but they *tempt* their *Tempters*? For how frequently does it ſo fall out, and yet they expect to be *pity'd* for what they are *ruin'd* for. What is't they *Dreſs* and *Dance*, and *Patch* and *Paint*, and *Sing* and *Sigh*, and *Ogle*, and lay all the *Love-Nets* with which they are furniſh'd, either by *Art* or *Nature*, what's all this ado for, but to *pleaſe*, and why wou'd they *pleaſe* but to be *ruin'd*? They dreſs themſelves *irreſiſtably*, and then complain that they can't *reſiſt* others: They triffle in the *Flame* till they burn their *ſilken wings*, and then *buzz* unpity'd about the Room, or creep into ſome *chink* or *corner*, and are *ſtarv'd* to *Death*.

The Man has generally none to *govern* him, or to adviſe him better, but you have

a

a *Father*, a *Friend*, a *Guardian*, or it may be a *Husband*. But I ask your pardon, ſince on better thoughts the *odds* rather lies there on your ſide; the very *apprehenſion* of *reſtraint* is ſufficient, to make any *true woman break* her *Neck* to get *looſe*, and ſhe'll ten times rather chuſe to *fall*, then to accept of any ſuch *Friendly hands* to *ſupport* her.

Again, how equal ſoever they may be in the *Crime*, it's certain that cuſtom makes a wide difference in the *Diſgrace* and *Diſreputation*. It *ruines* the *Woman*, but which of you likes the *Man* ever the *worſe*? I wiſh I need not ſay, you often like him the better. However, a Slip of *youth* covers all, but it ſtands you in ſtead to ſet your *Foot* firm, for if you fall, *Farewel for ever*!

And is there not ſome reaſon, that the greater *weight* of *ſhame* ſhou'd be caſt on the *Woman*, ſince there's ſo much depends on her *Fidelity* and *Honeſty*? The *Eſtate*, if ſhe's falſe, is carry'd into another *Blood*, and the true heirs *irrecoverably* injur'd. Beſides the *Diſgrace* that *lights* on the *Husband*, his *Honour* not being in his *own keeping*, but inclos'd in as *ſlender* a *viol* as *Francion* allots, to ſomething that requires equal *care* to *preſerve* it.

*Lake Palmer*----

*Anſwer*

*Anſwer to* Letter VII.

## By *Madam* CROCKFORD.

NOW, cou'd you prove this indeed, 'twou'd be a great piece of Service to your *Sex*, and be a Means of giving ye what you cou'd none of ye e're pretend to, that is, the *Reputation* of a little *good Nature* and *Modeſty*: But that the Charge is notoriouſly *Falſe* and *Unjuſt*, and the meer Effect of *Malice* aad *Revenge*, is evident to any Perſon, that has but a Dram o' Senſe:--- And indeed one wou'd admire how 'tis poſſible for Man to be guilty of ſuch, more than *Diabolical Villany*, as to uſe all their *Wit* and *Induſtry* to *Court*, Flatter, nay, even Force a Woman to Ruin, and then turn all the *Obliquy* and *Shame* of the *Action* upon her, and pretend they'd ne're Attempted, had they not bin ſure o' Succeſs:--- That there's ſome of our *Sex* too *Credulous* and *Weak*, we will not deny; that their *good Nature* does ſometimes betray 'em to *Intriegues*, that are not *Juſtifiable*, we alſo grant; but that they are moſt to blame on theſe Occaſions, you can never make

make any *unprejudiced Perſon* believe: which Party is it, pray, makes the firſt Onſet? 'Tis not the *Cuſtom* of our *Sex*, howe're Inferior to yours, to become your Petitioners. Is it not *you* Men that are always at pains of *Courtſhip*: And, if in a *Criminal Amour*, how many *Sighs*, *Vows*, and *Slaviſh Submiſſions*, muſt a Man be guilty of, before he can obtain the leaſt *Favour*? You ſay our *Sex* has the Reſtraints of *Modeſty* and *Reputation*, *&c.* which yours want: Really, we're oblig'd to'e, that you'll grant us ſo much, tho' I'm pretty well ſatisfy'd you'd rather we were without thoſe Reſtraints, that you might have the *Pleaſure* of Damning your Selves, and Ruining us at an eaſier Rate. But I ſay, how much *Time*, *Watching*, *Preſents*, *Bribing of Servants*, *Carreſſing of Friends*, *eternal Waiting*, *conſtant unwearied Importunities* muſt a Man be at the Expence of, before he makes a *Compleat Conqueſt*.

Whereas if we were ſo naturally inclin'd to *Lewdneſs*, we ſhou'd be glad to accept the firſt *Offer*, or at leaſt, not *refuſe* too long, leſt our eager Spark ſhou'd retire, without letting us have the Pleaſure o' Surrend'ring.

But the Truth is, which you all know, tho' you'll be hang'd before you'll confeſs it; Women are naturally more Cold and Chaſte then Men, tho' ſhou'd we grant

our

our Paſſions equal, 'twou'd but more Enhance the Eſteem of our *Virtue*, ſince 'tis more difficult for thoſe Perſons to be honeſt, that have violent Inclinations to the contrary, than 'tis for them that have not ſuch Deſires: But we will not pretend to more Virtue than we really have, and therefore freely own our ſelves not ſo *Amorous* as you.: And conſequently, were there any ſuch thing as a *Virtuous Man*, he could not have too *large Commendations*.

You ſay you've not ſo many Friends to adviſe with as we: But pray, whoſe *fault* is that? What hinders your having *Good Counſel*, beſide your own Pride and Vanity, which makes you ſcorn to hear it? And what you ſay of us in this Caſe, may with good reaſon be be return'd upon you, ſhou'd any Friend be ſo kind to admoniſh you, the very Apprehenſion of ſuch a Reſtraint wou'd be ſufficient to make any Man Chuſe, and more eagerly purſue his *Deſtruction*. And that way at leaſt he would juſtifie his pretending to be *Abſolute Maſter* of himſelf, by ſhewing that he dares be Damn'd, in ſpite of all Warning, either from *Friends* or *Enemies*.

As for your other Argument, that however *Equal* in the *Crime*, the *Woman*'s Diſgrace is greateſt, it's eaſily anſwer'd, to your own *Eternal Confuſion*,--- 'Tis true, we are more taken Notice of, and Reproach'd; but why?

why? Is it not becauſe the almoſt *Univerſal Debauchery* of *your Sex* keeps People from minding it; when if a *Woman* be guilty of *Swearing*, *Drinking*, or the other *Vice you* charge us with, it's preſently carry'd from one to another, like a piece of ſtrange incredible *News*, till at laſt it becomes the *Town Talk*. But you ſay we like you the better for your *Slips of Youth*, as you call your worſt of Crimes:--- Did any *VVoman* ever tell ye ſo? We often *marry Men*, that are, or have bin *Vitious*, and how is it poſſible to help it? For if we reſolv'd to Marry none but thoſe of *undoubted Virtue* and *Honeſty*, 'twou'd be the ſame thing, as to Vow *perpetual Virginity*, ſince among the vaſt Number of *your Sex*, 'twou'd be impoſſible to find enough to keep 100 of the *Women* in *England* out of a *Nunnery*. Your laſt *Argument* has the moſt Reaſon, tho' I'm too weary of the Subject, to talk any more on't, only thus much I ſhall obſerve,---That it's no Argument of *Women's* being the *Worſe*, or the *Weaker Sex*, that Heaven, which cannot err, has intruſted her with the *Eſtate*, *Honour*, and *Quiet* of the *Family*.

*Eſther Crockford.*

LET-

## LETTER VIII.

### *Againſt* Romances.

By Sir *THOMAS*—

I Thought I had done with *Love*; but 'tis ſuch a *Pertinacious Devil*, that tho' conjur'd down never ſo often, 'twill ſtill riſe agen, and diſturb the World. Now it appears in the Shape of ſome diſtreſſed Damſel, or Penſive Knight, and erects its Trophys on as many Sacks full of *Romances*, as ever the old Woman and the Curate Sacrific'd to the Flames, when they clear'd *Don Quixot*'s Study, and b oke him for a *Speculative Knight Errant*; and had they ſent all the reſt after, and t' had bin Death for any Scribbler to have plagu'd the World with any more of the ſame Brood, t' had bin a happy thing for us all: But eſpecially for you Women, whoſe Libraries one might almoſt venture to reckon up, and ſwear to, without ever ſeeing 'em.— *Almahide*, *Ariana*, *Ariſtotle*'s *Problems*, *Aſtræa*, *Clelia*, *Cleopatra*, *Culpepper*, 'twou'd make a *Catalogue* indeed, to run

run thro' the whole Alphabet, and wou'd tire the Brazen Lungs of a *Stentor*, or a *Jeffrys*, to repeat one quarter of 'em.--- And if among the Crowd there ſhou'd happen to be one ſtray Solitary *Prayer-Book*, or *Practice of Piety*, it's ſure to have a Cobweb woven croſs the Leaves, inſtead of a pair of old-faſhion'd Strings or Ribbons. There it lies, and has never bin diſturb'd ſince the laſt great Thunder: You Women, for your parts, know how to imploy your Time much better, at leaſt more to your Satisfaction. In ſome brisk new airy Romance *you* find both your Mattins and Evenſongs:---That's your Epiſtle, and Goſpel and all; your firſt and laſt Employment. For this you part with Sloth it ſelf; nay, *your* darling *Pride* can hardly Rival it; for you'll rather grow old for want of Sleep; nay, venture ſiring the Houſe, and bring your ſelf Spitchcockt in the middle on't, then leave off before you've done the Story.

Which that you may be ſure not to forget, you make all the haſte you can to Tranſcribe it into *your* own Life and Actions; *Spirit* away every Lady or Knight that *you* moſt fancy, and make 'em all *your* own; nor are *you* more transform'd from *your* true Selves, in your Bodies, when you appear in publick with borrow'd Cheeks, or Teeth, or Eyes, then your Minds are Metamorphoſed by the Transfuſion of

of theſe Fooleries;—And when a Woman does change, there's little need of proving 'tis for the worſe. The Lover muſt be the ſweet Knight, *Montelion*; the Miſtreſs, the moſt Chaſte and Virtuous Damſel *Dulcinea*, *Aſteria*, *Statira*, *Hortenſia*, *Valeria*, and ſo down to *Calia* and *Phillis*. The old Bawd of a *Confident*, nothing better or worſe than the *Sage Urganda*; every little *Gobetween*, ſome Dwarf or Wizzard; and it may be, the Father himſelf, or Relation, and beſt Friend ſhe has, ſome wicked Enchanter, or cruel Jaylour; and the Rival to be ſure, no leſs than the confounded Gyant *Pandafilando*. Nay, worſe than all this, we ſhall find few of thoſe Books but have ſome fighting Lady or other, a *Firſt-Rate Heroine* in the Story, who either in Diſguiſe, or elſe bare-faced, with her Bever up, and ſometimes her Hair about her Ears, ſhall ruſh into the Battle, lay about her like the *Amazonian* Dame, *Pentheſilie*, and kill ye for a Breakfaſt ſome Forty or Fifty Men. Now, what a dangerous Preſident this is to their Sex, and of how ill Conſequence to ours, I leave to the practical Judgment of any poor Confeſſor or Martyr in Matrimony, who has often found himſelf honour'd and obey'd with a *Three-footed-Stool*, or a *Ladle*, while he's forc'd to worſhip *Rampant Spouſe* in the ſtricteſt Sence of the Word, fall upon his Knees, to ſave his *Shoulders*, and Adore his Wife Incarnate, as the *Indian* does other *Fiends*, meerly

meerly in his *own Defence*, and for fear they ſhou'd devour him.

And all this they can do, becauſe they dare. From the Edifying Examples they learn from their Cradles, and read in Romances, as *Modern Regicides* and *Debauchees* are hardned, by reading the Atchievments of their Predeceſſors in former Ages. And if they fail to inſpire 'em with a *Fighting Familiar*, they do at leaſt with a loving one, which it may be will prove more importunate, aod troubleſome than the former: This renders 'em impertinent, vain, and uneaſie to themſelves and others. They form Ridiculous and Impoſſible Notions, and attempt as Abſurd Actions. 'Tis true, the Defenders of theſe ſort of Writings will tell you they muſt draw their *Heroe* ſomething bigger than the Life, becauſe ſome Allowance muſt be made for *Diſtance*; but granting this, yet what need of ſo vaſt and unnatural a diſproportion, as we almoſt always find between a *Romantic* and an *Hiſtorical Heroe*? You'll ſay true *Hiſtory* affords not near ſo much Diverſion as a well penn'd Romance: But can *your Sex* be pleaſed with nothing but Lies? or are there not Events ſufficiently noble, as well as inſtructive in Hiſtory, (were that your Province, of which, more before you and I part) It's a ſtrange *Green-Sickneſs* ſort of Appetite, which generally and almoſt univerſally reigns in the Minds of your *Sex*, that

that nothing will down with you but Traſh and Wall, Trifles and Bawbles, while you turn up your Noſes, and pout at wholſome Food. 'Tis true, were you always Children, or would you but think your ſelves what you really are, 'twou'd be the beſt Excuſe that cou'd be brought for your doting ſo much on theſe ſort of writings, which a *witty Man* ſays may be of very good uſe to Children, to allure 'em to Reading, and the Study of better things: But you ſeem to make theſe the very Top and End of your Learning, and neither go any further, nor deſire to do ſo: The great Children are ſtill in their Hornbooks, and very well pleaſed with 'em too; or if they do take out, 'tis to ſomething a Form lower than *Æſop*'s Fables. An infallible Proof of what has bin often aſſerted by *your humble Dotards*, that you have *equal Capacity* with thoſe whom Nature has juſtly made your Maſters, and who leave you to take up with thoſe Exerciſes, when you come to what ſhou'd be your Years of Diſcretion, which they ſoon after their Infancy learnt to deſpiſe, leaving the reading *Romances*, the making *Dirt-Pyes*, and *playing* with *your Sex* altogether.

THOMAS—

## *Anſwer to Letter* VIII.

## *For Reading* Romances.

By *M*adam *GODFREY*--

WE never had yet, a ſhee-*Quixote*, that I read or heard of, and therefore it ſeems, make not ſuch an ill uſe of *Romances*, as you your ſelves who have Compos'd 'em. You can ſcarce Name two or three, that were ever Written by a Woman, and if you were the *Authors*, you publiſh'd 'em with a Deſign they ſhou'd be Read, and we never yet knew of any *Publick Act*, directed by our Maſters to your poor *Slaves*, whereby on pain of your *diſpleaſure*, we were prohibited to read 'em. 'Tis hard however, that you put us to defend *your Follies*, as well as our *own*, and contrary to *your* own *Rules*, Sir *T*--for you threaten'd us, only with what was peculiar to our *Sex*; whence 'tis evident, that you are not able to find any great matter againſt us,

For once however we'll try to ſplit the *Hair*, and leaving the Extravagance and ill effects of thoſe ſorts of Books, to be

defended by their *Authors*, do not doubt, but we ſhall find a way to *excuſe* at leaſt our Reading 'em, and to ſuck *Honey* even out of thoſe *Poyſonous Flowers*, with which you preſent us.

Not that you cou'd juſtly blame us, neither were there never ſo much miſchief in thoſe kind of *Books*, for we are, you ſay, weak and innocent Creatures, and 'tis not eaſy for us to know the difference between *Good* and *Evil*, yet you take no manner of care of our Education, you leave us to *Servants* and *Dancing* Maſters, inſtruct us not what to *chuſe*, or what to *avoid*; whereas you are ſo partial to your *own Sex*, that our Brothers have all the aſſiſtance of ingenious Literature, you give 'em an early *taſte* of *Science*, and by the peruſal of *Good Authors*, let 'em into the *Wiſdom* of *former Ages*: We attempt to follow 'em, from the natural Principle of *Imitation*, as far as we are able, but Alas! are ſoon left for want of ſome to Guide us; we then take up ſometimes with *Romance*, inſtead of *Solid Hiſtory*, and how ſhou'd we know any better, when if you teach us to Write and Read, that's all we are to expect toward the Cultivation of our minds, and yet you are ſo unconſcionable to reflect upon us, if they happen to be more *Barren* than yours.

But yet it's undenyable, that both the *Style* and the *matter* of theſe Books are of ſome

ſome Advantage to us: They teach us Words, and let us into the Beauties of our own Language: They are in ſome ſort more inſtructive, as well as much more diverting than many Hiſtories: An Hiſtorian relates things as they really are, or at leaſt ought to do ſo; but a fine *Romance* gives 'em us as they ought to be, or as the Reader wou'd wiſh 'em; he's ſure to bring off the *principal Hero*, and his Miſtreſs Triumphant and Happy: The Storms they meet with make their *Future Succeſs* more agreeable to the Reader, and beſides arm our Minds againſt the Reverſe of Fortune. What is't to the Purpoſe whether the Subjects of the Relation were Real or Fabulous Perſons; or if they ever had any real Exiſtence, whether they Acted or Spoke juſt as is there repreſented? If every thing is above the Life, it is not likely to make ſtronger Impreſſions than if it were only a faint Imitation of what really happen'd. Beſides, pray what Infallible Rule can your Wiſdoms give us, whereby we may diſtinguiſh Truth from Falſhood in the *Graveſt Hiſtorians?* I think you rekon *Livy* none of the meaneſt, and wou'd you have us be ſuch very Oafs to believe *Mutius Scevola* ever ſpoke that fine Oration, when his Fiſt was a broyling, which he has made for him? No,--- I'll as ſoon believe all *Clelia* as one Word on't, any more than that his Generals had

nothing elſe in their Heads juſt before Engagements, than to make fine Orations which it is not likely the thouſandth part of their Army cou'd ever hear.

And when we add to this, the baſe Partiality, *Flattery*, *Prejudice*, *Intereſt*, *Malice*, which we find in moſt *Hiſtorians*, and which we lie ſo bare, that even we can ſee its Vices, wherewith none can charge our *Innocent Romances*; this will in great part excuſe our reading the latter, and being leſs concern'd that we can't ſo often come by the former.

But yet further, none can deny but that here are excellent Examples of *Courage*, *Fidelity*, *Chaſtity* and *Obedience*, of the ſtricteſt and the niceſt Honour and Virtue that can eaſily be any where found, which we hope are not the worſe for being deſcrib'd, in an agreeable Stile, and Diverting manner.

As for thoſe who doat on 'em to that degree that you repreſent, as we don't defend 'em, ſo we doubt not but many more of your *Sex* are guilty of ſuch Extravagancies, becauſe we are generally otherwiſe employ'd, and only read 'em now and then for Diverſion; but you, when you are once at your own Diſpoſal, muſt do that or *worſe*, and therefore are more univerſally *beſotted* with 'em.

*Rachel Godfrey.*

LET-

## LETTER IX.

### *That a* Black-a-moor Woman *is the greateſt* Beauty.

By *Mr. BEXFORD*

TAke 'em as they come, for I don't pretend Power of *Creation*, and none who is without it can bring any *order* out of a *Sex* that's all *confuſion*. This *Bomb* is levell'd directly againſt one Angle of your *Pride*, and I hope will lay it low enough. You generally ſhow that Judgment for which ſome ſo much admire you, in being moſt pleas'd with the *vaineſt* and moſt *ridiculous* things you can think of, among which I may juſtly reckon *your complexions*: I call 'em *yours* on ſuppoſition you came *honeſtly* by 'em, and that they were fairly *bought* and *paid* for: But ſuppoſing for once you ſhou'd be beholden to *Nature* only for 'em, and *Art* had nothing to do in their *Compoſition*, han't you, think you, great reaſon to be *Proud* of what a *Tulip* enjoys in ſo much

greater *perfection*, and yet a *ſtinking uſeleſs Flower* after all; Good for nothing, but like your ſelves, to be ſet a *top* of a *Cupboard*, or adorn a *Chimney*? Nature has however in one thing been ſo *civil* to mankind, that we can't but *admire* both her *Kindneſs* and her *Juſtice*. She has generally given you a *mark*, that tho you *flatter* your ſelves, you may not be able to *deceive* us, and the *Fairer* you are---I'll only ſay, we know you are *not the wiſer*. But after all, ſince there will be ſome *womaniz'd Fools* of our own Sex, that can't be kept from running mad for the *outſide* of a *skin*, and doating on a *fine Complexion*, I ſhall *prove, to mortify their Pride and yours, that a deſpis'd Mooreſs* is really a greater *Beauty* then all your *Finical chalky-fac'd European Ladies*; The *Sun* has but *half-baked you*, you are not arriv'd to the perfection of *Mullattos*, much leſs are ſuch *finiſh'd pieces*, ſuch double refin'd *Earthen ware* as the charming *Negro* Ladies.

D'ye ſtart at the very thoughts of ſuch a *Compariſon*, and Pray what reaſon? You are all *Blacks* as ſoon as the *Impartial Night* has drawn her *Veil* over the World, and clapt her *Velvet Mask* on the Face of Nature. And who knows whether you are not ſo by *day* too? Nothing more deceitful then *Colour*, your *Hearts* are hardly greater *cheats* then your *Faces*: You more properly

ly *appear* to *be* then *are*, and all your *Red* and *White* may have no more *reality* then the gawdy *Colours* of the *Rainbow*: And wou'd you be perſwaded to part but with as much of your *skin*, as you cover with one *indifferent patch*, I can't tell but a good *Microſcope* wou'd ſhow ſo much *deformity* in't, that it might almoſt make you out of *Love* with your ſelves. How *Yellow* and *Tawry* might it appear? What an odious *ſcurf* upon it? How many *Armies* of *Living-Creatures* might we there diſcover? Moſt of which inconveniences, 'tis very probable a *Darker Face* never has, for 'twou'd be but *black* ſtill, and perhaps much *ſmoother* and *ſofter* then *yours*. If you don't in your own Judgment give the *Garland* to a *Black Beauty*, why are you all ſo fond of *Patches*? If 'tis an addition to your *Charms* to have a part of your *Face* of that *Colour*, muſt you not *yield* to theirs who are ſo all over? 'Tis true, they have ſome among 'em, *Born* much after the ſame manner that you are *dreſt*, ſome *motly fac'd* Creatures; with ſick unwholeſom *Complexions*: But then theſe are *hated* and *abhorr'd* amongſt 'em. They reckon that the *Leproſy* or the *Plague*, which you affect and *admire*: They make theſe their *Conjurers* and *Witches*, and with *Congruity* enough to their opinion, that the De-

vil himſelf is *white*, and accordingly they *paint* him in that *manner*; and I believe all our *European* World are ſo far of their mind, that they believe there's more danger in *white-Witches* and *white-Devils* (tho old Wives ſay, nothing that's hurtful can appear in that Colour) then in the blackeſt, uglieſt, ſmoak-dry'd Hag or Fiend, that ever yet *frighted* the World.

Nor can you deny, that their *Complexion* is infinitely more *laſting* then yours, the conſequence whereof ſeems to be that 'tis alſo more perfect. A *Fright*, a *fit* of *Sickneſs*, a *cold*, an *Ague* changes *yours*, *diſturb'd* and *alter'd* like theſe *lower Regions*, while theirs are like the *pure Æther* above, free from all *Storms* and *Alterations*; or rather like the *ſpace* beyond the World, there's ſomething in it that's *venerable* and almoſt divine, and it remains undiſturb'd in the *Serenity* of *Darkneſs*.

But ſurely there are the *Beauties* of the *mind too*, as well as of the *Body*, and thoſe as much more *Charming*, as well as *laſting*, then the other, as you think your *Faces* beyond a *Negro's*: But if you once come to a Compariſon there, *Paris* himſelf wou'd give it againſt you. What is there that makes a Wife *handſomely-humour'd*, but *Induſtry*, *Fidelity*, *Humility*, and *Obedience*? And where can *Europe* ſhow us any thing of theſe, like what we find in he *African Ladies*? Even

Even the *poor Slaves* enjoy theſe *Virtues* to *Admiration*. *One* of 'em ſhall be more *uſeful*, and do more *work* then a whole *Seraglio* of *Lazy, white-liver'd Europeans*. Indeed they are *good Slaves*, and conſequently Anſwer the *end* for which *Nature invented* their *Sex*: Will patiently endure *Hunger*, *Cold*, or any *Hardſhip*: No Goſſipings to torment ye, no coſtly *Lyings-in*, or *Churchings* to *Plague* and *Ruine* ye, but as ſoon as *Pickaninny's* Born, and ſoundly *ſowſt* in the next cold water they meet with, up it goes upon the *Mothers Back*, and no further *trouble* about it.

Then they are the *humbleſt*, docibleſt, moſt *obedient Creatures*; O, that every *Engliſh Lady-wife* had one of 'em in her Houſe, for an Example, or wou'd but often look upon *Behus Imoinda* for the ſame reaſon. It may be, it might work ſome good upon ye, and the *poor Heathens* might *ſhame* ye into *Duty* and *Obedience*. When I wonder, ſhall we ſee one of you ſo *meekly*, ſo *gently* hold out your *Necks*, like innocent *Lambs*, when your *Lord* and *Husband* intimates his will and pleaſure, that you ſhou'd *reſign* your *Lives* to his *Diſpoſal*? But I can't tell how far ſuch bright Examples may work upon ye: You may have ſomething of *Generoſity*, ſome Sparks of noble *Emulation* yet remaining, and I'll not yet *deſpair* of ye, but that in time you may all come to be *Imoinda's*, In every thing but her *End*. *W. Bexford.*

*Anſwer to Letter* IX.

## By *SAPHO.*

YOUR Judgment we ſee is ſo ſound, it cannot be mended, but *you* ought, Sir, to have a *better Memory*, or at leaſt a *readier Invention*; ſince in Anſwer to *my* Friends *Eſſay in Defence of our Sexes Ornaments*, *you* poſitively affirm that *Beauty* is more than *Fancy*, and that 'tis a wide Miſtake, that a *Black* is equally beautiful with an *European*; but it ſerv'd *your* turn then, whereas 'twas now againſt *you*; ſince the contrary Propoſition wou'd help *you* to a *ſorry Reflection* upon our *Sex*, *you* chopt at it as greedily as poſſible, and *Black's White*, and *White*, *Black* in the ſame moment.

We ſhall never *fight* fair if we know not where to meet *you*, and we can ſcarce expect that, when you don't know it *your* ſelf, for one quarter of an Hour.

However, pray take this along with *you*, before we come to the *Merits* of the *Cauſe*, that *Women* are neither the *moſt fickle* Creatures in the World, nor the only Perſons that *vary* their Minds according to the Occaſion.

And

And now for *your* pleaſant *Paradox*,—at the very firſt ſight whereof, one had need be very Charitable, not to ſuſpect *your Honeſty*. Pray, were *you* ever aſhoar at St. *Johanna*, or can *you* clear your ſelf that you've had no Trading in the *Plantations*? or any lovely *Female Black* of your own, on whom like another ——— *you* have bin paſſionately enamour'd? This, indeed, wou'd be ſome ſort of Excuſe for your *Ingenuity*, but I can't tell what to ſay to your *Virtue*. That's in your own keeping, Mr. *B.* as well as *your* Reputation; and (to hope the beſt) if you have a Mind to make your *bright Sabra* a *Lady*, I know not who can hinder *you*.

But yet, as a *Friend*, give me leave to adviſe *you*: We have bin acquainted of old, Mr. *B.* tho grown a little ſtranger now. Come, *you've* a fine *Gentlewoman*, and do but make it fairly your own Caſe; Suppoſe you ſhou'd paſſionately love a fine Lady, and ſhe ſhould have no more ſenſe nor modeſty than to *doat* upon ſome *Dusky Othelio* among her *Footmen*; ſome *hard-favour'd*, thick lipp'd, *Dog nos'd*, Heathenish Wretch, and refuſe *your Addreſſes*, and throw her ſelf into his *Arms*, as the *Spaniſh Lady* manag'd matters with the *Moor* in the *Stable*; pray how wou'd you like this? and ſhou'd ye, think ye, be overſparing of your *Cenſures* on ſuch an Occaſion? I verily believe you wou'd not, and

I,

I know not who cou'd *blame ye*. But pray then do but be at the pains to turn the *Scales*, and put your ſelf in the contrary *ballance*.

VVhy ſhou'd ſo many, not-*contemptible* Ladies, *languiſh* for you, and you more cruel than an *Hyrcanian Tygar*? But I'll ſay no more, only wiſh for your own ſake, that you had omitted this one *fatal Confeſſing Letter*, which as good as declares the *Reaſon* why you are ſo very *angry* with all our *European Ladies*.

Let it be as it will, we muſt defend our ſelves, and if poſſible, will maintain the Ancient unqueſtion'd Prerogative of our Sex, in all Controverſies to have the *laſt word*.

I much wonder, when your hand was in, that you did not affirm a *Black Lady* was as *fair* as a *White*, as well as *beautiful*, ſince a fair *Lady*, and a *Beauty* have never bin thought in our Language, very different from one another.

But who knows not whether we are not all *Blacks* by *Day*, as well as by *Night*? True, Mr. *B.*—and a very ſhrowd Obſervation. But then *you* muſt conſider it returns—Who knows but your *Blacks* too are *Whites*? And then we are ſtill even—or *you* may, if *you* pleaſe, ring the Changes, and make one the other, till *you* have mingled us ſo, that *you* know not *which* is which, nor how to part us.

I

I thought *you* had bin a better *Philoſopher* than to ſay the *Night* is *Black*. You can't ſay ſo of the *Air*; which, as I remember, our Friend, Mr. *Boyle*, ſays, is *Diaphanous* and of no colour at all. What is it then, our *Faces*, which you compliment in that manner, but with as little Truth or Reaſon? For how can *you* ſay they are *Black* when *you* cannot ſee 'em? for if *you* do that, *you* plainly diſcover *they* are of another hiew.

Beſides, if we are all *Black*, why do *you* preferr others before us? But alas, 'tis too late to complain.

We cannot tell indeed what we might appear, if you look'd upon us with a pair of *Virtuoſo Spectacles*, but then you'd do well to conſider Mr. *B.* that we may in Juſtice expect the ſame *Advantage*, which might be a greater Inconvenience to *you*, than *you* imagine. For who knows but we ſhou'd diſcover that *Ruby-Face* of yours was actually all a Fire, and ten or twelve *Squadrons* and *Battalions* of little Gentlemen belongihg to ſome inviſible *Enſurance Office* thereabouts, carrying Buckets of Claret to quench it? How *like* ſoever *our Faces* may be to the *Rainbow*, we know what *yours* is; the *Colours* there we are certain are real, and defie any *Microſcope* to preſent us with *greater Variety*.

Your *Black Ladies* have, we muſt confeſs, this undeniable Advantage over us, that

that their *Faces* can never be worſe: Well, Sympathy is a thing not to be diſputed againſt, and who can blame *you* for admiring 'em?

If they grow *Pale* and *White* with Sickneſs, we grow *Dark* and *Black*, and ſo far *you* can't give 'em the *Preheminence*.

But their Humours, *you* ſay, are more *Beautiful*: Yes, doubtleſs, for Nature generally takes Care to fit a *fair Soul* with a *beautiful Body*, of which, Mr. *B.* you are an Inſtance beyond Diſputation.

When you tell us *plainly* what you'd be at, and what *you* expect from us, when *you* are ſo ingenuous to own nothing wou'd content you, but the baſeſt degree of Subjection and Servitude, and drily perſuade us that there's a wonderful *Virtue* in *planting Tobacco*, and having our *Throats* cut; *you* muſt excuſe us, Mr. *B.* if the *Woman* begin to ſtir a little, and we have laid you more open than ever we intended. Fight fairer for the future, and we promiſe *you* that *you* will meet with fairer *Enemies*.

*Sapho.*

LET-

## LETTER X.

### *Againſt Naked Breaſts.*

By Sir *THOMAS*—

I Am ſcarce well reſolv'd, whether I ſhou'd reprove this *fulſome Vanity*, which ſo many of your Sex are guilty of, or let it quite alone, ſince it may be the beſt way to keep Men from *venturing* on you in a *Lump*, wou'd be to ſhow 'em ſuch a *Nauſeous Sample*.

However, on ſecond thoughts, ſince you lay your *Baits* ſo *fair*, I think it may be of ſome ſervice to let the *unwary* know what *Poiſon* lies hid under 'em, and to ſet up a mark near the dangerous *Rocks* of ſuch miſchievous *Land-Syrens*, who not content with thoſe *broad Signs*, hung out in their *Eyes* and *Faces* to force a *Trade*, muſt expoſe their Goods too upon the very *Stalls*, that all may know what they deal in. And are theſe the only *remains* of your Grandmothers *Innocency*? Is your meaning, in throwing off a *part*, to perſwade us you cou'd if you

you pleas'd, as eaſily be without the whole, and that you are really willing to turn *Adamites*, if you cou'd but have any Encouragement to renew the *faſhion*? Or rather to imitate your *Painted Anceſtors*, differing but in this, that you dawb your *Faces* only, while they laid it on equally, and *bluſh'd* all over?

If you want a Preſident in this Age, you may find enough among the *Africans* and *Cannibals*, who have even outdone you in this inſtance of *Civility* and good *Breeding*, you *uncover* a *great part*, while they keep as *little co. er'd*.

Were you oblig'd to ſuch an *hardſhip* as this, by the Laws of God or Man, and forc'd to expoſe thoſe tender parts to the Inclemencies of the weather, and the rough ſalutes of our Northern Air, there wou'd need no more to exaſperate you to the laſt degree, to make you all turn *Atheiſts* and *Rebels*.

What was *cloathing* made for? And why d'ye thus *Lure*, and tempt mankind to your mutual *Deſtruction*? Why d'ye expoſe thoſe fatal *Glaſſes* to *burn* our *Eyes* out, to *blind* and enſlave and ruine us?

How contrary is this to the cuſtom of all *modeſt* and *virtuous women*, I mean thoſe who would paſs for ſuch, in all *Places* and *Ages*? The very *Africans Veil* themſelves from *Head* to *Foot*, and their *Cozen-Germans*, the *Spaniards*, are not leſs *careful*: While

While we, who have more need of *covering* in our *climate*, unveil as much as for *ſhame*, we are able.

There's ſcarce any *Creature*, but is *Veil'd* by *Nature* with *ſomething* or other, to Learn us that piece of *modeſty*, but you are perverſe *Schollars*, and don't much regard her *Inſtructions*: Nay, ſhe has given you *Hair*, which if you'd *cheriſh*, wou'd it may be ſufficiently *hide* you: If you are then for appearing purely as *Nature* made you, let that but hang *diſhevell'd* about your *Ears*, and 'twill be ſome *relief* to our *Eyes*, and not put ſuch an apparent *Rape* upon our *Sexes modeſty*.

In what other thing can you pretend to be either like *Truth*, or *Innocence*, but that you are ſo very *fond* of *appearing* in the *ſame manner*?

If *ſhame* does naturally attend *Nakedneſs*, when there's yet any the leaſt Footſteps left of native *Ingenuity* and *Modeſty*; unleſs you have either no *guilt* or no *ſhame*, Learn to *bluſh* and to *amend*.

*Thomas*——

## *Anſwer to* Letter X.

## *Concerning Naked* Breaſts.

By *Madam WOOD*——

THat you begin to rank your own *Gravity* among the *old Faſhion'd* Gentlemen, we need no more to evince then this *laſt Letter*, for you Preach very earneſtly againſt the *vices* of your own times, which are now almoſt *forgotten*, I wonder we han't another Letter againſt *Fardingales*, and a *Pathetick Reclamation*, or two, after your way, concerning the *horrid ſcandal* they give to *Perſons* of your modeſt *Complexion* and *Converſation*. But even when a little of the *Neck* was more uſually ſeen in our *Dreſſes*, then 'tis now, Pray what *Harm* in't, or what more wou'd there be, ſhou'd we think fit to *take* it up again? 'Tis *cool* in *Summer*, and hardens us againſt *Winter*, and why do you blame it? *Ill* to *him that thinks ill*, tho it's hard we muſt *mew* our ſelves up, and keep quite out o' *ſight*, on purpoſe to prevent your *Scandalous Imaginations*. Which yet there wou'd be ſome pretence for, were there any hopes to *reclaim* you,

*you*, or make *you* ever the better; for is it not frequent for you to own that *you* are most *mad* for what is kept the most strictly from you, and consequently such Sights as *you* exclaim against, shou'd by *your* own way of Reasoning, make *you* more *Chaste* and *Virtuous*. Wou'd *you* have us hide our *Faces* too, and very *Hands*, and never discover either before *you*, lest we shou'd give Umbrage to so severe a *Virtue*; and pray, why then are *you* so backward to set us an Example? You say our *Sex* is more *Amorous* than *yours*, spare then at least our *Blushes* and our *Modesty*; wear *Masks* out of *pity* to your selves and us.

Hide those lovely *rosie* Faces, those *charming pinking Eyes*, as languishing as a *Pig's*, when 'tis rotten roasted. Expose not those *killing Teeth*, which grind the Hearts of our frail Sex to Powder, being scorch'd long before in the Oven of *Affection*, by the Flames of our *Passion*, while you are unkind and regardless.

" O turn that lovely *golden Grove* away,
" That shines on either *Lip*, like *Cheeks*
" of rising *Day*.

In short, be so kind to take your selves quite out of *Sight*, and for ever remain so. Alas! how hard a Sentence, to prevent any further Mischief.

*Elizabeth Wood.*

LET-

## LETTER XI.

### *Againſt* Painting, *and other* Artificial Beauty.

By Sir *WILLIAM* ——

WHat — are you not content with your *Native Miſchiefs*? Thoſe *Poiſons* that are born with you; your *Eyes*, your *Voice*, your *Faces*; but you muſt be beholding too to *Art* for our *undoing*, and attack us with *Auxiliary Deſtructions*? Where will your Malice end, and what can keep pace with it but your *Pride* and *Vanity*?

Wou'd you give us once ſome Infallible Mark, to know you from your ſelves — I mean what parts of you are Real, and what Aſcititious, and Unnatural; for 'tis the oddeſt *Idolatry* in the World to bow down to the Excrements of a Worm, to adore *Spaniſh VVool*, and *Chalk*, and *Vermilion*.

What a high degree of Pride is it to find Fault with what Nature has made you, to mend the Work of the great *Artificer*? So Scandalous and Ill-ſounding a Practice, that I'd fain hope moſt *Honeſt* and *Virtuous* Women were now aſham'd on't. And

And yet tho' there's few of your *Sex* but find it neceſſary to pretend at leaſt to thoſe Characters, how many of 'em are there who lay it on as thick on their own Faces, as the old Painters did on the Copies of others; you wou'd think they made uſe of a Trowel inſtead of a Pencil, and make ſuch ſtrong Work, you were almoſt as good touch a new-plaiſter'd Wall as one of their Faces.

Either you are already as handſome as you think your ſelves, or as errand *Dowdies* as every Whoremaſter thinks his *own Wife*, or elſe indifferent ;---a *Layr* of one with t'other, neither Foul enough to have the ſame Effect with *Antimony*, on touching you, nor ſo wickedly Charming, as to drive your poor *Vaſſals* to *Hemp* and *Daggers*; and in which ſoever of theſe Forms you'll rank your ſelves, I ſee no need of this *Dawbing*, nor what advantage you can propoſe by it.

If you are handſome already, you may learn from all the *Court Ladies* who uſe it, that *Painting* is the readieſt way to make you *Grandams* before your times; you muſt expect to look old, at leaſt Twenty Years ſooner.

'Tis like *mending deep ways* with *Dirt*, you muſt be perpetually laying on, Load after Load, or the *unfaſhionable Wrinkles* will devour all your *Labour*.

You

You know your ſelves it poiſons the *Skin*, and ruins the *Complexion*, and yet you'll not be beat off on't, ſo fond you are of *mending Nature*, and of a *Beauty* that can endure neither Fire nor Air, Heat nor Rain, which laſts not ſo long as a Flower's; and which, as it ſoon withers it ſelf, ſo will wither you too when it leaves you.

If you are Indifferent, be contented, and thank *Nature*, for neither having made you a Monſter of *Deformity* nor *Beauty*: For your *Gigantick Beauty* is certainly monſtrous in *Exceſs*, as well as others in *Defect*, and like the poor Gyants in *Romances*, muſt be ſure to be *Mown* o'rethwart, or *Cleft* downright,---ſooner than any in all the Army.--Since then you have already all you can reaſonably deſire, and are in a more *happy Condition* than either of the Extreams; for what reaſon is't that you'd venture ſuch an Alteration, as muſt by Turns expoſe ye to both the Oppoſite Inconveniences? You'll at firſt, it may be, think you look very Charming, which will *loo* all the real or ſuppoſed *Beauties* about your Ears, and "She *Paints*---is the Word of *Battle*, which they'll all whiſper round, tho' they have it on ſo thick themſelves, that their *Faces* are like to ſtick to one another.

But after this *aukard Flouriſh*, which it may be, for a little while you may make by this *Artificial Beauty*, you at laſt find your

your ſelf on the ſudden, tumbling into the loweſt *Claſs* of all,---that of *Real Deformity*.

And well remember'd for poor *Dowdy*, who was in danger of being quite forgotten:---There ſhe fits, tearing her Face, breaking her Glaſſes, ſhovelling it on, and rendring her ſelf a thouſand times more ghaſtly than when ſhe was firſt Cubb'd.--- Like the poor *Wench* that came to a Country Painter on a *Fair-day*, reſolving to be a little finer than Ordinary, and gave the Fellow a Shilling to *Paint* her, which the Rogue did with a Vengeance; making her a *blue Noſe*, *black Lips*, *Green Cheeks*, *ſcarlet Eyebrows*, and the reſt proportionable; that when ſhe came abroad, ſhe ſcar'd all the *Fair*, as if one of the *Tygars* or *Lyons* had broke looſe amongſt 'em.

And pray, *Madam*, why can't you be ſatisfy'd with all the *Ugglineſs* you were born with? 'Twas a fair *Portion*. and one wou'd think you ſhou'd not be ſo *over-covetous*, to augment it.

Nothing will ever go well that's undertaken in ſpite of *Nature*: The *Beau* may as well ſet up for a *Philoſopher*, the *Bully* for a *General*, or your *Holbourn-Heck* for a *Stateſman* (or what's next door to't, an *Alderman*) as you be a *Beauty*, without asking *Nature* leave; and the more like you are without being one, *you* are ſtill the more deform'd. Thoſe *Monkey Affectations* will render

render you ſtill more Ridiculous and Odious.

Endeavour then to ſet your Mind ſtrait, which is in your own Power; make that *well-complexion'd* and *beautiful*, and thus render your ſelf deſirable and amiable, which you may obtain with more Certainty than if you had the *fineſt Body* in the World.

For after all, Ladies, nothing is more demonſtrable than that 'tis not a *fine Face* only that either obtains Love, or preſerves it, which takes off your laſt Pretences for theſe *Artificial Meliorations*, as you call 'em, that you uſe 'em out of an honeſt Intent, to get good *Husbands*, or to hold faſt their Hearts, when you have 'em once in your Clutches: Nothing of that will cure a *rambling Mind*; the likelieſt way to do it is, by being *quiet* and *obliging*, which at leaſt will make you your ſelf more *Eaſie* and *Happy*.

But I forgot I had quarrell'd with your *whole Sex*, for which Reaſon you ought not to expect to have any of this good Advice from me: However, I imagin 'twill be much the ſame thing, and that you are more *Women* than to make any uſe on't.

*William*——

*Anſwer*

## *Answer to Letter* XI.

## *In Defence of Artificial Beauty.*

By Madam *GODFREY*---

YOur main Argument against our *Sex* in this particular proves *too much*, and therefore nothing at all: We cannot make use of a little innocent *Art*, in order to *please* and *oblige* you, and preserve your *fickle hearts*, but you exclaim immediately that we are for *quarrelling Nature*; that we are guilty of intolerable *Pride* and *Vanity*, and discontented with him that made us: And why do you not bring the same *accusations* against us, for wearing *Cloaths*, or such *Colours* as we find most become us---as you your wigs according to your Complexion? *Deformity* is not *Nature*, and consequently one that endeavours to hide her crookedness for Example, only strives to conceal what is *unnatural*; to throw that behind the scenes which wou'd not so well bear a *publick view*.

*Nature* it self endeavours to *hide* whatever is undecent and unseemly: If we do the

ſame we only *imitate* her, and you cannot blame us for it without great *Injuſtice*.

But you will perhaps ſay, what is all this to Painting and Dawbing our Faces, at which you are ſo highly diſpleas'd? Yes, it affects even that ſo much, that it takes off your greateſt objection againſt it, that it is mending the work of Nature, which certainly may be *innocently attempted*, or at leaſt rectifying her miſtakes; otherwiſe you could not *Cut* a *Hair-Lip*, or a *Wen*, that hinder'd the *ſight*, which you will hardly ſay is *unlawful*.

Whatever then the Inconveniences may be, in any ſuch Practices, they can hardly amount to any more then what may be fancy'd in many ſorts of *Dreſſes*, which may appear a little *oddly* at firſt, but uſe and cuſtom reconciles 'em: And this is ſo evident, even of the point that is here moſt in *controverſy* between us, that in ſome *Countreys* of *Europe* it is ſo far from being *Scandalous*, that the *Ladys* let their *Lovers* hold their *Glaſſes* to 'em, while they are *Painting* themſelves, who eſteem it as a *favour*, and are no ways *diſpleas'd* at it.

You are as *angry*, I perceive, with all kind of *waſhes* as you are with *Painting* it ſelf, and I muſt confeſs, with almoſt as much reaſon. For what is *Paint* but a little more *ſubſtantial waſh*, which laſts ſomething *longer*, or is more *viſible* then the other?

But

But if you are againſt any of thoſe, if you are ſo *Zealous* againſt a little innocent *Water*, to clear the Face from *Freckles*, or any ſuch inconvenience, we may ſhortly expect you will forbid us *Fountain-Water* too, and we muſt not have leave to *waſh* in *that*, becauſe it looks like *Pride*, and being diſcontented with *Nature*. Nay, we may carry it yet higher, for all know ſome ſort of *Water*, as 'tis ſimply taken from the *Well*, will add a *florid Colour* to the Face, and both increaſe and preſerve the Beauty: But will you likewiſe abridge us of ſuch as theſe, or are you reſolv'd to deny us, the moſt common *Bleſſings* of *Nature*?

You dare not ſay it is *unlawful* to remove any thing, even from the Face it ſelf which renders it *deform'd*, or *unpleaſing* to the Spectators: If you *thought* ſo, you would ſcarce practice quite contrary to your opinion: It is plain, that nature deſign'd Man a *Grave* and *Awful* Creature: It gave you *Beards* to ſtrike us with *Reverence*: Why then do you *envy* your ſelves ſuch an *Advantage*? What mean all theſe *Waſhballs*, and *Tweezers*, and *Razors*, and *Depilatories* which you uſe once or twice a *week*, and all that you may look like *women*, whom you ſo much deſpiſe?

But what is yet much more *inexcuſable*, you have many of you now Learnt to patch, nay to Paint as well as we. If you had as *Lawful* an Excuſe for this as the *Women*,

and did uſe theſe *Arts* meerly to pleaſe your Wives, as we do to oblige our Husbands, none could juſtly blame you: But we have reaſon to fear there is ſomething worſe at the bottom: It is not for nothing you rail at all Women; *Orpheus* did it firſt, and you know the reaſon, and he met with too eaſy a *Puniſhment*.

You are very careful to Communicate your grave advice to all our *Sex*, whether *Beauties* or otherwiſe; but in this one thing you are *ingenuous*, when you own you do not expect it will have any great *effect* upon us. No body Loves to have *good Counſel cramm'd* down their Throats, and to take it like Pills, or a Portion; beſides, ſhould a *declar'd Enemy* juſt before an *Engagement*, or in the very heat of *Fight* have ſuch an extraordinary *qualm* of *Civility* come upon him, as to deſire you to taſte of a Cordial that he carry'd about with him, would not you, to return his Compliment, deſire him to taſte it before you, and think that after him was manners? Which if he refus'd, you would have juſt reaſon to ſuſpect that all was not right at bottom. But ſo it is here, you give us ſome *ſnarling Documents* againſt *Vanity*, *Pride*, *Infidelity*, *Scurrility*, *Inconſtancy*, and a hundred other vices, when your own *Sex* ſo notoriouſly wants reformation, in all thoſe inſtances more then *ours*. And you do this in a ſowr and Magiſterial manner, when you are at

open

open Wars againſt us, which looks not ſo much like kind admonitions, as *unjuſt reproaches*, for when you your ſelves, who call us your *Slaves*, and at leaſt make us your moſt *Humble Subjects*, at the ſame time you give us ſuch good *Inſtructions*, never value how much you *unravel* 'em all by lew'd Examples, it wou'd be a miracle if we ſhou'd not be more injur'd by *one*, then profited by the *other*.

I ſhall here reſt our Defence againſt this Head of Accuſations, when I have obſerv'd one thing more to our Sexes Advantage, from your own Conceſſions in this Letter: You don't deny but we often uſe theſe ſort of Arts to pleaſe you, and that *virtuouſly* and *honeſtly*; you further aſſure us, that ſuch methods will extreamly *decay* our Faces, and make us old before our time: Now take all this for *Truth*, and *reflect* upon it again, and try if you can bluſh at your own Gratitude: For if we ſuffer ſo much, and part with what is ſo dear to us, only to pleaſe you for a little while, certainly we ſhou'd deſerve ſomething better from you, then reproaches for our *dear Complaiſance* in thoſe *matters*.

*Rachel Godfrey*——

## *A ſecond Anſwer to* Letter XI.

## *Further proving, That Women ought to Paint.*

### By another Hand.

FOulneſs is *Loathſome*: Can that be ſo which helps it? Who forbids his Beloved to gird in her waſte? To mend by ſhoeing her uneven Lameneſs? To burniſh her Teeth? Or to perfume her Breath? Yet that the *Face* be more preciſely regarded, it concerns more: For as open confeſſing ſinners are always puniſhed, but the wary and concealing offenders without Witneſs, do it alſo without Puniſhment; ſo the ſecret parts need the leſs reſpect; but of the *Face*, diſcovered to all Examinations and Surveys, there is not too nice a Jealouſy. Nor doth it onely draw the buſy Eyes, but it is ſubject to the divineſt touch of all, to *kiſſing*, the ſtrange and myſtical Union

Union of Souls If she should prostitute her self to a more unworthy Man than thy self, how earnestly and justly would'st thou exclaim? That for want of this easier and ready way of repairing, to betray her Body to ruin and deformity (the Tyranous *Ravishers*, and suddain *Deflourers* of all Women) what a heinous Adulter, is it? What thou lovest in her Face is *Colour*, and *Painting* gives that, but thou hatest it, not because it is, but because thou knowest it. Fool, whom ignorance makes happy, the Stars, the Sun, the Sky whom thou admirest, alas, have no *Colour*, but are fair, because they seem to be coloured: If this seeming will not satisfy thee in her, thou hast good assurance of her *Colour*, when thou seest her lay it on. If her *Face* be *Painted* on a Board or Wall, thou wilt Love it, and the Board, and the Wall: Canst thou loath it then when it speaks, smiles, and kisses, because it is *Painted*? Are we not more delighted with seeing Birds, Fruits, and Beasts *Painted* then we are with Naturals? And do we not with pleasure behold the *Painted* shape of Monsters and Devils, whom true, we durst not regard? We repair the ruins of our houses, but first cold tempests warns us of it, and bites us through it; we mend the wrack and stains of our Apparel, but first our Eyes, and other Bodies are

offended; but by this Providence of Women, this is prevented. If in *Kiſſing* or *Breathing* upon her, the *Painting* fall off, thou art angry, wilt thou be ſo, if it ſtick on? Thou didſt Love her, if thou beginneſt to hate her, then 'tis becauſe ſhe is not *Painted.* If thou wilt ſay now, thou didſt hate her before, thou didſt hate her and love her together, be conſtant in ſomething, and love her who ſhews her great love to thee, in taking this pains to ſeem lovely to thee.

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LET-

## LETTER XII.

### *Againſt* Women's *Managing* Buſineſs.

## By Sir *THOMAS*---

THAT *Houſe* is likely to ſtand very firm whoſe Foundation is on a *Weather-cock*, and that *Family* or *Eſtate* to be *wonderfully well managed*, which is left to a *Woman's Prudence*: Yet tho' they have neither Capacity for *Buſineſs*, nor *Reſolution* to go thorough with 't, they'll ſtill be meddling with it, and 'tis as impoſſible to keep 'em from it, as 'tis a *Bee* from a *Honey-pot*, tho' like him, they're ſure to chain their Wings up, and to be *loſt* in the *pleaſant Quagmire*: But yet more excuſable is the *Animal* that carries its *Sting behind* only, than the other, who is a perfect *Amphisbena*; for the former has its *Senſe* to gratifie, and it may be its *Hunger*; and if it once gets out, carrys home its *ſweet Plunder*, and is profitable to the whole *Commonwealth*: But the latter, out of an *empty Ambition*, and for the dear pleaſure of Ruling, of being neceſſary, of giving Orders, and diſpoſing

Affairs, values not how much the World is embroyl'd by their Fooliſh managements.

Were they but half as ſufficient when they come to *Action*, as in their own *Theory*, and mighty *conceit*, there wou'd be no ſuch People in the World as they, no ſuch Solicitors, or Polititians, or Councellors, or Embaſſadors: But alas, when once they *Embark* in Affairs of this Nature, they are like *Phaeton* between the Claws of the *Scorpion*, *ſtewing in ſweat*, as black as that which frightned him and his Horſes. The *poor Aſs*, that thinks himſelf a *Stag*, when he comes once to leap over a *Ditch*, is forc'd to own he's as *errand* an *Aſs* as ever. The *Burden* is too large for your ſhoulders. You were never made for't, nor that for you. Try firſt whether you can lift it, before you pretend to *run away* with't.

You have an *habitual* as well as an *actual unfitneſs* for any *matter* of *moment*. *Triffling's* your *Province*, and both your *firſt* and *ſecond Nature*.

You may be ſometimes great in little things, but you muſt of neceſſity be little in greater: You have neither *Fund*, nor *Credit*, nor *Skill*, nor *Induſtry*, to make any matters out in your way of Trading: *Haberdaſhes* of *Buſineſs*, little *under-Springs* and *Letter-carriers*, you may make aſhift at, but with *Wholeſale* you'll never do.

Your

Your very *Knowledge* and *Privity* in any *matter* of great *concern*, is enough to *ruine* it: Nay, even in miſchief it ſelf, which is more your *Element*; and the reaſon why ſo few Plots ever take effect, may very well be, becauſe there are women ingag'd in 'em. Their Natural Love to miſchief makes 'em firſt *embark* in 'em, and their as *Natural Folly* to diſcover 'em: Nor need we wiſh our *worſt Enemies* any greater *misfortune*, then to have a *Parliament* of *women* to *direct* 'em.

A *Temper reſolv'd* almoſt to *obſtinacy*, is required in the happy Tranſaction of any conſiderable *concern*.

But when were you ſo long in the *ſame mind*, that it might be ſo much as taken *notice* of? Any more then we can ſay of any *determinate part* of a *rapid ſtream*, *Here it is*, when in the very *Breath* that 'twas ſaid, 'tis *irrecoverably* paſt us.

There's need of a *long head*, a *deep reach*, an extraordinary *foreſight*, to bend *things*, when they are ſtubborn, and will not eaſily *ply* as we'd have 'em. We'll find Men of various *Tempers* and *Intereſts* and *Opinions*; and there 'tis not eaſy to mould and ſoften, and bring 'em all into the *Train* of thoughts that may be *well laid*, and to manage 'em with that *dexterity* that they ſhall do their *own Buſineſs*, at the ſame time they are *diſpatching ours*. Your Sexes way of thinking is well known, 'tis *Fore-right*, like

like ſome *other Creatures*, when the object is before you, you drive at it immediately. Sence leads you, your paſſions drive you, your Humor hurries you; theſe are your Councellors, and you Act accordingly. You *think* as the *Ephemeris lives*, 'the *preſent* 'only is *your Lot*, you are born *half Epicures*, for *paſt* and *future* never trouble you. You are above taking *warning* either by your *own*, or others *Example*.

*Smart* it ſelf won't make you wiſe, and yet that, one wou'd think, were the moſt *proper way* to inſtruct you, to make *addreſſes* to your *ſence*, when ſo perfectly *deaf* to all *Reaſon*.

I complain'd juſt now of your *want* of *Firmneſs*, ſufficient for any matter of *moment*, yet I never thought of *Scandalizing* you with want of *obſtinacy*; I know you *poſſeſs* it in the higheſt *degree*, but this is as far from true *Courage*, as that is from Raſhneſs, or *Good nature* from *Folly*. *Prudence* will teach us, when to bend, and when to ſtand firm, tho we ought to take adviſe of Honeſty together with it. Your *Firmneſs* is like that of *melted Iron*, 'tis *Brittle*, tho 'tis hard, 'twill rather break all to pieces then confeſs the leaſt *Ductility*; while that of a wiſe man, is more like *Steel*, it has an *Elaſtic Power* in't, which will make it give way for a while, and when there's any real occaſion, but 'tis only to return again afterwards to its firſt *Place* and *Form*, with greater *vigour*.

Had

Had *Hannibal* attempted either to have gone *ſtrait forward*, over the horrid precipice he found in the *Alps*, or to have cut *directly through* the Rock that oppos'd his *Paſſage*, without making any *turnings* or *windings* in it, he muſt have *bury'd* his *Army* in thoſe vaſt Snows, and all he had got wou'd have been their Ruine.

The ſtrange Variety of your *Sex* ! For tho you are ſometimes in a *Humour* to keep *State*, and ſit on the *Cub-board*, like other *brittle ware*, and be no more ſeen then a *Perſian Lady*, yet at other times, when the *Tide* of *whim* flows t'other way, you are all *Black-Acres*, you have as many *Papers* in your *Hands* as ever had at the--Table--and juſt to as much purpoſe, you muſt be in the wrong, for you carry the falſe Byaſs within you. I can't ſay, you are willfully miſtaken neither, every time you err, but that you are ſo, is owing to one *grand error*, which may be in your Power to *rectify*, and that is, 'That you are always in the Right. If there's any hopes of curing you, I ſhall give you a ſhort receipt. 'A way with your *Pen* and *Ink*, back to 'your *Stitching*, and remember you are '*Women*.

THOMAS——

*An-*

*Anſwer to* Letter XII.

## By *ARSINDA*—

YOU may call us what you pleaſe, but I believe 'twill very rarely be found that any Family or Eſtate was *Ill manag'd*, that was left to a *Womans Prudence*; which ſhows we have not onely Capacity and Reſolution for *Buſineſs*, but ſucceſs too: And 'tis this Conſciouſneſs of our own *Ability*, makes us Love to ſhare the *Fatigues of Life*, and aſſiſt the Husband, who is much too weak by himſelf to ſuſtain ſo great a Charge. But *you Men* always were, and ever will be ungrateful; You *Love* the *Benefit*, but hate to *own* the *Obligation*. Tho after you've done, and ſaid all you can, and Rail'd till you've wearied even your ſelves, the wiſe and better part of your Sex will ſtill own, that they owe much of their Eaſe, as well as of their *Happineſs*, to the *Care* and *Conduct* of thoſe who *ſhare* their *Fortunes*, as well as their *Honours*. You confeſs, we're ſufficient for the *Theoretical* part of *Buſineſs*, and that's almoſt as much as we deſire, it being our *Province* to *direct*, and *Adviſe* the *Men*, and

and not to do the Drudgery our ſelves; Tho were it Cuſtomary for our *Sex* to appear upon the Stage, 'tis not in the leaſt to be *queſtion'd* but they wou'd Acquit themſelves very well, and come off with great *Applauſe*. Things wou'd ſoon be brought to another paſs, and the World once more *Reduc'd* to *method* and *order*. For let us contrive, Deſign, and lay the plan of an Action ne'fe ſo well, 'tis a 1000 to one but the Man ſpoils all by his *Fooliſh* and *Irregular management* of it: Much leſs are you likely to be in the right, when you conſult only your ſelves, for then, as the *Proverb* ſays, 'tis ten to one but you have *Fools* to your *Counſellors*.

We'll own ſecrecy a part of Prudence, and that nothing conſiderable can be well managed without it. But you ſay, we can't keep a ſecret; then never blame us more for *Diſſimulation*, which yet you eſteem ſo great a part of Folly: However, let us ask you whether you can in all Hiſtory, give us the Name of *one Man* who *bit off* his *Tongue*, rather then he would be compell'd by *Torments*, to diſcover a ſecret committed to his charge? You know we can tell ye, of a Woman who did thus, and after ſhe had done it, ſpit in the *Tyrants Face*. And this in a Plot too, which you ſay 'tis ſo difficult for us to conceal, which may be often true, out of our Natural averſion to ſuch deſigns.

When

When you pleaſe we are fickle and unconſtant, and don't know our minds: Be it ſo, but there you grant we have the higheſt degree of *Secrecy imaginable*, for ſure enough, if we are not conſcious to our own thoughts, they can never be betray'd to others.

And that this is more then *flouriſh*, we had a *notable Inſtance*, not many Ages ſince, in our *own Nation*, of a woman who ruled with at leaſt as much ſucceſs, as any Prince that ever yet ſway'd the Scepter of theſe *Realms*, who under an appearing Fickleneſs of Temper, diſguis'd the moſt refin'd *Policy*, to that Degree, that her Enemies grew Mad that they cou'd not penetrate into her Intentions, which indeed how ſhou'd they, when oftentimes her moſt *Intimate Counſellors* did not *know* them?

But we are not ſo firm and reſolv'd as your *Sex*, and how ſhou'd we, generally ſpeaking, or how can you reaſonably expect it of us, or do you deſire we ſhou'd be ſo, tho you blame us for the contrary? What experience have we in *things*, which you take all the care you can to keep us from, and wou'd fain make us *Ignorant*, that our *Devotion* may be the greater towards ſuch *Idols* as your ſelves? But when Women are once well enter'd into Buſineſs and Acquainted with it, who more *Induſtrious* and *Indefatigable*? More quick to eſpy

eſpy all Advantages, and ward off any *croſs blows*, wherein you can't deny we excell you. Then we are more *unſuſpected*, you Men generally carry a *Buſy Face* with you, you would fain look wiſe, and ſometimes are miſtaken for Polititians, juſt like the good *Long-bearded Shepherds*, which are ſaid to dreſs up in *Robes* of *State* at the Court of *Muſcovy*, and ſet 'em all round a Room when the *Czar* gives an Audience, or Entertainment to any Forreign *Embaſſador*. But the miſchief is, you ſpeak and ſpoil all, while they are as grave and ſilent as the *Figures* in the *Hangings*, and if they can but *ſtroak* their *Beards Majeſtically*, rhey diſcharge their truſt like able *Miniſters* of *State*.

And now we are in *Ruſſia*, well remember'd of the Princeſs *Sophia*, who reconcil'd two *Brothers*, equally Jealous of their *Authority*, which ſhe little leſs then ſhared with 'em both, for many years together. Give us ſuch an Inſtance in your own *Sex* for twenty Ages back, and we'll own 'em equally capable with our own, of engaging in ſuch matters.

The plain truth is, as I've already hinted, you dare not ordinarily truſt us with *Affairs* of *Moment*, leaſt we ſhould ſee your *Blunders*, and *Correct* 'em; you dare not Learn us to *fence*, leaſt we ſhould *beat* our *Maſters*. Give me leave to tell ye one ſtory Sir *T.* and then we'll take breath

breath by consent. Your modest Sex had formerly *Monopoliz'd* the whole *Art* of *Medics*, and Chirurgery to your selves, even *Midwifery* among the rest, which they would by no means *Communicate* to us, how proper soever the knowledge of it was for us?

But it happen'd that a cunning Slut of a Girl, having a great mind to pick out somewhat of these matters, disguis'd her self in Mans Cloaths, and got her self entertain'd by a Noted Physitian, who in *process* of time taught her his *Art*: Well, away she goes from him, when she had Learnt what she came for, and being soon after sent for by some Women, she made her self known to 'em, who keeping it among themselves (tho they were women) employ'd her with all their *Acquaintance*, and *broke* her *Master* and the rest of the Physitians; at which they being enrag'd, accus'd this she-man-*Midwife* before the *Magistrates*, of being over-intimate with the *Good wives*, and that way getting all their *custom*. Which slander the poor *Innocent* had an easy way to confute, and accordingly was forc'd to make use on't to the *Confusion* of her Adversaries, and from that time, that *Art* has been chiefly manag'd by *our Sex*, and the same success we have, doubtless, (had we the same advantages) we shou'd likewise meet with in all others.

*ARSINDA*----

LET-

## LETTER XIII.

## *Againſt* Old Maids.

By Sir *THOMAS*----

BUT I wiſh I were ſure of being out of their Reach before I begun with 'em, for they have terrible Fangs; and if they get me within 'em, I muſt be forc'd to compound for one Eye and Ear, to ſave the others.

Nay, 'tis dangerous venturing ſo much as within ſight of 'em, for *Anacreon*'s *Deſcription*, even of a *Beauty*, agrees to 'em in ſome Senſe, tho' widely different from that wherein he intended it.

" They are all Weapon, and they dart,
" Like *Porcupines* from every part;—

But the greateſt Fear of all is, leſt, like ſome other ſort of *Serpents*, they ſhou'd *dart themſelves*, twine about the unwary *Traveller*, and *Sting* him to Death.

*For, ah! who can their Strength expreſs,*
*Arm'd when they themſelves Undreſs,*
*Cap-a-pe with — Ugglineſs.*

As

As charming a Sight doubtleſs as *Don Quixot* in his *ſhort Shirt*, and full as invincible. Fate it ſelf holds not faſter than one of theſe *loving Furies*. The Story of the *Gorgons* I'm apt to believe was nothing elſe but three *old Maids*, who liv'd together ſo long till they frighted Mankind almoſt into Marble whenever their loathſome Faces, and ſnaky Hairs peep'd thro' the Caſement.

And yet one wou'd wonder how ſo deſpicable a Creature cou'd be ſo terrible: Is there any thing in Nature ſo mean, ſo uſeleſs, ſo contemptible?--- An old Moth is worth a Regiment of 'em: But I ask their pardon, for on better Thoughts I believe they ſet up all the *Match-brokers* and *Fortune-tellers* in *Chriſtendom*, and are *conſtant* and *liberal Benefactors* to thoſe two *noble Societies*. As credulous they are, as he muſt be, who will believe the thouſandth part of the Stories they tell of their youthful Amours:--- When they might have bin marry'd, they'd have you know, (and lick their Lips at the luſcious Imagination) ſo long ſince, and ſo often, in ſuch and ſuch a King's Reign, to that *Parſon*, and this *Lawyer*, and t'other *pretty Gentleman*. Thus wou'd they talk over *another Age*; and if any thing cou'd make 'em young agen, beſides what they dream of every Night, certainly this Diſcourſe wou'd do it. Thus far however

you

you may venture to believe 'em, that they have had many fair *Proffers* in their time, since they themselves have made 'em.

But one good Quality they have; they are not Envious, any more than an elder Sister, when the younger is marry'd before her: Nor Malicious, any otherwise than an *African* Lady to one who refuses her: Nor *Talkative*, *Ten-Fulling-Mills* may make a shift at least to keep pace with one of their Modest *Clacks*, if not to silence 'em, and make 'em as dumb as a *Paraqueet*.

Add to this the *Gravity* of their *Beards*, the Decency of their *Mustachio's*; the *pleasant Downy*, charming *Mossy Substance*, that usually adorns their *Lips* and *Chins*, and qualifies 'em so admirably well for the Honour of being the Countess of *Trifaldi's* Waiting-Gentlewomen.

Had they all as many Hands as *Briareus*, and every one arm'd with as many *Tweezers*, there wou'd be full Employment for 'em all, in eradicating this *Malitious Excrement*; which if it grew a little closer, they might perhaps make a Virtue of Necessity, and find some ingenious Contrivance, to matt it into a sort of a Velvet Mask, and hide it self as well as their *Faces*.

An *old Maid* in a *Commonwealth* is much such another Impliment as an *Eunuch* in

a *Seraglio*; tall out as Jealous and Spiteful as he, and much for the ſame Reaſon.

'Tis not eaſie to know for what elſe ſhe was deſign'd (ſince it looks harſh to grant that Nature made any thing in vain) unleſs to be a *Siſter* in an *Hoſpital*, having ſpent ſo much of her own Life among *Iſſues* and *Plaiſters*. Sure, there's a ſort of Sympathy between a *Sore Leg*, and this Lump of *Diſeaſes*: Whilſt her Gummy Eyes overflow her *Spectacles*, poor *Urſula* weeps whether ſhe will or no, and has the good Fortune to be reckon'd Compaſſionate when ſhe's only Infirm, and her Eyes are troubled with a *Diabetes*.

How rank this ſort of Creatures are, and what an odd ſort of Perfume they wear about 'em, one wou'd gueſs 'em all of the Race of the *Jews*, by that, as well as by their Complexion.

And yet as *vain* ſtill, as *errant*, *errant Women*, in ſpite of the Song, even at the ſame time they're *Birds of ill Omen*; as Proud, Prying, Conceited, Curious, Miſchievous, Liquoriſh, Confident, Impertinent, Lazy, Noiſie, Empty, Senceleſs, Ridiculous Creatures, as their Mothers were at Sixteen.

An old Spider loves young Flies, and now poor Souls, they are forc'd to *poach* for *Lovers*; ſometimes we ſee they truſs up a *fooliſh Apprentice*; at others a poor needy

dy Tradeſman, away with 'em into their Holes, and immediately devour 'em.

They ſay there's ſome there in Foreign Countrys a ſubtle Beaſt, that comes by Night to their Village-Houſes, and exactly counterfeits a *Woman's Voice*, making pittiful Moan for Admittance, or crying out for Help, as ſome of our *Trepanners*; whom if the *fond Credulity* of the Inhabitants can once be prevail'd upon to admit, they pay dear for their *good Nature*, one of the Company at leaſt being ſure to make their new *Gueſt* a *Supper*.

But theſe *She-Cannibals*, theſe *Fleſh-Crows*, theſe *Man-Catchers*, theſe *Old Maids*, are even with him for Scandalizing their Sex, and do more than counterfeit the *Hyæna*.

THOMAS---

*Answer to* Letter XIII.

## *In Defence of* Old *Maids.*

By *Madam Snell.*

NOthing is more obvious than Recrimination in all these Cases, and the *Old Batchellor* Sir *T.* would be an excellent Match for your *Old Maids.*

But not to insist always on that Method of *Defence*, which besides cannot immediately affect you, Sir *T.* who would be reckon'd a *young Widower*, I rather ask leave to insist on some of the *Conveniencies* and *Excellencies* of *Old Maids*, whom your uncivil *Sex* so much despises.

Ungrateful Men, that you are, tho' you cannot remember your Infancy, do not you believe you were once Children?—Yes, and must be so agen, if you live much longer, and in both those Circumstances, if you consider'd the indispensible Use of a careful *Old Maid*, you would have Gratitude, or at least more Wit, than thus to rail against 'em

How many wakeful Nights, and weary Days have the poor Souls worn out in young

young *Maſter's Service*, who now ſo little regards 'em? How many Garters have they broke in rocking him? What terrible Colds, and Rheums, and Aches, in taking him up, and walking up and down the Room with him in cold Frosty Nights, to quiet him. Nay, how much precious Juice have the poor Creatures wrung out of their own dry Gums, to mix with his Pap, when feeding him, that it might not burn him,—and all, all for ever forgotten? Where's Gratitude, where's Honour or Sympathy, or Generoſity? Meer Names and Shadows, and Romantic Tales, like thoſe which theſe poor forſaken *Dry Nurſes* were wont to tell their Children to quiet 'em.

Well, comfort your ſelves, *Poor Hearts*, tho', by this time they are got to their Breeches, and can put 'em up and down, without your help, you'll ſee 'em agen ſooner then you imagin. They run faſt; their Race will ſoon be over, and they'll come agen, and be a ſecond time under your Juriſdiction, ſooner than you or they are aware.

Do but live honeſtly, and without fretting; and when they come to be *Old Men*, you'll find but little difference in your own Ages ſince you firſt nurſ'd 'em.

This they muſt come to agen, and one would expect they ſhould be more civil for that reaſon, as the Fellow once was to the Devil himſelf, whom he would not

hear abuſed, becauſe he did not know whoſe Hands he might fall into.

The ſame Watching, the ſame Tucking up, the ſame warm Cloaths, and Flannel, and Candles they uſed to have when they were young; It may be too you muſt come into Bed to his old Worſhip, as you did to his young Worſhip, to cheriſh him, and keep him warm, and rub him for the *Sciatica*, and *you* may do it without any Scandal or Danger; alas! the harmleſs Creature, 't has no more Hurt in't than a *Chryſom Infant*.

It may be 'twill Smirk a little, now and den, and be waggiſh, and chirrup, but that's all, and you know there's no hurt in't.

It uſed to Puke mightily when 'twas Young; a good *Sign*, and a *thriving Child* I warn't it: Why juſt ſo it ſpits now for all the World, and Miſtreſs Nurſe will be more put to't to keep it dry, and muſt be changing its Bib four or five times in four and twenty Hours.

Some times it wants to riſe to---- and then *Nurſe* muſt be call'd, and many a *ſore tug* muſt ſhe have with him; for now the Child grows heavy, and you wou'd not think how much Care is requir'd to keep it *Sweet*.

Beſides, 'tis as *froward*, poor thing, as if t'had got the *Gripes*, or was cutting its *Eye-Teeth* agen. *Nurſe*,--why *Nurſe*--

where

where are ye (if she's gon for a *Moment* about the most necessary Occasions) then away flies the Bedstaff some two or three Inches, after her, and a *Cough* comes in the room on't, that just strangles him, and holds him for *half an Hour*.

A little Syrup, good *Nurse*--- *Ehe, Ehe, I'm just gon, Ehe*:--- So, set me up in *Bed*; wipe away here from my *Beard* this;---- Ah, dear *Nurse*,--that ever I shou'd come-- O! *Your Servant, Sir* T. *How d'ye like your Picture?* Yet this you must be in a *few Years*, or *nothing*; and then an *Old Maid* must be such a *Contemptible Creature*; and if you'd not be your self *despis'd* and *neglected*, when you're *Old*, your best way will be to treat 'em *civilly*, before *you* need 'em.

*Eleanor Snell.*

## LETTER XIV.

### *Againſt* Forwardneſs, *and Fondneſs in* Women.

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### By *Mr. READING*—

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AMong the other Diſcourſes, I've formerly maintain'd with your *Nimble-Tongue Ladyſhip*, you know I blam'd your Sexes *Forwardneſs* and *Fondneſs*; and I think I juſtly blam'd 'em, which I now intend to prove, and that I may pleaſe you, I'll do it very *Methodically*, firſt the matter of Fact it ſelf, and then the miſchief and Folly and Inconvenience of it, to your *ſelves* as well as *others*.

And that you are *Fond*, that your whole Sex is *fond* and *forward*, and have been coming above theſe 5000 years, and *ſtealing* back to your *Ribb* again, ſure you *your ſelves* will ſcarce *deny*. We have no more Inſtances of it, then there have been *Individuals* of your *teizing Sex* ſince the *Creation*.

I have ſaid enough on't I ſuppoſe already, and have ſatisfy'd you, as to *old Women* and *old Maids*, which let me tell you, make up a great part of your Corporation, being preſerv'd amongſt you, as the *Egyptians* do their *Grandmothers*, dry'd and ſapleſs, for I know not how many Generations. Now if even theſe make a ſhift to keep a *Colts Tooth*, when they have hardly had more then Stumps in their Heads, ſince the *Camp* at *Tilbury*, what a fine ſet may we believe are in yours, that are as wild as the wind, and all your youth and blood about ye? Even they are ready to over-run poor Mankind, and then ſure you muſt be like to run into 'em. You muſt own your ſelves fond or cruel, for you are always in *extreams*, the latter you dare not, leſt we ſhou'd take you at your word, and therefore we may take the Liberty to conclude the former. Is it not fondneſs with a Witneſs to leave your Parents, to run away from your Friends and Guardians; to ſtraddle over Garden-walls, and fly in the Air like Witches, and ride over Houſe-Tops like Cats; to ruſh through Darkneſs, and wade through *Moats*, and almoſt run through *Fire* as well as *Water*? And what is all this for? Is it not for *Man*, that Charming Creature, *Man*, whom when *you're* in an ill humour you'll not afford a *good word*, and d'ye do all this, think ye, with-

out ſome little kind of Inclination, ſome ſort of *kindly call* from Nature, like that of the *Land-Crabbs*; who moſt *amorouſly* crawl over *Churches* and *Houſes*, or whatever elſe happens to ſtand in their way, that they mayn't fail the Aſſignation made 'em, with thoſe of their own *Species*, who come from Sea, I know not how many Leagues to meet 'em?

What an infinite of Paper d'ye ſpoil in a Year? How many *Heydelberg-Tuns* full of Ink do you Squander away, in anſwering *Billet-doux*, and *Love-Letters*;—— or rather, in ſending 'em, and *challenging* all Mankind to do the worſt they can at your *Perſons* and *Reputations*?

But you need not *write*, you can *ſpeak* enough, and you have many *ways* to do it: Your *Eyes*, your *Hands*, your every *Motion*, ſufficiently expreſs how unwilling you are to be thought *Man-haters*.

And tho' our poor *Perſecuted Sex* ſhou'd endeavour to keep out of ſight, how many different ſubtle Ways have you to enſnare us?

Sometimes you get a *tame Man*, as the *Fowler* does a *Duck*, or the Maſter of the *Elephants* one of the ſame *Species*, to decoy us from our Native Freedom, into your fatal *Nooſe*. Sometimes a *He*, tho' oftener a *She-Friend*, becauſe you can ſerve 'em agen in the ſame manner. I have heard of many, who have meerly bin talkt into

into your *Snares*, and of ſome few that have bin *beaten*, and *fairly cudgell'd* into an *Amour*.

And theſe, and a thouſand ways have you more, as various as your *Hearts* and *Diſpoſitions*, to obtain and ſecure your Lovers, tho' you know you have already over-rul'd us in a very great Point, as to thoſe Matters:--- You make us the *Aggreſſors*, that you may have the Honour, and the Pleaſure, to ſee us at your *Feet*, and hug your ſelves at the Excellency of your own *Diſſimulation*. What *Hypocriſie*, after all, when you love a Man more than even your *Sloth*, or *Eaſe*, or *Vanity*, to hold off ſtill, and pretend you are not as willing as he? No, you are made of more *refin'd Mould:* Another ſort of *Fleſh* and *Blood* you'd have us think, from what we are compos'd of. Hence the *eternal Trizings*, the *Put-offs*, the *Fetches*, the *Doubles*, wherewith your poor Dog in a String, that does not know you muſt be a long while tormented:--- And yet 'tis all Fondneſs ſtill, tho' in another Shape, as they ſay the *Tame-ſeen Ladies bite hardeſt*, when they are moſt furiouſly pleaſed. 'Tis to keep us from diſcovering the Cheat as long as you can; for after a while you know 'tis too late:--- for when you once have obtain'd what you deſire, you are ten thouſand times *fonder* and *madder* than ever:---And well remembred of the

Miſchiefs that follow this *Burdock Temper*. In the firſt place, you know, that we know your *Sex* in general; and that if you don't *diſſemble* very artificially, you miſs what you aim at, your *Forwardneſs* being ſo odious, that you loſe us before you have us. Nothing can be imagin'd more nauſeous than your perpetual *Siege*, and childiſh *Kindneſs*. Were you all *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*, you'd tire us with cramming us thus every day. Have you any occaſion to make your ſelves cheaper than you are already, or more *diſagreeable*? Gueſs but by your ſelves whether ſuch a Temper can pleaſe, and if it's poſſible, cure your ſelves of it, and avoid it. For you'd ſcarce take it well your ſelves to be kiſs'd to Death.

Do you know any thing in the World ſo *tireſome* and *impertinent* as a downright *doting Lover*, even while there's yet ſome relliſh in him, and before he's a Husband? He haunts ye like your *Shadow*, and will hardly give you room to breathe, eſpecially if *you* let him have the leaſt Encouragement; for then there's no enduring him. He'll follow ye to the Garden, to your Chamber, when *you* are a viſiting: Hound him off never ſo frequently and earneſtly, the importunate Cur will ſtill be a *hanger on*, lie upon your *Petticoats*, lick your *Hands*,---ay, your *Lips* too if he can come at 'em, with as much *Savour*, and

and as good a *Grace* as the *Aſs* did his Maſter's. If you wou'd ſcarce be pleaſed with this, you ſhou'd take Care to avoid a reſembling Practice. Beware of a hoiting fooliſh Behaviour; been't ambitious of Conqueſts; if you get one that's worth a keeping, ſhow your *Diſcretion* in retaining him, and above all things, neither tire him, nor kill him with *Kindneſs*.

For if you reſolve to perſiſt in theſe Extravagancies, and of one ſide Inſult and Triumph over your *Adorers*, while on the other Extream you ſo viſibly doat upon 'em, that you are ready to ſuck their *Eyes* out; you ought to take Heed that you don't at laſt tire our *Patience*, and make us perfectly deſperate, the Conſequence whereof might be worſe than you can imagine; for do but conſider what a Condition you'd be in, ſhou'd you once provoke us to turn all *He-Amazons*, and ſet up a *Commonwealth* of our own *Sex*, with Excluſion of yours.

## *Anſwer to* Letter XIV.

## By *M*adam *GODFREY*----

'TIS a very hard Task to pleaſe ſuch as are reſolv'd to find fault before hand, and to deal with our poor Sex as the *Knaviſh Fellow* thought to have done with the *Oracle*, who wou'd prove 'twas in an *Error*, whether it Anſwer'd that the *Sparrow* were *Alive* or *Dead*.

If we ſhow the leaſt modeſt *Kindneſs* or *Inclination*, you preſently *rail* at us for impudent and looſe Creatures, if we keep you at a greater diſtance, and juſtly take warning by the *Perfidiouſneſs* of *your Sex*, and the *misfortunes* of *our own*; then we are *Proud* and *Inſulting*, and abuſe that *Power* and that *Beauty*, that *Nature* has given us. However, ſince 'tis ſafer *erring* of the *right hand*, and it will *oblige* you too ſo extremely, it's *pity* but you ſhou'd be *pleas'd*, and kept as far off as you *deſire*, by all thoſe whom you are ſo *terribly* affraid of.

But in the mean while, I beſeech you let's have no more *complaints* of the variableneſs of *Women*, when you are ſo much more *Camelions your* ſelves, that the *Colour* of your *mind* changes every moment: Sometim es

times you are for *Simplicity* and an *Ingenuous open temper*, and rail at us all for *Hypocrites*, but before you have drawn in that *railing breath* again, you are as *angry* because we *don't dissemble*, and wou'd perswade us, that nothing can please you, but what you think meer *Cheat* and *Falsehood*. The thing in short is *this*, that if after a thousand *Oaths* and *Protestations* and *Adorations*, and Vows of inviolable *Love* and *Service*, we have no more *wit* then to believe you, and it may be at last give *you hopes*, only to be rid on *you*, not being Ignorant of *your Generous Temper*, and well knowing that to be the *readiest way*, then immediately we are all that *you* call us, and *twenty favours* more then *you* ever receiv'd, must be *Boasted* of to the next *vain Fellow* that has *Patience* to hear *you*, and *Faith* to believe *you*, or it may be to the next *poor Credulous* Creature, that you're designing to *ruine*.

But is this so very *Generous* as you'd fain be thought, so like those Men of *Honour* for which you'd be so much valu'd, first to *undo*, and then to *upbraid*; to *tempt* first, and then to *reproach* and *torment* those with whom you've prevail'd?

If our *Sex* were really so *easy* as *you* pretend, how came *you* to take so much *pains* to *win* 'em? What makes *you* so often talk so frightfully of *Rapes* and *Daggers*, and *Poisons*, and *Precipices*. Which tho

tho it's true, we are now ſo well Acquainted with, that we take 'em only as words of *courſe*, and no more to be heeded then thoſe *Oaths*, with which you *Garniſh your Courtſhip*, yet 'tis not impoſſible, that it may be true, ſince it has been ſo formerly; There have been thoſe of your *Sagacities*, who have thought fit to *hang* or *beat* their *Brains* out, to ſhow the height of their paſſion, and the Sincerity of their *Love*; And was there over much *Kindneſs*, think *you*, in ſuch caſes as theſe, or was't the *Fondneſs* of their Miſtreſſes, that brought 'em to ſuch an *Exit*?

But be all this *true* or *falſe* before *Marriage*, let us then be fond or otherwiſe, I'd fain know Sir, why you are ſo angry with us, for Loving too well afterwards, which I confeſs, I thought was no Crime, or at leaſt one that might eaſily be *pardon'd*; Unleſs it be, becauſe *you* are afraid *you* ſhall want an *excuſe* to *uſe us ill*, if we ſhou'd continue thus doating on *you*. But even that too may be cur'd, for I dare promiſe for my ſelf, and moſt that I know, that we are not incorrigible, if *you* complain of us, we'll try whether we can amend; all things are eaſy to a *willing mind*, and eſpecially to thoſe who are encourag'd by *your edifying* Examples. But then if you veer about again, as we doubt not but *you* ſuddenly will, and complain of our *Coldneſs*, our *Infidelity* and

and our *unkindneſs*, Remember you are to blame, and we were forc'd to turn *your* own Weapons upon *you*, and—

To *Love* you *leſs*, to preſerve your *delight*.

*Rachel Godfrey*——

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## LETTER XV.

### *Againſt* Dancing.

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By Mr. *WOOLHOUSE*----

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WEre one of our *Europeans* caſt any where on a *Barbarous ſhore*, and ſhou'd he be ſaluted at his *Arrival* with the *diverting ſight* of a *Ring* of *Savages*, *capering* about with their *Gimminy-Gomminy* till they foam'd and dropt down on the *Spot*, would he not have reaſon to think 'em all, all either Drunk or Mad?

And juſt the ſame, 'tis very probable, wou'd be the opinion of one of them, ſhou'd we ſhow 'em one of our *Balls* or

*Dan-*

*Dancing Schools*, for the beſt we can ſay for 'em is, that there's ſome *method* in this Madneſs.

I dare almoſt be confident, that 'twas ſome *Woman* firſt invented *Dancing*, 'tis ſo odd, ſo *Whimſical*, ſo *Ridiculous* an *Exerciſe*. Standing ſtill, turning *round*, now on *one Leg*, then *t'other*, running full-drive, ſtepping *Stately*; down to the *Ground*, up to the *Branches* forward, backward, ſideways, every way, *joyning hands*, *parting* 'em, *patting*, *kiſſing*, *ogling*, *touching*, *whiſpering*, *graſping*, beſides all that follows, enough to *ruin* an *Angel*, for ſure if thoſe Spirits were ever pickt up by your Sex, as ſome of the Learned have *fancy'd*, 'twas *Dancing* firſt *Debauch'd* 'em.

You have us here juſt as you deſire, you give us a look like a flaſh of Lightning, and away again, ſo quick and ſhort you move, that we han't time to diſcover your real imperfections, but are dazled with your appearing Beauties.

We are warm'd before with the violent motion, and then 'tis no great matter for you to kindle us, eſpecially when we have ſuch a deal of *Tinder*, ſo many rich *Silks Ruſtling* on every ſide of us.

A convenient School, really to inſtruct Youth, and a very happy occaſion to bring many a Loving pair together.

Eſpecially your *Masks* and *Balls*, where *modeſty* and *virtue* are hardly ſo much as pre-

pretended to. Where the Lady may meet her Gallant, and walk off with him, tho her Husband ſtands within two ſteps of her. Where the *Curtains* are as good as drawn, as ſoon as they come thither, and an infallible cure for bluſhing, if there ſhou'd be any ſparks of modeſty left.

I wou'd ask how many have been ruin'd at theſe places? were it not much more eaſy to Anſwer me, how many who have conſtantly frequented em, did ever *eſcape Ruine.*

I don't at *all wonder* that *Witches* are ſaid to uſe this Dancing, ſo conſtantly at their *Deteſtable Sabbaths* and *Midnight Revels*, ſince 'tis a *Diverſion* as *Wild* and as *Fantaſtical* as their *Imaginations.* But I can't be ſatisfy'd why any Perſons ſhou'd practice it, nay dote upon it, who pretend to *Senſe*, *Sobriety* and *Virtue.*

'Tis indeed ſo fooliſh a *cuſtom*, and carries ſo many ill Conſequences with it, that *Judicatures* of far *different Nations*, and in other matters of very *oppoſite opinions* have agreed to Condemn it. The *Inquiſition* and *Geneva* are both of one mind in this matter, at leaſt the one has forbidden a *Sarabrand*, as the other all manner of *Dancing.*

Yet I don't think it ſtrange, that the *French* ſhou'd be ſo much fonder on't then all the other Nations of *Europe.* They ſpeak, and walk, and talk, and

ſing,

ſing, and preach, and I fancy, are almoſt *Born* and dye *Dancing*.

There's a *Palſcy* ſure in their *Imagination*, a ſort of a natural *impreſt motion* on their *Minds* and *Bodys*, which will no more let 'em ceaſe to *move* then ceaſe to *be*. One wou'd think every one of 'em carry'd a large *Bladder* of *Quickſilver* in their *Bellies*, and that they Danc'd about as that will before the *Fire*, or as a Leaf is canted round in a *Whirlwind*, by a purely *involuntary motion*.

When the *French* Court ſome time ſince fell upon that *Mad Frolick*, whoſe Relation Hiſtorians have left us, and wou'd *Dance* in the ſhape of *wild Horſes*, on all *four*, with abundance of *Flax* inſtead of *Manes*, in one of which a ſpark of a *Flambeau* lit, and ſet 'em all afire, I wonder the *Maskers* did not rather chuſe to be burnt to *Coals* then neglect to *Dance* out their *Dance*, and how they cou'd ever be brought to admit of the *Ladys Petticoats* for Extinguiſhers, tho 'twas to ſave their *Lives*.

*Charles Woolhouſe.*

*Anſw.*

## *Anwer to Letter* XV.

### By *Madam* *FEILD.*

I'm eaſily induc'd to believe what you advance in the Beginning of your *Letter*, that ſhou'd a *Barbarian* ſee the *Polite* part of the World at a *Ball* or *Dancing-School*, he wou'd think us all what he really was himſelf, and in a *Barbarian* ſuch a Judgment might be excus'd, who has hardly more skill in *Numbers* then one that's Born a Fool, or then a *Brute Creature*.

But for one who has a *Notion* of theſe things, who looks as if he cou'd think, and wou'd fain perſwade us he can reaſon, for ſuch a one to compare the *Courtly* and *Regular motions* of our *Gentlemen* and *Ladies*, directed by the *Muſick*, and keeping time exactly with it, to the *Barbarous Anticks* of the *Savage Africans*; this I confeſs, wou'd amaze me, had I not before heard his *Character*, and underſtood by all his Letters, I've yet ſeen, that his *Soul* is out of *Tune*, and for that reaſon he can neither endure to *hear* or *ſee Muſick*.

For

For *Dancing* is nothing elſe but *beating* thoſe meaſures with our *Feet*, which the *Artiſt* does with his *Fingers*, or ſome other *Inſtrument*.

'Tis a ſort of a *Living Muſick*, and the *Heart* keeps time with the *reſt* of the *Body*.

*Nature* it ſelf is a *greater Dancer* then the moſt *volatile Creature* ſhe ever yet fram'd, ſhe does nothing without motion: Something at firſt Danc'd out of nothing. The *Orbs* fell a Dancing as ſoon as they were made, and will continue ſo till they are reduc'd to nothing.

What is there you blame in Dancing? You dare not come where 'tis for fear of *Temptation*, ſtay away then, and make room for thoſe who are honeſter, and have no ſuch bad thoughts to diſturb 'em.

If there's no hurt in ſingly walking, leaping, or turning, how ſhou'd there be in theſe all together? Or does the Muſick make it Criminal, or the Company, neither of which wou'd be ſo if divided? Or is there any *Evil* inſeparably annex'd to it, or have we any *Law* either *Divine* or *Humane* that forbids it, except that of *Geneva* and *Spain*, neither of which I ſuppoſe you think Infallible.

But it nouriſhes and flatters Love, and feeds and fans the Flame already too *Predominant*. And grant it does ſo, was a *Virtuous Love* ever eſteemed *Diſgraceful*? Is't not

not a kindly, a natural and a Generous *Paſſion*, and wou'd not every wiſe Commonwealth do well, as I've read ſome have done, by all *Decent* and *Lawful* ways to *Promote* and *Encourage* it?

As for the *Abuſes* of this ſprightly, healthy Exerciſe, to argue from thence for the taking away its uſe, is ſo mean a Fallacy that it's ſcarce worth the taking notice of, much leſs the Anſwering: I expect you'll be ſhortly for pulling down *Churches* too, becauſe 'tis ſaid, they are too often ſhamefully abuſed by *Intrigues* and *Aſſignations*.

*Mary Feild.*

LET-

## LETTER XVI.

### *Againſt Platonick Love and Friendſhip in different Sexes.*

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### By Mr. *RICH.*

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YOU know who ſays,

*You talk of* Fires *that* ſhine, *but never* Burn ;
*In this* cold World *they'll hardly ſerve our turn.*

And wou'd you for once be *ingenuous*, you muſt own your ſelves of the ſame mind. As all your Sex is one great *Hypocrite*, ſo this is one *glareing Inſtance* of their *Prevarication* : You may as well talk of Love without Loving as without deſiring, and when you can ſhow the *Love-letters* between a pair of Souls, or the Hiſtory of the Angelical *Amours* of *Nakar* and *Damilcar*, or can tell me the taſte of thoſe *Immaterial kiſſes* which your *Famous Dutcheſs*

*theſe* talkt of, then I ſhall begin to believe that you believe your ſelves, when you talk of theſe matters, and that you are full as Spiritual as you tell us; tho ſure you wou'd not have us *take you at your word.*

Not but that I verily believe your Love may ſtill be enough Platonical, and full as pure, as was that of the Philoſopher, who gave it the Name, who if he were not very much wrong'd, never lov'd Virtue ſo refinedly, as to like or *Court* her ſo *Paſſionately* in a foul, or homely Habitation, as he did in thoſe that were more *Beautiful* and *Lovely.*

One of theſe two things then you can't hardly deny; either that 'tis only an empty Name, or elſe a ſort of a Vizard to ſomething more homely: He that denys what he really is, makes us ſometimes violently ſuſpect him what he is not, and as often find out what he takes ſuch over-care to conceal.

Who that's wiſe wou'd attempt to Drink out of a Vial, which he knows has either nothing at all in it, or if any thing, the ſureſt and moſt ſubtle Poyſon in the World? If you ſay, there's a mean, and virtuous Love may be thus diſguis'd, I'd fain know what need on't? Neither Love, nor Truth, nor Virtue need ſeek Corners, not ſo much as the former, if he comes in Company with the latter. He ought therefore to be uncaſed, as *Aphrodiſius* in *Pſyche*, and tho

as-

as finely dreſs'd as he, of whom that Divine Poet.

*Upon his Head ſmil'd a ſoft* Grove *of* Gold:
*Two* ſmall-half-Heav'ns *were* bent *in either* Brow, *&c.*

Yet you ought to be ſure, that you embrace not a *Serpent*, inſtead of a *God*, or that he hides not a *Satyrs* deform'd and ſhaggy *Figure*, under the Wings of an Angel. The *Shipwrack* of ſo many before you, one wou'd be apt to think, ſhou'd make you affraid of the dangerous *Voyage* to Mrs. *Behns Iſland*: The *Bones* that you ſee, and the *Skulls* ſo near the Cave of this *Sleeping-Lyon*, ſhou'd keep you from venturing within his *Paws*, tho he *ſheaths* 'em never ſo Artificially. *Platonick Love* has ruin'd half your Sex, and you can't but know as much, and therefore ſeem to admit the pretences of it, only with a deſire to be undone more plauſibly, and to retain the ſhadow of Innocence, when the ſubſtance is vaniſh'd. You Guild your Poyſon, and then fancy 'tis good Food, or Phyſick, you are told ſo before, you are parties againſt your ſelves, who can ſave you?

If you were but willing to eſcape Deſtruction, and to come back from the brink of the precipice, it may be, it might not yet be impoſſible. Diſcover the Viper before

fore he has play'd himſelf into your *Boſoms*, and then there's at leaſt a perhaps left that you may avoid him.

Pray do but perſwade any of theſe refin'd Sparks to admire you at a diſtance, not to come near you, or if they do, at leaſt tantalize 'em, ſo as never to let 'em ſteal a Graſp or a Touch, and try if they can live on ſuch *Airy Diet*. The purer any Flame is, the leſs aliment it needs to ſupport it. Let 'em by this make a Tryal of theirs: Let 'em live a year, on *not ſo much* as a ſigh of pity: Let 'em converſe with your Souls only, and make Love to them, for which alone they pretend ſo great a Paſſion; but let 'em not ſo much as throw a look on your Body; nor their Eyes faſten one Glance on yours. For what has the *Intuition* and *Embraces* of *Souls* to do with theſe dull *Material Organs*.

But if neither they nor you can be content with ſuch *mortifying Diet*, if you feel a ſort of a pain, and diſpleaſure, and uneaſineſs under ſuch a practice, and find this a force upon your Inclinations, and you begin to ſigh, and wiſh, and think your ſelves unhappy: Then beware ſtings, for there's certainly no better nor worſe then meer *Fleſh* and *Blood*, at the *Bottom*. For theſe paſſions ſeem not ſo properly ſeated in the mind, as the Body, or only in the *ſenſible Soul*, which is hardly different from it.

The mind it ſelf is pure and Spiritual, Reaſon is a calm and a Noble Principle, it admits of no *Emotions*, or *Perturbations*; and thus the Angels love Mankind and one another: Whereas, if we believe Mr. *Milton*(who might know as much of that matter as any *Heywood* of 'em all,) a *fallen Angel* may be diſcover'd through all his *Diſguiſes*, by the violent *motions* and viſible *changes* which will appear in him, throughthe moſt *Glorious Forms* imaginable, and thus may you, if you pleaſe, make a certain *Judgment* of your ſelves and others.

And much the ſame may be ſaid of *Friendſhip* between perſons of *different Sexes*, another *cant* you have very near akin to *Platonick Love*: Which at the beginning may in ſome Inſtances be innocent, at leaſt on one ſide, if not in both.

But Love's an inſinuating Devil, and if he gets but the tip of his *Wing* into your *Heart*, all the reſt quickly follows.

His *Aguiſh Train* of *Pains* and *Joys*, and *Inquietudes*, his huge *Bow* and *Quiver*, and a thouſand Poyſon'd *Arrows*, and if you once talk of driving him out again, tho he lurks there only under the Pretence and Mask of *Friendſhip*, how will the little *Villain* ſtorm and rave, how big will he look, and try to be *terribly angry*, and then by turns will flatter and fawn again, and hang about you ſo very importunately, that you can hardly your ſelf be yet ſo

blind

blind but you'll take notice on't. Since,

No Friendſhip e're languiſh'd, or lookt half ſo kind. And then, or never, if it ben't yet too late, work for your ſelf, ſtruggle for Life, aſſiſt the *Criſis*, for if this moment is gone, never expect another.

You ſtrive for a Noble *Empire*, no leſs then that of your own mind and Body too, at the long run, as it almoſt always happens. Deſpair has made Cowards brave, and what wou'd one not do for *Liberty*, and what have not *Women* done on leſs occaſions? Nor are you without *Auxilaries*, and thoſe very ſtrong and powerful, as well as your *Enemies*, *Virtue*, and *Honour*, and *Reaſon*, and the *Good wiſhes*, and good words of all *Good Men*, which are loſt, for ever loſt, as well as you with 'em, when ever you abandon your ſelves to the *fatal Deceiver*.

And pray remember this one ſhort obſervation more, before we part with this Subject.

That *Honour* and *Virtue* muſt needs be things in themſelves, very *deſirable* and *amiable*, when *Vice* and *Lewdneſs* are ſo fond of ſheltring themſelves under their *Names* and *Colours*, tho at the ſame time they do it, they thereby become the moſt *formidable Enemies*.

*Edward Rich*——



*Answer to* Letter XVI.

## By Madam *GODFREY*—

YOU charge our Sex with a variable and unconstant Temper, as *fickle* we must all be as the *Wind*, or as *Fortune*. 'Tis *Man* you'd have us think, that's the only firm and stable part of the Creation, unmov'd, as *Rocks*, and fix'd on the solid *Basis* of his own Resolution and Reason. *Fix'd* indeed you may be in *Evil*, as well as in a very strong conceit of your own *Goodness* and *Wisdom*, but whether as *changeable*, when you happen to be in the right, as that Sex, which is the object of your scorn, as inconsistent with your selves, and as false to your own assertions, if we had not abundant experience to satisfy us, you your self wou'd be a sufficient Instance. Sometimes 'tis true, you put on a sort of a *Magisterial Air*, and Dictate *Morality* and *Virtue*, more as it shou'd seem, that you might appear *Superior* to our *Sex*, then for any real esteem to that or us. But you soon forget your self, are all infected with the *Fashionable Notions* of the *Town* and *Theatre*,

*tre*, and diſcourſe juſt at their *Rate*, who pretend there's no ſuch thing as *Virtue* in our *Sex*, becauſe they wou'd be glad never to find it.

And to convince any one that we do not ſcandalize you, we need but remit 'em to the beginning of your *laſt Letter*, which I ſhan't repeat, but leave it to any who are better pleas'd with ſuch diſcourſes.

But pray why are you ſo furiouſly angry with *Platonick Love*, which you are forc'd your ſelf to own the ſame thing, or at leaſt not very different from a *virtuous Friendſhip?* Can any thing that's *virtuous* be either ſo Criminal, or ſo *dangerous* as you *repreſent it?*

True *Friendſhip*, as I think I've read in ſome of the Phyloſophers, can only be between *Virtuous Perſons*; and are all our *Sex* either *unworthy* or *uncapable* of it, or are you grown *Ingenuous*, ſhall we call it, or *Malicious*, in attempting to perſwade us the ſame of your *own Sex*, that you ſeem to believe of *ours*, that there's not one *Spark* of *Virtue* and true *Generoſity* left amongſt 'em?

Your *Grave Leſſons*, what extraordinary care we ſhou'd take of ye, might be admitted: They ſeem to have ſome Face of Kindneſs, and to come from a Friend, tho a ſowr one. Had you therefore only adviſ'd us to take an extraordinary Care, with whom we contracted *Friendſhips*, to be firſt very well acquainted with 'em, to Act with *caution* at leaſt with 'em,

if not too with ſome Reſerve, to be careful I theſe Friendſhips did not croſs any other Obligations; nay, after all, to be ſtill upon our Guard againſt you, conſidering how generous you are, and how virtuous, and to take care of our Reputations, as well as Innocence; all this, I ſay, we might have thankt you for, tho no more then what our Sex too often Learns from yours, in a more dangerous manner, ſince 'tis no ſuch great wonder to find among you a perjur'd and Faithleſs Friend, we have reaſon to wiſh it were not much more difficult to diſcover the contrary.

But what we think we have reaſon to be angry at, is, that you wou'd totally exclude us from what is the Happineſs, as well as Perfection of our Natures, and one of the greateſt Bleſſings of Life.

And yet we fondly flatter our ſelves, we ſhall either find you all Virtuous and Capable of Friendſhip, or prevail with you to be ſo, or elſe why do we ever Marry you?

None wou'd be a Slave to one that they believed Falſe and Perfidious, none in their Wits wou'd give their all to one they thought not ſo much as capable of Honeſty, or Honour, or a laſting Amity. Why d'you take ſo much pains before you have us faſt, to perſwade us you have thoſe *Qualifications* which may make you worthy our *Friendſhip*, *Courage*, *Bounty*, *Fidelity*, and the

the like? And where is't more likely, where wou'd one expect to find a perfect Unity of Sentiments, or Condeſcention, where there's any inconſiderable difference, which I look upon as much of the Eſſence of Friendſhip? where that true and unbyaſt tenderneſs and kindneſs, which is the inſeparable effect of that Noble Virtue, as well as that entire Confidence which is rarely or never divided from it, but where Intereſt, and God, and Nature, and the Policies of States, and the Laws of Nations have before made the ſtricteſt Union?

And if you are ſeldom capable of it, if you ſoon Learn to diſpiſe us, if you have little or no tenderneſs for us, or confidence, or eſteem, or ſo much as Inclination, and if we rarely ſee in a Marry'd State, laſting Inſtances of Friendſhip, we wou'd ask you whether it be either juſt, or modeſt, to upbraid us with your *own Faults*, and our great unhappineſs?

But tho you're at Liberty, it muſt be confeſt, to make your ſelves as bad as you pleaſe, we won't make you worſe, and as ill as you are, as meanly as you think of us, and I wiſh there were no reaſon to ſay of Virtue too, yet we're ſatisfy'd you are not ſo Univerſally Corrupted, but there is ſome Faith and Friendſhip left amongſt you. There are ſome Inſtances of *Love* after *Marriage*, which I reckon only a higher Name for Friendſhip, and that

ſhows it not *impoſſible* : Some *happy Pairs*, who know no *Contentions*, but who ſhall *Love* beſt and *oblige* moſt : Whoſe *Flame* is ſtill *refining* and ſtill *encreaſing*, ſome *Phenix-Men*, who ſcorn to take a *Woman* into their *Arms*, whom they can't admit into their *Hearts* too, and let them reign there without a *Rival*.

And is not this betwixt *different Sexes*, and call you not this *Friendſhip* ?

And tho I grant, conſidering what your *Sex* generally are, ours can hardly be too much affraid of you, ſince too many of you are like ſome Venemous Creatures, *Blaſting* all you *Breath on*, and tho further *Friendſhips* of an extraordinary intimacy after *Marriage* between different *Sexes*, not *related*, be, to ſpeak no worſe, very *ſuſpitious* and ill *founding*, and I agree with you, and *fatal experience* has put it beyond Contradiction, that there's no more *ſpecious way* to ruine then under ſuch pretences ; tho I ſay all this may be granted, yet I can't ſee how it follows, that after *Marriage* we are to live like *Turkiſh* Wives, to be mew'd up and Impriſon'd all our *Lives*, and to *dye* if we but ſee any Man beſides our *Husbands*. Nor do I ſee any better reaſon, Why we ſhou'd ſhut our Eyes to their Merits, any more then their Perſons, why we mayn't put a *modeſt value* on thoſe who deſerve it, on a brave and good Man, more then on one

one that's *Villanous* and *Wicked*, and this may at last amount to the Name of a *General Friendship*. The same we have for the *Names* of the great Men of former *Ages*, the same concern for them that we have, when we read the History of *Timoleon*, or *Brutus*, or any of the *Ancient Heroes*.

Nay, yet further, our *own Affairs* may often make it necessary to place a greater *Confidence* in one Man then another, and to entertain a more *particular Correspondence* with him, and yet all this far enough within the strictest bounds of *Modesty* and *Virtue*. We know not what you think of your selves, or how you feed on your own *Vanity*, but for our parts, we don't find you such terrible Charming dangerous Creatures, that there's no casting our Eyes on you, without stark falling in Love with you. We are not conscious of any such thoughts; if you are so wicked, you had best keep from us, and make the Experiment whether we'll trouble you with our *Invitations*. Let us but alone, and we'll be bound not to *ravish* you.

But suppose a young Lady no ways engag'd, shou'd be pleas'd with Honourable *Addresses* and *Profers* of *Service*, from a Person not unsuitable to her *Birth* and *Fortune*: Suppose she contracted a *real esteem*, a particular tenderness for him, and were touched with his sufferings and merits, and

ſhou'd be willing to make him all the returns that a Man of Honour cou'd expect, or *Virtue* let her give. Where's the crime of all this, I'd fain know, or where the ſhame of it? Or what is there *Unnatural* or *Immoral*, or ſo much as *undecent* in it? Or who that is not *Brutiſh* wou'd condemn it, or not wiſh 'em happy?

And if you find or think any thing worſe, if you have any thing that's ill in your own Breaſt, when you come near us, once more pray keep the Guilt, and ſhare the ſhame among your ſelves, and don't *involve* the *Innocent*.

In the mean time, we believe *Honour* and *Virtue*, really as aimable as you can repreſent 'em, and *Friendſhip* not much behind 'em: Nor are all your Sexes abuſe of thoſe excellent Names, and making 'em a *covex* for the worſt deſigns, make us out of Love with them, tho we ſhall endeavour to follow your adviſe, and to have a care of you.

*Rachel Godfrey*——

LET-

## LETTER XVII.

## *That* Women *are not more* Religious *then* Men.

By *Mr.* RANDAL——

AND one wou'd think none ſhou'd evet pretend they were, nor will your *Sex*, I ſuppoſe, think themſelves much oblig'd by ſuch a Compliment, ſince the very thoughts of it muſt be as uneaſy to you, as hereafter is to the *Atheiſts*, and will go near to *ſowr* all your *mirth*. If you wou'd be thought Religious, ſome ſay you muſt not *Patch* nor *Paint*, but all are agreed that you muſt not *trick*, nor *diſſemble*, nor *lure* in ſuch *Flights* of *Lovers*, nor admit a *Gallant*, nor abuſe your *Husbands*; and what a condition wou'd you be in, if all this ſhou'd be ſtruck off together? They tell a pleaſant ſtory of a *Georgian* Woman, who having liv'd ſuch a *Life* as is common enough with your Sex, and entertain'd a great many Friends, as was notoriouſly

known to all her Acquaintance; when she was stopt in the midst of her *Career* by a violent *Fit* of *Sickness*, sent for her *Confessor* for *Ghostly Counsel*, and promis'd faithfully she wou'd live a chast Life, and forsake all her old Friends, if ever she recover'd: 'No, says the *conscionable Father*, 'that's too much to promise, and I know 'you'd never be able to perform it: I'd 'advise you therefore, he went on, to keep 'to *two* or *three* only, if you shou'd recover, and this wou'd be a *good step* to your 'thorough *Amendment*. Such Religion as this perhaps might do well enough with you, 'twou'd sit much more *jaunty* and *easy*, and for that reason I wonder you are not all *Catholicks*, unless it be the fear of *Hair-Cloth*, and going *Barefoot* that keeps you from their *Communion*.

Who, you not *Religious*? Why, what signs of it wou'd we have? You go to *Church* as fine and as often, and clap the *Pue-Door* as hard, and repeat the *Responses* as loud as any: You say your *Prayers* when it *Thunders*; and tremble at the sight, or but the News of a *Blazing Star*, or a *Cat* with *two Heads*, or a *Foal* with a *Top-knot*, or a *Whale* rolling up the *Thames*, or any other *Prodigy*. You don't go so often to the *Taverns*, as Men, nor get *Drunk*, nor Swear nor Quarrel like them, nor *Fight* for *Punk*, nor run one another through the *Lungs*, poor injur'd Creatures! As inno-

cent

cent as a *New kindled Viper*. As if in the firſt place you knew not how better to improve your Time, then to go to *Church*, only out of *pure Devotion*.

Alas, you have great buſineſs there, which youthink of greater moment: A *Spark* to meet, or a great many to ſtare at, till you grow giddy with turning round ſo often to throw kind looks at 'em, or ſquinting over your ſhoulder. Can you deny that this is the moſt uſual place of Aſſignations, or that ſuch thoughts as theſe are entertain'd and welcom'd, moſt of the time that you ſhou'd be better employ'd? 'Tis time enough you think, to be *Religious* and *Formal* when you grow *old*, when the diverſions and pleaſures of youth are paſt, and you have no further reliſh for ſuch matters, and when the *Practice* of *Piety*, and the *London* Diſpenſatory will be good Company for you, and for *one another*.

But in the mean time, any one may read your *Devotion* both in your *Dreſs* and your *Eyes*, your *Looks* and your *Geſture*, and your whole *Behaviour*, when you wou'd be thought in your *greateſt Fits* of *Piety* and *Goodneſs*: And 'tis not difficult to gueſs at the *Deity* you come thither to *Worſhip*.

If you give not *Billets* about to your *Lovers* inſtead of *Bills* to the *Reader*, you have yet a well known way of diſcourſing with 'em: A *Look* upon one, a *half-ſmile*

on

on another, a whole one to the third, a nod to the fourth, your *Fine Teeth* ſhow'd to the fifth, your *Hand* to the ſixth, a *Languiſhing Glance* to the ſeventh; And ſo on as many as will come, for you cou'd diſpatch 'em all, if there were a hundred.

There may be, you'll perhaps reply, ſome vain *young Creatures* that employ themſelves after this manner; But no *Reflection* on thoſe who do *otherwiſe*, whoſe behaviour is *grave* and *ſerious*, and whoſe thoughts are fix'd on ſomething better then ſuch *Foolleries*.

Be it ſo then, and we'll take this excuſe as you have laid it; but firſt, you muſt ſhow one of theſe *Saintlike Ladies*, if never ſo little a pretender to *Youth* and *Beauty*, who won't leave all theſe grave thoughts, if ſhe ſees but a *Spark* ſhe likes, fixing his *Eyes* intently on hers, who will not be pleas'd with it, and return it, and ſplit Glances with him, and ſay, by your leave *Devotion*, on ſuch an occaſion?

You do indeed come to *Church*, eſpecially in the *Afternoons*, as ſoon as you are *Dreſt*, when 'tis *fair weather*, when there's a *Preacher* you like, when 'tis not very hot, nor very cold, nor you han't a *Cough*, or like to be throng'd in your Seat, or Mr. *Thimbleman's Wife* does not ſit above ye, or you have no *Viſitants* at home, or no new *Play*, or *Novel*, or can't ſleep there as conveniently, or out of *Complaiſance*, or

becauſe

becauſe all the Street beſides does it, or when you have an *Aſſignation*, or hopes of ſeeing one you like, or your next Neighbours *New Gown*, or *Triumphant Topping*. Nay, to Judge the moſt Charitably, when you know there's *fine Muſick*, or a delicate *Anthem*. And if you can find any better Reaſons which bring the *bigger half* of your *Sex* thither, I'll freely own 'em all as devout as St. *Katharine*.

But ſuppoſing you have no buſineſs there, neither with *Lads* nor *Laſſes*, ſuppoſing your meaning as good, and *Intention* as *pure* as you'd deſire, nay, pick out the very beſt of your Sex, chuſe you *Repreſentatives* in every *Church* in *Town*, and let us ſee how they'll behave themſelves. Their firſt work is certainly to throw their *Eyes* all round, to fiſh out their *Acquaintance*, and when once they find 'em, nothing but *dopping* and *curtſying* for a *Quarter* of an *Hour*. They are wonderful *civil* to all the *Gueſts*, only mythinks they'd do well not to *forget* the *Maſter of the Houſe* for altogether.

Tho I can't tell how they ſhou'd do otherwiſe, when if they happen to be *awake*, 'tis *Chat* and loud *Whiſpers*, and *Laughter* that keeps 'em ſo. They wou'd not be guilty of ſo rude a thing as to hearken to the *Parſon* for a whole half hour, they are better bred then to mind what he ſays; They are not ſuch *Fools* as to need his *Homilies*.

Well;

Well, when they have half *chatted*, and half *nodded* out the *Sermon*, and once get to the joyful *Door* again, you'll ſee more of their *Religion* in their abundant *Charity*; and if they have any, here's indeed a very convenient place to *ſhow* it, in the worſt ſence of the word. The ſmall *pence* fly about, that you'd think it a *Coronation*, and there's at leaſt a *brazen ſhower*, if not a *Silver one*, among the poor thirſty *Mumpers*: But no more of this, leſt we ſhou'd diſcourage you from this little *Kind* of *Goodneſs*, which wou'd be a great deal better, if *Vanity* did not lie at the *Core*; a *Worm* which *Cankers* the *faireſt Fruit*, and makes it good for nothing.

'Tis a violent *ſuſpicion* that the *Veſſel* is very *empty*, which makes ſo loud a *Noiſe*: That all this *Art* and *Paint* is to cover ſome great *Deformity*. Why ſo much *Parade* and *Clutter*, and *Pretence*, if all were right? *Religion* is *modeſt*, and *Calm* and *Silent*; It dwells retired in the deepeſt receſſes of the mind: It will, it's true, ſometimes break out, and ſhine Glorioufly, like the *Moon* from behind a *Cloud*, but its luſture is not fierce, nor glaring: 'Tis ſweet, and natural, and is ſeen whether it will or no, but 'tis contented to ſhine alone, 'tis equally beautiful when no *Eye* ſees it, it has no need of ſpectators, nor does it ever deſire 'em. Compare this with yours, and ſee whether you know it.

*Su-*

*Superſtitious* you are, we muſt own, to the very heighth, and conſequently you wou'd have been *Religious* among the *Heathens*, who uſe the *ſame word* to ſignify both. You made excellent *Bacchanals*, but I can't tell whether ſo good Chriſtians. O! The *Devotion* of your *Braſs Kettles*, when you taber'd upon 'em with ſuch abundant *Zeal*, to wake poor *Dame Luna* when ſhe fell into a *Fit* of the *Mother*. *Horrid Muſick* indeed! But rarely well fitted to the *Gods*, and to the *Worſhippers*.

How has your tattling Sex debauch'd mankind in their very *Cradle*! How many ridiculous fooliſh *Hobgoblin-Tales* have you invented, and ſo often repeated 'em till you your ſelves *believ'd* 'em, with which in all Ages, you have *prepoſſeſs'd* us in our *Infancy*, the only time when you can impoſe upon us, without our leaves, and endeavour'd to render our minds as *Weak* and *Timorous* as your own, which tho ſome grow out, by a *happy Genius*, and peculiar ſtrength of *Nature*, yet it gives others a ſort of *Kickets* in their *underſtandings*, which they never get ſhut off after.

Some *Crimes*, it's true, you are not ſo frequently guilty of as our *Sex*, for which there are ſeveral *Reaſons*, *Murders* you need not Act your ſelves, for you have *Bravo's* enough to perform 'em without your

your appearing in 'em. From others your *way* of *Life ſecures* you, and you are good, if we may therefore call you ſo, becauſe you can't help it; as a *Robber*, or a *Pick-pocket* are very honeſt, (all but their *minds*) when they are *Loaden* with *Irons*. But ſtill you make a *hard ſhift* to *break* out now and then, as they ſay thoſe People do from *Priſons*, to exerciſe their *Art*, and return to that ſanctuary unſuſpected, yet you are ſometimes *ſnapt*, however they get off, and we need but obſerve every *Seſſions Paper*, and reckon whether is the greater Number, of your Sex or ours, who are there *Monthly Condemn'd*, to form an infallible *Judgment* how far yours excells, both in *Honeſty* and *Goodneſs*.

*Timothy Randal*—

*Anſwer*

*Anſwer to* Letter XVII.

## *That* Women *are more* Religious *then* Men.

By Madam *CARTER*---

*In a Letter to the Lady who defends our Sex.*

Madam,

I muſt once more then draw my *Pen* in the defence of my *Sex*: My *General* lays her commands upon me, and I am all *Acquieſcence*.

You have indeed given me the *Poſt* of *Honour*, that part where the *Enemy* makes his firſt *attacks*, and if he miſſes here, and is beaten off again, we need not much apprehend him any where elſe.

For, as ſome of their Sex have endeavour'd to perſwade ours, that we have no Souls, for a very Tranſparent Reaſon, ſo if others of 'em cou'd bring us to forget we had any Religion, they would then be on the Square with us, and would not

not be much affraid of what that *Bugbear Honour* could do againſt them.

Malice I ſee will pervert and poyſon the *faireſt Action*, nay, will contradict it ſelf rather then not blaſt the Reputation of its Neighbour.

If we go to *Church* we are *Hypocrites*, if we have any *neceſſary occaſions* that forbid us that *Happineſs*, it is according to this Gentlemans Charitable *Judgment*, becauſe we ſlight it, and make it our *Averſion*.

If we manifeſt any reſpect, or awful reverence at the extraordinary manifeſtations of that Divine Power, which makes even *Atheiſts* tremble, why, 'tis nothing but *Superſtition* and *Folly*; if we are but civil to an Acquaintance at Church, at our firſt Entrance; for I never knew we were to put off Civility there, any more then any where elſe, this too muſt be view'd through falſe opticks: Our *Charity* it ſelf muſt be meer *Oſtentation*, as our deſign in rendring our ſelves at the publick place of Worſhip, only to meet, or enſnare ſome of their *Innocent Sex*, who had no ſuch vain Imaginations. But he has one Accuſation, which I acknowledge *lies heavier* then all the reſt: That we go to Church to hear a *fine Anthem*: And if we went thither to Sing one, would there be any thing in it blameworthy? I expected the next Crime he would lay to our charge,

would

wou'd be, that we went thither to *say our Prayers.*

Some there are, even of *our Sex*, whom you and I Madam have often obſerv'd, with grief and ſhame, who too often abuſe this ſacred place with Tattling and Laughter: Let the *Satyr* of our *Antagoniſt* fall as hard as he ſees convenient on ſuch as theſe, and let him, if he pleaſe, *Whip* 'em out of our Churches, like other *Troubleſome Animals*; but then let him be ſure not to *overlook* any of his *own Sex*, who are guilty of the ſame Miſcarriage, and let him not unjuſtly blame thoſe who are free from it.

We are all *Fleſh* and *Blood*, there's no diſpute of it: *Both Sexes* are moulded of the ſame *Clay*, we do not pretend to be *Angels*, tho our Flatterers would ſometimes perſwade us ſo, in order to make us *like themſelves.*

If they find our Weakneſs, why are they ſo ungenerous as to make us betray it? Why can they not deſiſt from tempting us, even when we *take Sanctuary* to avoid them?

But yet they cannot affirm without *Injuſtice*, that they find *our Sex* of ſuch Tinder-*Conſtitutions*; ſince they know many of their own, who have dogg'd a *Lady* to Church often enough, without ſeeing ſo much as her Face while they were there, at leaſt, if that could not be avoided, meeting

ing no Encouragement to their *Amorous Follys*, but all their *Glances* and *Oglings* loſt in the *Air*, like the Curſes they caſt on the *Inſenſible fair Saint*, for not returning them.

As bad as we are in general, nay, as much deprav'd as the other Sex really is, I am not willing to believe ſo ill even of them, as this Gentleman would Inſinuate, only to blaſt us; not unlike the *Envious Wretch* that pull'd out one of his own *Eyes*, that his *Neighbour* might *loſe both*.

He repreſents things indeed, in a more *deplorable condition* then I would hope they deſerve, our Churches, like thoſe in other Countreys, little better then *Theatres*, and the ſame Intrigues manag'd in both, or rather, as they were of old, and as the *Turkiſh Spy* deſcribes ſome others, like the old Heatheniſh Temples of *Cupid and Venus*.

Pity thoſe who abuſe 'em ſhould ever *enter* 'em, unleſs there were more hopes of their *Reformation* by 'em. But I cannot think thoſe things are ſo common as he would have us believe.

I declare, I have known but few ſuch Inſtances, and I never heard you, Madam, mention many more. It's poſſible that in five or ſix hundred, or a *Thouſand People*, there may be ſome few who make this the End of their coming thither. But what juſt reflexion can this be upon *all the reſt*, who may be as reaſonably charg'd with

*Picking*

*Picking Pockets*, becauſe it's Notorious that many wretches come conſtantly to Church with no other Intention.

It's indubitably evident, that there may be *Hypocriſy* in frequenting the Publick Worſhip, but 'tis as certain, that in ordinary caſes, there can be no *Religion* without it: Admit but this, which I do not flatter my ſelf in my own cauſe, will appear very reaſonable, and it will be ſoon viſible, whether *Sex* has *more Religion*: The Gentleman, civilly remits us to the *Seſſions Paper* to make the Computation, but I muſt ask his pardon, if I cannot think that a *fair way* of *Tryal*. Suppoſing it true, which he Aſſerts, there may be many reaſons aſſign'd for it, without granting Women are the *more wicked*: For when Men have brought 'em into the *Snares* of the Law, they generally leave 'em, and can ſhift for themſelves *well enough*; beſides, there are ſome *Capital faults* whereof Men cannot be guilty: And when they are Obnoxious to the Law, have many more Conveniences for making their Eſcapes, then a weak helpleſs Woman: Theſe I take to be ſome of the reaſons, why we ſometimes find more Women in the Black Liſt then Men, I ſay ſometimes, becauſe I know the contrary often happens.

But now we have waited on our *Antagoniſt* to the Jayls, I hope he'll go with us

us to Church, without ſuſpecting we have any deſign upon him by drawing him thither. We will not confine him to St. *Brides* neither, let him chuſe any Church in Town, and he'll eaſily ſee how far the *Men* are out-number'd by the *Women*, who without Compulſion fill thoſe Seats, which would be very empty without 'em.

And I'm apt to believe, notwithſtanding all his wrath againſt us, he does really go to Church now and then himſelf, for he ſeems to have remember'd ſeveral *pretty things* about *Religion*, which we own, as well as he, ought to be principally inward and ſilent; but yet if it be there, he knows it will work outward: Nor will he, I hope, affirm with many others, that there's no need of any *publick Worſhip*.

The next *bad thing* he lays to our *Charge* is *Superſtition*, wherein he is ſo civil to acknowledge we exceed the Men, altho not in true *Religion*: But he knows every Virtue runs nearer one extream then the other, and he who is too *Religious*, too *Unreaſonably* affraid of the *Supreme Being*, may yet in time have *juſter Notions* of him, while a *deſperate Atheiſt* is like to continue as he is, till another World *convince* him. He cannot ſay, there are yet many of that *Impious Sect* amongſt us. He can Name no *Hobbs's*, (he knows their *Names* better then we) nor any other

ther such *Universal Poysoners* and *Corrupters* of Mankind, of our Sex, altho we have had those as Famous for many sorts of Learning, as ever theirs could boast of: An Argument, by the way, that we are the sounder *Philosophers* too, because it has been observ'd, that a thorough and well digested *Knowledge* of things, inclines more to the belief of a *Deity*; whil'st huddled, confus'd, and crude Notions, we see by experience, often render Men *Atheistical* and *Irreligious*.

The Gentleman owns we have not the same Temptations to *Vice*, wherewith his *own Sex* is Assaulted, and we wish we had less still, as we should have, were it not for them: However, in those cases where we have no *Tempter*, let us be as frail as he can suppose us, we are not like to *Err*, and *Freedom* from *Vice* I take to be a good *Degree* of *Virtue*, and *Innocence* a good *Foundation* for *Religion*. They may discourse while they please, of knowing the World, and the Advantages of Experience, we envy 'em not their dear bought knowledge, but think those who know it least, are both the safest and the happiest.

There is one passage more wherein he blames us, for our way of *Educating Children*, rendring their minds *Weak* and *Feeble*, and filling 'em with our own *Superstitious Notions*.

But

But I must needs tell him, this Objection is no great Argument of his *own Religion*, but sounds very much like *his Divinity*, who said,

*Fear first made Gods.*

We grant, and suppose he'll scarce deny, that a *Just* and *Awful* sence of what is infinite and invisible, is very proper to be Imprinted on the Minds of Children, while they are yet a *Blank Table*, and as useful to confirm and clear such Notions, if there already: To make 'em honest in the Dark, and to lay the Foundations of *Piety* and *Virtue*, and I should think this was the *greatest Service* could be done to mankind, and for which we deserve *Lawrels* rather then *Reproaches*.

*Abigail Carter.*——

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## LETTER XVIII.

## *That* Ugglineſs *is moſt* deſirable *in a* Wife.

### By Sir *HENRY*——

'TIS but a *Cowardly* ſort of *Virtue*, that's forc'd to wink, in order to avoid a *Beautiful Enemy*:—— Nor will I ſo much as make uſe of your own *Arms* againſt you, that this *Beauty* that makes ſuch *Aſhes* of us all, is only in the Imagination:—— Let it be in the Senſe too if it will, but I'm reſolv'd it ſhall never domineer over my Reaſon. Nay, I'll not only think it, but even look it into an *Indifference*, and the Subtleſt, the Lovelieſt, the Verieſt *Woman* of ye all ſhall no more debauch my *Judgment*, than one of your *Predeceſſors* cou'd the Perſon of that *honeſt Philoſopher*. You may ſay, if you think fit, as ſhe did, that I'm a *Stone*, and not a *Man*, but I'll prove my Reaſon beyond Contradiction, by deſpiſing ſuch *Irrational Creatures* as you are. Nay, never *Dreſs*, nor *Patch*, nor *Powder*, nor *Twire*, nor *Bruſtle* up at me thus;

for you'll all loſe your Labour. My Choice is made; and if I muſt have a Wife, I'm reſolv'd a good convenient Parcel of *Ugline ſs* ſhall be her principal *Recommendation*.

And a thouſand Conveniences ſhall I meet with by this honeſt *Policy*. *Firſt*, I ſhall vex you, and mortifie your *vain Sex* a little, which will do me more Good than a Thouſand Guineas more in her Portion,--- and it may be you may be the better for't too; at leaſt, 'twill be your own faults, if you be not: For there might be ſome Hopes of you, if we cou'd but once make you *humble*.

But order you Matters as you pleaſe, for I'll ſtill go on with my Story.

In the next place, I ſhall need no *Seraglio*, no Black or White *Eunuchs*, to keep that ſafe, which no Body but my ſelf will meddle with. Who wou'd diſquiet himſelf for the *vain Satisfaction* of having what's left of a *Beauty*, when he may be ſo much more happy, with one of a *different Character*. A thouſand Towers, and Locks, and Bars, and Fathers and Husbands can't preſerve an *Alcmena*, or a *Danae*: What Eternal Catterwawling there is about one of theſe *Peſtilent Beauties*; what purring o' one ſide, and ſcratching o' t'other? How often a Man may have bin Skin-pinckt, for preſuming but to lead home his own *natural Wife*? With what

Fear

Fear and Reverence muſt he Salute her How tenderly muſt he touch ſuch *China Ware*, and how ſlight a matter reduces it to its *Primitive* Earth again? Give me a good plain *Earthen Platter*, that will endure a ſound *Bang*, and while I eat in't, I'm ſafer from *Poyſon*, then if all my *Meat* were ſerv'd up in *Unicorns Horns*.

A *fine VVoman* muſt be conceited, if ſhe has any *Eyes*, and conſequently be pleas'd her ſelf, that ſhe pleaſes others. Then ſhou'd I have a thouſand *Fop-doodles*, *Primeing*, and *Cocking*, and *Dreſſing*, and *Singing* at her, and Corrupting all my Servants, and if by Miracle he ſhou'd at laſt, beyond my Expectation and his own, find her honeſt, he takes care to prefer her to one of the Boxes in the next *Lampoon*, or ſo publickly abuſe her, that I muſt be forc'd to ſlit his Windpipe, or he mine, in attempting her *Vindication*.

No, ſince our Honour is by the abundant Civility of our Countrey, in our *VVives keeping*, I wou'd have my *Cabinet* made as plain and as ſtrong as poſſible, that none ſhou'd attempt to break it open, or if they did, might loſe their Labour.

And as I ſhan't be troubled from others, ſo neither from her ſelf. My *Dear Joan* and I ſhall agree well enough together. She can't be Proud; for what has ſhe to be Proud of, except of my *affecti-*

*ons*? She can't be *Ill-natur'd*, for ſhe has nothing but the Agreeableneſs of her Temper to retain my *Heart*. Nay, ſhe can't be ſo much as Jealous, for ſhe ſhall know I choſe her before a *Beauty*, becauſe I liked her better. She'll be content with any thing, becauſe ſhe's humble, and Name me *one Beauty* that ever had that *Virtue*; ſhe'll not trouble me, or ruine me in *Expences*. Not in Cloaths, becauſe ſhe ſhall be ſo ſuperlatively *Ugly* (if my kind *Stars* wou'd but ſend me ſuch a *Jewel*) that no *Finery* ſhall make her better. Nor in *Houſekeeping*, becauſe ſhe'll not care for much *Company*; nor in *Journeys* for the ſame Reaſon. She muſt Love me entirely, becauſe none elſe will Love her, and that muſt needs make me Love her again, and how ardently ſhall I embrace her *Fair Soul*, through her *homely Body*? And how quiet and happy ſhall we ſit at home, and pity the Miſerable *Beauties*, and thoſe who poſſeſs 'em, as *Jove* did *Semele* in the midſt of *Storms* and *Thunder*; while their Reputations are *Blaſted*, their content Baniſh'd, their Eſtates Ruin'd, their *Hearts* Tormented, and in a few Years, or perhaps Hours, that which was the occaſion of all this, is no more: The fatal cauſe is ceas'd, but the effects ſtill remain. The Beauty is gone, but the Woman ſtill Lives and Hangs on ye, and wou'd fain be a *Beauty* ſtill, and when all the World is weary,

you

you muſt begin, and Cringe and Court as much as ever.

Whilſt my dear *Dowdy* has ſuch a *Face* that ſhe defys Age, nay, Death it ſelf to hurt it. 'Tis as invulnerable as the heel of *Achilles*, and by the looks on't you'd think it had been dipt in the ſame Water. Time muſt have a good ſtomach if he meddles with't. It muſt be meerly for the ſake of Malice, and therefore I hope, he'll let her alone as well as all the reſt of Mankind: For my own uſe I'd have her, and what ſhou'd I care whether ſhe pleaſes others? ſhe'll be a Guard to my Houſe, her Face will fright Theves away, and my Children need no other *Raw-head and Bloody-bones*, to keep 'em in order. What pretty *Cubbs* they'll be, and how like their own dear *Father* and *Mother*?

*Come hither and draw her ſweet* Picture *Apelles*,
*With a* Face *like the* Fire-pan, *and a Noſe like the* Bellows:
*Her* Body *all* Grid-Ir'n (*Mr. Printer*! *depend on't*:)
*Or a* Worm-eaten Carot *with two* ſticks *at the* End on't,
Teeth, Fair *as a* Sloe, *by kind nature's direction*
*Tho in vain, as a* Foyl *to her darker Complexion.*

*Her thin* Lips *how* Pale, *and her* Gills, *how all* Roſy?
*But ſuch* Charms *in her* Breath, *that each whiff overthrows ye.*
*Such, ſuch is my* Fair *one, no* uglier *I ma'e her,*
*And to* ſhow *I'm not* Jealous, *he that likes her may take her.*

*HENRY*—

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## *Anſwer to* Letter XVIII.

## *In Defence of Beauty.*

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## By *M*adam *D E N T.*

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CIvility requires, Sir *H.* that we ſhould leave you in the *unenvy'd poſſeſſion* of what you ſo much delight in, the very *Imagination* of whoſe Charms had ſnatcht you away into ſuch a *Rapture* of *Dogrel*, as neither *Wither*, nor *H.* himſelf could equal.

Let us then return to that againſt which you profeſs ſo utter an *Averſion*, and which all

all the World beſides ſo juſtly admire. The *Defence* of *Beauty*, tho it needs no Champion.

My ſubject I feel is too big for me, and now only I repent my accepting your Challenge. Not that I fear any *Antagoniſt*, but that ſo weighty a cauſe has not a more equal ſtrength to ſupport it: It ſtaggers me at once, and dazles me, and if *Sappho*, or *Behn* her ſelf were alive, they muſt undergo the ſame misfortune.

Yet if I muſt fall, it ſhall be Honourably, I'll wiſh I could do more, and will at leaſt attempt it, and perhaps might ſucceed, had I but all the Beautys in the World before me, that out of 'em, like the *Painter*, I might make *one Venus*.

What art thou, thou ſtrange *Unaccountable Every thing!* Or by what *Names*, or *Titles*, ſhall we ſalute thee? We ſee thee *every where*, and yet none can define thee. Thou art the ſame, and yet infinitely diverſify'd. *Harmony* is moſt like thee, and thou art the *Concord*, or rather the *Virtue* of all that's *viſible*. The *Almighty Artiſt* has ſcatter'd thee through all his work. A Flower, a Blade of Graſs, a Fly, a Mite poſſeſſes thee. We ſee thee in all ſhapes and dreſſes, we admire thee in the Picture of a Storm, or a Battle, and diſcover a Beauty even in *Horror*.

Light it ſelf is thy near Relation, or rather *Lightning*, could we ſeparate it from

the *fatal effects* it carrys with it: Thy *Darts* are all peaceful and innocent, yet we feel 'em *trill* through our *Hearts*, and bleſs the wound that makes us *Mad* with *Pleaſure*.

*'Tis in a* humane Face *thy* Throne's *erected,*
*There doſt thou* Triumph *with a* Peaceful ſway,
*Thy* Scepter *makes the* trembling World *obey.*

See the *little Monarchs*, the puny Princes and *Conquerors*, all the *Greats*, and the *Immortals* and *Invincibles*! How they creep and cover about thy Throne! Yet there's one that dares meet thy *Beams*, and that deſerves 'em: He has lately loſt a Beauty would have diſputed *Empires* even with thee: Try if thou canſt *make it up*, tho that could ſcarce be done, ſhou'dſt thou thy ſelf deſcend into his Arms!

*Whither, O* Beauty! *Whither haſt thou drawn me?*
*Why, O ye* Peaceful Plains *are you* forſaken,
*For noiſy* Camps *and* Courts *and glittring* Thrones?
*I'll home again—Hail all ye* happy ſhades
*Where untaught* Nature, *beautiful and young,*

*Diſplays*

*Diſplays* unborrow'd charms; *where thou and* I,
*My Damon*, Lifes unenvy'd ſweets *may prove*,
*And all the* Luxury *of* Virtuous Love.

Where we may ſee a thouſand diverting objects, a thouſand Beautys on every ſide, and bewilder our *Eyes* in the *pleaſing variety*, and return to *Living Beauty*, when they are tired with inſenſible objects, I know where my Eyes can meet their Acquaintance, and find as much Love as they bring with 'em. Such *unaffected Gracefulneſs*, ſuch a manly *Noble Air*, ſuch *Eyes*, ſuch very Lovely ſpeaking *Eyes*; Such modeſty, ſuch ſoftneſs, ſuch firmneſs, ſuch a *happy mixture*, juſt ſuch as I wou'd wiſh in him I Love. And while he Loves, I have no more to wiſh.

Who can think, or talk, or write temporately when Beauty is the Subject: Nothing could now be cold that had a Spark of Life, or motion.

The pleaſure it gives is more refin'd and more remov'd from ſence, even then that of *Muſick*: *Brute Creatures* ſeem in ſome Inſtances to be mov'd by the latter, but only what has Reaſon by the former: That is too Spiritual a pleaſure for their inferior *Natures*. I can't therefore think they have Reaſon, becauſe they have no *Choice* in theſe matters: Their Appetites

hurry 'em on for the preſervation of their *Kind*, but Beauty never ſtrikes 'em, and the *Herd* knows no more *Diſtinction* then it does *Propriety*.

And if there ſhou'd be any *Creatures* in *humane ſhape*, who had the ſame *Tempers* and *Inclinations*, who could remain inſenſible before ſuch an object as commands *reverence* and *reſpect* from the greateſt *Barbarians*, they ought rather to be rankt with thoſe *Inferior Animals*, with whom they *Sympathize*, or at leaſt among the *Mimicry* and *Sports* of *Nature*, who may ſeem to have taken pleaſure in making a Figure ſo like a Man, which yet might puzzle the Philoſophers to deſcribe him, or to know what *Species* they ought to *rank* him under.

Had Beauty only *Barbarians* to deal with, it would civilize 'em, had it the worſt of *Men*, ſo they are but *Men*, it might *work* upon them, refine the *Oar*, ſmooth the *rugged'ſt Temper*, cultivate the moſt barren ſoil, and every day produce *New wonders*.

But then it muſt keep company with Virtue, for if once that leaves it, how ſoon will it Pine and Languiſh? 'Tis like the Vine without the *Elm*, the *Jeſſamine* without its *Support*. It tumbles to *Earth*, and is Trodden into the *Mire*, by every one that paſſes by it.

The

The more difficulty there is in preſerving Beauty unblemiſht, the more glorious are thoſe who do ſo. It's poſſible to be done, for it has been, and ſtill is, in many inſtances. Heaven is not ſo envious, or malicious as Earth, but can give Beauty and Virtue to the ſame Perſon, and they agree ſo well together, 'tis pity they ſhould ever be parted.

It is the envy and wicked Revenge of diſappointed Wickedneſs, which often endeavours to ſully what it cannot ruine; and the reſt of *mankind* is ſo *ill-natur'd*, and ſo very partial, that any of this Kind is greedily receiv'd and eaſily believ'd.

Yet after all, if there are really ſo many ill Women in the World as ſome would perſwade us, who pretend to be very well acquainted with 'em, 'tis eaſily Demonſtrable, that Beauty is not the cauſe on't, nay, that the ſmaller part of thoſe who deſerve that Character are really Beautiful, becauſe *homely Faces* make up the moſt of the World.

And it is ſtill more likely, on ſome Accounts, that a fine Woman ſhou'd be Virtuous then one who is more indifferent, becauſe ſhe is naturally and juſtly conſcious of her own worth.

There is a decent Pride, which will not let her have ſuch cheap thoughts of her ſelf as other People.

If 'tis objected, that she values herself for it; and why shou'd she not, so she does it Soberly and Moderately? What Man is there who has more Strength, or Wealth, or Wit, or Prudence then his Neighbours, who does not find his mind Proportionably to his Endowments, and expect a just deference from such as come behind him in any of those *Qualifications.*

*Beauty*, 'tis true, decays, and so does every thing that's *Mortal*; but 'tis better to be happy some part of *Life*, then none at all; and the *Ruines* of a *good Face*, must be better then those of a bad one; Nay, more agreeable in Age, then the other, when it had the *Freshest Youth* to recommend it.

Deformity strikes the mind with Horror, as Beauty with Love: 'Tis, I confess, a deep Piece of *Policy* to Marry such a Person as a Man cannot Love himself, for fear any body else shou'd Love her. Nor is he always so sure of that neither, since a mishaped body oftentimes covers a more aukward and mishapen mind. And Nature seems to cry, Beware! whenever it shows us one of those *Antick Figures*, and this they are so sensible of themselves, that they are generally either negligent, and squalid of one side, because indeed, they despair of pleasing after all their pains, or else *Spiteful* and *Ma-*

*Malicious Enemies* to all the World, becauſe they think they have but few Friends in it. Nor has it been rarely found, that ſuch Perſons as theſe have been loſt in the *loweſt degrees* of the moſt ſordid Vices, agreeable to their Nature and Inclination: Tho this muſt be own'd, in the laſt place, to prevent the Imputation of *Ill-nature* and *Injuſtice*, that where ſuch as theſe apply themſelves vigorouſly to the Proſecution of Virtue, they become as Famous as any, through a happy reſolution of mind.

But yet on the other ſide, none can deny that Virtue looks much more Charming in a *Beautiful Dreſs*, then in one that's more indifferent or diſpleaſing.

*Katharine Dent*

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## LETTER XIX.

### *Againſt a* She-wit.

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# By Sir *THOMAS*---

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She's ſuch an *Heterogeneous Creature* as *Africa* ne're produced, for *Nature* will have her *Fegaries* too, now and then, in theſe *colder Regions*. The *French* have made it a Queſtion, whether there can be ſuch a thing as a *Wit* of the *Breed* of ſome Nations: I think they'll allow it with much adoe, once or twice in an Age amongſt us *Inſularies*; not that we have any great reaſon to thank them for it, any more than thoſe who firſt tranſported other *Wild-Beaſts* into our Iſland. But above all the Forreſt, defend me from a *She-wit*, and a *She-Tyger*, tho' of the Two, I ſhould think the former the more *terrible*, and that I was ſcarce *ſafe*, tho' the *wooden Bars* in the *Tower* kept the *Peace* between us. Her *Face* I ſhou'd not much quarrel with, tho' generally cut out of the ſame *piece* with the *He-wit's*, nor ſo much as her *Tongue*, tho'

tho' as melodious as a *Cornet*: But it's her *Teeth* and *Nails* that I'm afraid of, for they rankle at the leaſt *touch*, and are more furiouſly venomous than can be imagin'd. Beſides, ſhe's as dangerous at a diſtance, as at *baudy-blows*; ſhe's ſtuck round with *Pens*, as a *Porcupine* with *Quills*, and can dart 'em more ſpeedily and inevitably.

The *Turkiſh Spy* tells us of a *rare Fellow* that cou'd ſhoot *Twenty-five ſhot* within the compaſs of a Penny, out of a little *Pocket-Croſs-bow*; but the *French* ſpoil'd his ſport, and got him *aſſaſſinated*, for fear of the worſt, and becauſe he might do 'em a miſchief. You *She-wits* will ſhoot faſter, and farther, and deeper, and make uſe of *poyſon'd Arrows*, and yet you live under ſo *mild* a *Government*, that it takes no care to *prevent* the *miſchiefs* you may occaſion, does not ſo much as make you find Sureties for your good *Behaviour*: However, abuſe not its *Lenity*, leſt it ſhould turn into *Fury*, and at laſt order your Arms to be ſeiz'd, like thoſe of other dangerous and diſaffected Perſons.

But if you have *Beauty* added to your *Wit*, the Poiſon is ſtill ſtronger, and the Infection more mortal; you fight then as unlawfully, as thoſe who wear Charms about 'em; you can kill every body elſe, and are your ſelves invulnerable. Beſides, you are the Repreſentatives of all your Sex, the

Trea-

Treaſurers of all its Pride and Vanity, its Revenge and Malice, and there wou'd be danger of your Monopolizing 'em, had you not ſuch an *inexhauſtible Fund* amongſt ye; *Potozis* and *Mexico's* pil'd one upon t'other, whoſe bottom it's as hard to find, as that of the King of *Spain's* Treaſure: Nor have you any need of a *Flota* to convoy it home; 'tis your native growth, and ſpreads incredibly; it lies on the very Surface, and kills whatever is near it.

There's indeed no touching one of thoſe ſort of Creatures, nor ſo much as venturing ſafely within ſight of you: It's as dangerous approaching you, as 'tis to diſturb a *Painter* when he's about ſome extraordinary piece of Work; a Man muſt expect as ſoon as 'tis finiſhed, to ſee his Face on ſome Devil's Shoulders: He's ſure to fill a Gap in your next Lampoon, or furniſh a Character in your new Comedy; for if he gives way to the Stream, and lets you have all the Diſcourſe, he's a Dull Fellow, and for that muſt be made an Example; if he ventures to put in a word now and then, he's impertinent, and hinders you from pleaſing your ſelf, and entertaining the Company with your agreeable Converſation.

But above all, woe to the Wretch that's in love with you, for his Torment is ſuch, that nothing can equal it. The *Fantaſtick Devil* will be ſure to *will-o-the wiſp* him about,

about, till he's not able to ſtir, and it may be give him at laſt a dirty Ditch or Quagmire to reſt in. He muſt be the verieſt *Fetch-and Carry*, the moſt arrand *Lover*, the *gentleſt*, *tameſt*, *Creature* that ever was good for nothing but to make a *Husband*. Everlaſting Teizing is his Portion; ſometimes you'll no more let him approach ye, than a *Perſian Bride*, and it may be, a Minute hence, the Wind changes, and you ſtifle him to *Death* with your kindneſs.

Now you are all *Thunder*, by and by nothing to be heard but *gentle Murmurs*; and preſently you are changed into *Tehee* and *Laughter*; but to be ſure your *merry Humour* comes when he's *grave*, and if the *Lover's pleaſant*, for that very reaſon you can once be ſilent.

You'll wink upon his *Rival* before his *Eyes*, and yet he ſhan't dare *complain*, nay, not ſo much as *ſigh*, or look *diſpleaſed*, unleſs he'd eternally *loſe* you. And yet ſtill you find a way to twiſt your ſelves about his Heart again, that it ſhall neither be in his power to hate or forſake you, though he knows not how to love you. Away he flies, when you have provok'd him beyond meaſure, but you can lure him down again, ſtroke him and pleaſe him, make him ſhut his blew Broad Eyes, and ſleep in your *Boſom*.

And

And then if you do *pinion* him, when you have him at ſuch an advantage, whom can he blame but his own eaſineſs and folly?

What ſhou'd you do with wit? it always *overſets* you, your *Sail* is unproportionable to your Ballaſt, when a *Storm* comes, you muſt *down* with all, or inevitably to the *bottom*.

I know no good it does ye, or ever *can*, or what you are the *better* for't, unleſs that it teaches ye to deſpiſe your Husband, and to diſpute with 'em, inſtead of obeying 'em.

Well reſt the Ghoſt of poor *Milton*, who when you had blinded him, like his own *Sampſon*, yet made a ſhift to give you one *Sparring Blow*, before he dy'd. For thus he compliments you, and inſtructs us in his *Sampſon Agoniſtes*.

*---Heav'ns Univerſal Law,*
*Gave to the Man* deſpotick Power,
*Over his Female, in due awe,*
*Nor from that* right *to part an Hour*;
Smile *ſhe or* lour.
*So ſhall he leaſt* Confuſion *draw,*
*On his own* Life, *not* ſway'd
*By Female* Uſurpation, *nor* diſmay'd.

And now we are fall'n upon *Poetry*, pray how many *honeſt Poeteſſes* can you reckon among ye? From *Granny Sappho*, down to *Mother*

*Mother Behn*? If *Boccalin* been't too grave an Author for ye, pray be at the trouble to read a very *edifying Story* in him----'Tis the 22d Advertiſement, 'That the Gentle-'men of *Parnaſſus* having, contrary to their 'ancient Laws, admitted into their Acade-'my, ſeveral virtuous *Lady-Poeteſſes*, they 'were at firſt wonderfully applauded by the 'Virtuoſi, and what with Emulation, 'and what with Love, never were there '*finer Performances* in their publick Schools. 'But within a little while, *Apollo* ſmelt 'out ſome doings amongſt 'em, which did 'not at all pleaſe him; on which he imme-'diately call'd a Parliament, and order'd 'all the *Poeteſſes* to be baniſhed out of his 'Territories, as *Plato* ſerved the *Poets*, ma-'king a *ſtrict Law*, that never any more 'of 'em ſhould be admitted afterwards, 'giving this Reaſon, worthy his wiſdom for 'ſo ſevere a Decree, *becauſe he had found 'by experience, that Womens beſt Poetry was 'in their* Diſtaff *and their* Needle, *and that 'their Exerciſes in common with the* Virtuo-'ſi, *was like* Dogs Play, *which generally 'ends in getting upon one another's Backs.*

They tell a Story of a little *pigmy* ſort of a *Poetaſter*, who was ſo very *light*, he was forc'd to wear *Lead* in his *Shoes*, to prevent his being whiskt round like a Straw, and blown away by every blaſt of *Wind*. You *Lady Poets*, are often ſaid to be obliged to *our Sex* for aſſiſtance in your

Compoſures

Compoſures; but if one of you cou'd but have ſtolen this little Fellow's *Shoes*, and had others made by their Model for all your Siſterhood, 'twou'd have done you more ſervice than the beſt *Plot* or *pair* of Verſes that any of your Sex ever made bold with from the works of your Neighbours.

*THOMAS.*

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*Anſwer to* Letter XIX.

## *Being a Defence of* Wit *and* Poetry *in* Women.

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By Madam *GODFREY.*

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WHy ſo angry with *Wit*, Sir *T.* Remember what a *Good Natur'd Gentleman*, like your ſelf, replies to his *Antagoniſt* on ſuch an occaſion; you might have been made a *Wit* your ſelf, and ſhould you have taken it well, if others had been

been ſo angry with you for no other *Reaſon*?

Ay---but 'tis the *She-wits* that you *declare War* againſt; you are afraid of 'em, and yet you provoke 'em. You make 'em a parcel of *Tygreſſes* and *Cata-mountains*, and all the *Monſters* in the *Tower*, and yet as valiantly as your *Brother Knight* of the Ill-favour'd *Countenance*, go and ſet open their Cage, nay thruſt in a *Staff*, and make 'em cuff it about, without any fear of their ſallying out againſt you: And I believe, after all, you need not fear 'em: For have you not ſeen a harmleſs Familiar Creature, walk about in the ſame Cage with the *Lions*, who yet have ſcorn'd to touch him, and thought him below their Anger? Nothing but Hunger cou'd ever drive 'em to lift up their Mighty Paw againſt him. Even ſo, Sir *T.* But ſo much for *Similies*, and now to the merits of the *Cauſe* in controverſy between us.

I confeſs, I always thought that *Wit* and *Learning* had poliſhed the *Manners*, and render'd all Perſons more refin'd, and more converſible; and that nothing was more fierce, or more untractable, than a *Dunce* or a *Fool*. But 'tis an Age of Paradoxes, Sir *T.* This that we live in, and you are born, I perceive, to do ſervice to Humane-kind, and to ſet us right, and clear our Judgments from theſe and many other vulgar Errors. You aſſure us, that a *Wit*

is

is the moſt fierce and moſt formidable Creature in the World : A thing with a long Tail, huge Horns, vaſt *Glareing Baſon Eyes*, unſufferable tremendous *Claws*, and a *Tail*, as long as a *Blazing-Star*, and as miſchievous as a *Scorpion's*.

But is it not ſtrange that in *Creatures* of the ſame *Species*, there ſhould be ſo vaſt a difference ? Why, there is not more between a tiney *Newt*, or a harmleſs little *Lizzard*, and your vaſt and terrible *Crocodiles*, or *Alligadors*, then between a *Hee*, and a *Shee-Wit*, according to your way of deſcribing the one, and what we know of the other. Since your *Hee-Wits*, Sir *T.* by all that we cou'd ever obſerve, and as you know by experience, are often the gentleſt tameſt Creatures, that we Ladys are no more afraid of, then of our *Squirrils :* We have 'em in a *Chain*, they fling themſelves about from one place to t'other, are never at reſt, but always good humour'd and diverting, and give 'em but a handful of *Filberts*, you ſhall have 'em the beſt Company in the World. Tho theſe, I confeſs, are only the *Tame-Wits* of whom I'm diſcourſing, and are among whom our Acquaintance chiefly lies ; Thoſe who are refin'd and poliſh'd by their Converſation with the *Fairer Sex*, whoſe company you muſt own, exceeds the beſt Academys in theſe matters, ſince for thoſe of ye who run wild, and only herd with one another, how

ſhould

ſhould you but retain your *Native Fierceneſs*, and yet certainly you might be tamed too, with our *good management*, unleſs you are worſe then *Elephants*.

You are affraid of our Painting; Sir *T.* and leſt you ſhou'd ſee your own ſweet Face expos'd by ſome of our Pencils more to the Life then you'd deſire: But yet a wiſe Man wou'd not be too much affraid of a diſtant and only *poſſible danger*: Beſides, there are ſome Faces ſo very hard to hit, ſo full of ſo many *pretty oddneſſes*, and *particularities*, and ſo very *Jeneſceay-quoyiſh*, that a *Good Artiſt* would hardly venture his Reputatition in attempting 'em. However, ſhou'd we ever venture to draw it, we promiſe you we won'not be ſo Malitious as to put a Tail to't.

But you ſay, 'tis ill truſting ſuch *Edge-Tools*, as wit in our Hands. I confeſs, Sir, you have reaſon, for if we once knew how to uſe 'em, we ſhould ſoon beat ye at your *own Weapons*; at *Mother-Wit*, you own we outdo ye already; and who can blame you for endeavouring to keep us from improving it, ſince we ſhould then be doubly your *Maſters?*

It were but fair tho, after after all theſe quarrels about Wit, that you would be ſo kind to tell us what it is, leſt we ſhou'd diſpute, and you ſhould blame us for what yet never had a real being.

If

If it be, a *juſt Imaging of Nature*, why may not our Sex attempt it as well as yours, and what inconvenience could follow, ſhould they ſucceed in't, and why may not they do it *Maſterly* as well as *Bungling*? Succeſs in theſe things depending partly upon Obſervation, and partly on cuſtom, but chiefly on a lively Imagination and a *happy Genius*. And indeed it's in this quickneſs of the Imagination, wherein Wit may be thought Principally to conſiſt, according to the moſt uſual acceptation of the word, altho, if conſider'd to the bottom, it may be this *Definition* would be found to fall in with the former. However, all are agreed, that Readineſs of Thought, and Sharpneſs of Repartee, are great Inſtances of Wit, and that in ſuch *Lucky turns* we may ſee the livelieſt Glances of it. And if in theſe you will not pretend to come near us, what is there in them, I beſeech you to tell us, for which you can juſtly blame us? Theſe things are Diverting, and Surprizing, and Agreeable, and for which you value your ſelves very highly, and you pretend you are fond of 'em too in us, when you can find 'em.

That Wit, in Woman found ſo rare as one of your own *aſſuming Sex* deſcribes it, and yet when you have found it, you are always envying and pecking at it; Neither

*Folly*

*Folly* nor *Wit* in our *Sex* will please ye, and yet you have *Indifference* as much as either.

But our next Accusation is for *Poetry*, another *Mortal Sin*, which no *Indulgence* from your *Infallibilities*, it seems, must *Pardon*.

And why should you envy us the little we have of it? A few *Airy Songs*, or a Copy of *whineing Love-Verses* to our Faithless unconscionable *Bajazet*, is, for the most part, all that we pretend to. If by a *Miracle*, we Write a *New Play* now and then, or Vamp up an old one, you know that's our Top, and seldom there, any higher then Farce or Comedy. But for *High* and *Mighty Epic*, for the most perfect work of *Humane Nature*, we leave that entirely unto you, none of ours having ever invaded that province; you may, as long as you please, Write *Dull Folio*'s your selves, nor shall we envy the Honour you have in Composing 'em, nor the Happiness of others in Perusing 'em.

But you are most troubled at our want of *Honesty*: As much, I suppose, as most of your *Chast* and *Virtuous Sex*; tho you are more troubled where you find that Accusation a Slander, as it is much more frequently then Truth and Justice. But however, pray whether of these two is it, *Poetry*, or *Wit*, that makes us dishonest, and how come either of 'em to have such

diſmal effects on us, and no ſuch thing in you? O! 'Tis the ſtrength of your Tempers, the Firmneſs of your minds, and your *Conſummated Habits* of *Virtue*, 'tis theſe doubtleſs that are ſuch *Powerful Antidotes*, that they can reſiſt ſuch ſubtle Poyſons, and whereof you are ſo plentifully ſtored, that if you think they would have the ſame effect in us, 'twou'd be a Noble *Piece* of *Charity* to aſſiſt us with a good quantity of it, ſince 'tis to be ſuppos'd you have very *large Funds* of your own, which high Obligation ſhou'd be ever acknowledg'd by

*Your Humble*, &c.

*Rachel Godfrey.*

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LET-

## LETTER XX.

### *Against Womens Jealousy.*

By Mr. *TRENCHFEILD.*

WHen 'tis your own case, you have a ready excuse for the basest Infidelity, and when you have given us the *broadest Signs* of your Falsehood, and we must pull out our *Eyes* if we would not see them yet forsooth, we *legitimate* all your Injustice by daring to suspect it: And wou'd you be willing to have this turn'd upon you, or where is the *Equity*, that you'll allow this to be very fair o' your side, but not of ours? There's nothing more vexatious nor more common amongst you then this Tormenting Vice of Jealousy: 'Tis almost as natural t'ye as *Pride* and *Peevishness*, for 'tis an apparent mixture of both. It argues the meanes of your Tempers too, as well as, too often, your own *Infidelity*. Little minds are most apt to suspition, (of which *Argus* is a notable in[illegible]) which the great and brave abhor, and had much rather be ill us'd [illegible]

then cauſeleſsly ſuſpect any Injury. Guilt it ſelf is the moſt Jealous thing in *Nature*: 'Tis a ſore ſuſpition you have been formerly in the *Oven*, by your peeping ſo often into't. There's no poſſibility of ſatisfying a *Jealous Woman*; were you Marry'd to an *Eunuch*, you wou'd ſcarce truſt him out of your ſight, any more then the Famous *Turkiſh* Emperor: I wonder you have never yet invented *Male Padlocks*, ſince you'd gladly keep the Men up as cloſe as the *Eaſterlings* do their *Women*: And when they have eſcaped Priſon for an hour, or a day, ne're a Prince in *Europe* has more *Spies* about him then a *poor Husband*: Who ſhall ſcarce look on another *Woman*, but his own hears on't almoſt as ſoon as the *Glance* is over; but if he dares proceed ſo far as a *civil Salute*, he's a *gon Man*, and I know not how he'll dare lift up his Face any more before his *Lady Wife*: Alas, poor *Husband*! This is his condition, and ſo much worſe that one can ſcarce conceive it without the hazard of a very dangerous experiment, and actually entring into the Nooſe to Learn what 'tis. How many Lives have been ſacrific'd to that *inſatiate Fiend*, a *Female Jealouſy*, and what *Hecatombs* wou'd be ſufficient to *appeaſe* it! You are all *Medea's* and *Circe's*, and *Poiſons* and *Daggers* are your mildeſt preſents on ſuch occaſions, and the very ſuſpition of one *Crime* in the Man, ſhall too often be follow'd

follow'd with the *Perpetration* of many much blacker from his *implacable Governeſs*.

Or if you are not quite ſo *outragious*, you make it out, as far as you are able, in leſſer, but perpetual *Vexations!* As *importunate* you are as Flies in *July*, and like them, as impotent as you appear, you can yet draw Blood where e're you ſettle. You *hurry* us with your *Peals*, as your foreſaid Friend complains of one of your Predeceſſors. What an *incredible Copia* you have? How came you by ſuch an *Inexhauſtible* ſtock of words, and ſo much *Natural Eloquence?* Here you diſplay all your *Figures*, and envy us none of your *Rhetorick*. You are never at a ſtand unleſs when you are out of Breath, or *Chap-fall'n* with *too violent motion*; and what haſte ought an honeſt man to make in ſuch a caſe for a *Surgeon*, to get all ſet right again?

Even Night it ſelf, the *Eaſer* of all other Cares, brings no benefit to the miſerable wretch that's haunted with ſuch a *Domeſtick Fiend*: What makes up all other *Breaches* only widens theirs: The *Sun* may ſet and riſe, and ſet again, but ſhe's no Changeling: The *Bed's* her *Chappel*, and ſhe ſays her Prayers there, but 'tis as *Witches* do, all backward.

She has an admirable *Memory*, that's the Truth on't, and ſhall run ye back ten, or

twenty years, and give the poor Man as exact a *Catalogue* of all his *Sins*, as if ſhe had been his *Evil Genius*, that tempted him to commit 'em. He reſts, but 'tis as the Saint did upon *Gridirons*: When ſhe's tired, which may be about *Cock-crowing*, and ſleep with much a ado *Tongue-bolts* her for a few moments, he's ſtill but little the better, and even ſhe is her own Tormentor; ſhe dreams every moment that ſhe ſurprizes him in *anothers Arms*, *Screeches* out and ſnatches after him, till ſhe wakes him in as great a fright as her ſelf; unleſs he's diſturb'd and ſtarts up before, at her terrible ſhape, that ſtill creeps in through her *cloſed Eyelids*, and repeats all the *Lectures* ſhe had juſt been giving him.

Even the *Church* is no *Sanctuary* to him from her *intolerable vexation*, ſhe accompanys him thither more out of *Spite* then *Devotion*, watches him as ſharp as an old *Uſurer* his *Rich Hiereſs*, keeps her Eye as intently fix'd on his, as if ſhe were duelling him, and if it ever chance to fall on any Female Face in the whole Company, ſhe's ready to unſheath her Talons, fly out of the *Seat* at her, and faſten like a Catt, to the *Deſtruction* of her *innocent rigging*. And here's abundant matter for *Repetition*, when they get home again, as well as for *Invention* and *Malice* a long time after. She's ſuch a deepſighted Polititian, that, with her, whatever may be, always is; ſhe never

never wants Circumſtances to ſet off her *Venemous Imaginations*, ſhe *Poiſons* the *faireſt Fame* with but breathing on't. All *Womankind*, in her opinion, is one great Strumpet, and ſhe's Jealous of 'em all, leſt her *Grand Signior* ſhou'd reduce 'em into one *Seraglio*.

Nay, ſhe's Jealous even of her ſelf, leſt he ſhou'd think of others while he's embracing her, and not content of Perſecuting him in this World, wou'd fain carry her cruelty even beyond the Grave. She's Mortally affraid of dying firſt, leſt he ſhou'd Marry again, ſhe thinks *Second Marriages* but another ſort of Adultery, and abſolutely unlawful, and if any thing cou'd make her content to leave him, 'twou'd be the hopes of *haunting* him in the time of his *Second Wife*, drawing the *Curtains*, glaring in upon 'em, pulling off the Cloaths from 'em, and ſliding in cold between 'em. And earneſtly wiſhes for the Enchanted *Ring* they talk of, which made one of the *French* Kings ſo mad for his *Miſtreſs*, and doat upon her very Carcaſs.

*Robert Trenchfield.*

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

## *Answer to* Letter XX.

## *Concerning Jealousy in Women.*

### By Madam *BRIGGINSHAW*.

YOU must own *Jealousy* is sometimes a *Sign* of *Love*; you so often give us reason to be *Jealouse*, there is not a Creature in the World more *Jealouse* then a *Husband*, and yet you run on in the *Old Track*, load us with all the *odium* you can rake together, and would have us believe *your Sex* is perfectly innocent.

Why should a Wife ever concern her self at what her Husband did, had she not an extraordinary tenderness for him? And does she not deserve better returns then she generally meets with, for enduring so painful a Passion only on his Account, whereas if she never Lov'd him, she would know nothing of it?

You are all ready enough to blame our Sex, whether with, or without Reason, and to exclaim against 'em, if they manifest the least Resentment in cases of this Nature.

ture: You would have us be all ſuch perfect *Grizzles* as the Woman that *Lucy* talks of, who furniſht a Chamber for her Husbands *Conveniencies:* But you cannot think it ſo very eaſy for a *Woman* of *Spirit* to digeſt an affront of ſo high a Nature: We do not care for being ſlighted any more then you, we think we deſerve *Love*, and may reaſonably expect it: But when after the moſt *Solemn Vows*, the moſt paſſionate and private *Oaths*, and publick *Solemnities*, a *Fine Woman* ſhall be left in a few Months, it may be, for ſome contemptible diſeaſe, or at leaſt common and mercenary *Creature*; this would provoke any thing that is not *all a Saint*, which *Character* not very many; either of us or you can pretend to: And no other Reaſon given for this Treatment but, ſhe's a *Wife*, with a *Curſe* at one end on't. And how common this is at preſent, how difficult to find any of your Sex who are Maſters of any more fidelity or honeſty, all the *Surgeons* in Town can Witneſs, as well as the unwholeſome dwindling Remains of many conſiderable Families. I can ſcarce forbear Naming ſome of 'em, did not decency forbid it: There are *few Letters* in the *Alphabet* that wou'd not point at one or other.

There's my Lord, *A.* and *B.* and *C.* and *D.* and Sir *E. F.* and *G. H.* and *J. K.* and *L. M. N.* and Sir *O. P.* and Squire *Q. R.* tho I think there's but one of that Name, and

even Mr. *S. T.* and *V. W.* and I might go on at the ſame rate were there a *Hundred Letters* in the Alphabet, or ſhould I repeat it an hundred times over, or *Ring* as many *Changes* upon't as one may upon *Four* and *Twenty Bells*. And while mankind is ſo Univerſally falſe, whether would you think it a piece of *Charity*, or *Folly* in a Woman never to ſuſpect, Nay, not to believe her Eyes, when the Baſeneſs and Villany of your Sex appears ſo Glaringly before 'em? It is not indeed, properly *Jealouſy* or *Suſpition*, but certainty and demonſtration, when matters are once brought to this paſs: But you'll ſay, ſuppoſe an Husband has been once falſe, he may be better, and we ought to hope better of him: Why truly, I know no *abſolute Impoſſibility* in the *Repentance* of the *Devils* themſelves, but yet I'm ſure they are fallen; and have not ſo large a *Charity* for them, as I have heard one of the Fathers had, who fully believ'd they ſhould be *ſav'd*: It is not often that Men *repent*, when arriv'd to any heigth of *Wickedneſs*: They ſhould have ſtopt ſhort before they had got ſo far; when they are fallen, they muſt needs be down, and who can undo what is *once done* in ſuch caſes? or how can we help *Remembring* the *Treaſon*, when we have the *Traitor* always before our Eyes? When it is your own Caſe, you plead that the Marriage is effectually diſſolv'd by any *one Act*, on the Womans

ſide

ſide of this *Nature*. But pray how many muſt go to it on the *Mans*? Or if one were ſufficient, how few *Marriages* would remain undiſſolv'd? It is indeed this conſideration, and the kindneſs we have to our *Families*, and the order of the World, and even to our *Falſe* and *Tyrannical Maſters*, which inclines us to put up more *Affronts* of this *Nature*, then it were poſſible for us to digeſt, were we not more *unpaſſionate* and more capable of Reaſon then you generally repreſent us; Eſpecially when you have ſo far ſuborn'd cuſtom to your ſide, as unreaſonable a *Tyrant* as your ſelves, that it has paſt it into one of its own unequal Laws, that it is the *Duty* of a *Woman* to be all *Milk* and *Butter*, all *ſweetneſs* and *ſoftneſs*, when her Husband keeps a Brace, or a *Leaſh* of *Rampant Whores* under her *Noſe*, it may be in the very Houſe, and maintain'd by her *Fortune*, to bring Beggery and Diſeaſes into the Family: Whereas when a Gentleman is but ſeen near a *Woomans Apartment*, if he dares but peep into the *Avenues* of the *Seraglio*, immediately nothing's to be heard but *Piſtols* and *Daggers*, and *Divorces* and *Acts* of *Parliament*, and all the *terrible* things in *Nature*. Now altho you are pleas'd for ſome *Politick Reaſons*, to give your ſelves ſo great an *Advantage*, without any regard to the weakneſs of our Sex, or the *Temptations* of your own, or *Generoſity*, or ſo much as common

mon Juſtice; yet you might permit us ſtill to keep that *little Portion* of *Common Sence*, which *Nature* has given us, and tho we have ſo little means to right our ſelves, give us leave to know when we are injur'd, and to be uneaſy under the *Injuſtice*. For ſuppoſe us, for once, to have all the *Charity* and *Goodneſs* which you think we want, yet one ſuch wound, one *Act* of *Infidelity*, if it ſhould not be *Mortal* to our Love, muſt yet needs leave a deep and a laſting Scar behind it. Such too well grounded *Suſpitions*, with ſuch *Ruinous matter of Fact* to *ſupport* 'em, as you can never blame us for 'em, unleſs you do the ſame for having Eyes, or for thinking, and making uſe of our *Reflection* and *Reaſon*.

I cannot deny but we know we are never the better, for all the diſcoveries we make of this Nature, nay, that it would be on ſome Accounts the wiſer way to reſt our ſelves content in ignorance, rather then by enquiring into your *Infidelitys*, to have only a miſerable choice left us, either to be *diſappointed* in our *ſearch* by your deeper cunning, and ſo loſe all our expence and time, or if we find what we expect, to give our ſelves the moſt ſenſible *Affliction* and *Torment*: Yet on the other ſide, you muſt acknowledge that *ſuſpence* is one of the moſt *uneaſy conditions* of Life, and you can hardly with Juſtice blame us if we deſire to get out of it, and to know the worſt, whatever it coſts us. *LYDIAH BIGGINSHAW.*

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## LETTER XXI.

### *That a* True Wife's Incorrigible.

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By *Mr. AXTEL*——

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I don't mean that ſhe *ought* not to be *corrected*, but that if ſhe be, ſhe'll be never the better for't, and that ſhe's ſo conſummately perverſe, that there's no manner of way to work upon her. A *Tyger* may be *tam'd*, a *Lion* may have his *Teeth* knockt out, and *Claws* pared, and any other ſort of *Viper* its *Sting* pulled out; but do all this to a *Woman*, ſhe'll be a meer *Woman* ſtill: If you knock out her *Teeth*, ſhe'll mumble you with her implacable *Gums*; nay, if you pull out her *Tongue*, ſhe'll certainly ſcold with the *ſtump* on't, while the leaſt *bit* is left. A *Ducking Stool* is but a ſort of *Chair of State* with 'em, when enthron'd there, they are at the top of their Preferment: The Water is ſo far from cooling a ſeaſon'd Scold, that ſhe is more likely to heat the Water; ſhe fizzes

as ſhe goes down, and makes it at leaſt Summer about her. She's like *Achilles* dipt in *Styx*, perfectly invulnerable, and contracts as much additional *hardneſs* as *Steel*, by being quench'd in *Water*. The whole Sex are akin to the *Taylor*'s *Wife*, they'll be ſnapping their Fingers as ſoon as they riſe, ſink 'em as deep as ye will; and when you ſee an *Anvile* the ſofter for being hammer'd every Day, you may hope the ſame good effect from diſciplining a *Woman*, whoſe *depraved Stomach* turns not only Food, but wholeſome Phyſick into the rankeſt Poyſon.

Were I to direct a *Painter* to draw the *Labour in vain*, he ſhould throw aſide the old Story of *Lathering* the *Blackmoor*, and inſtead of it, ſhould paint the *Taming of the Shrew*, which is ſcarce probable enough to make a *Play* of it, becauſe none can affirm 'tis a true *Image of Life*. An *Opera* indeed might be made on't, ſuch another buſineſs as the *Tempeſt*, but the Characters would be as incredible, and much ſtranger than the *two Cubbs* begot by an *Incubus*.

There's a dark ſullenneſs, a black rooted obſtinacy in all the Sex, the ſame keen ſturdineſs that we find in the Blacks, and tho' ye ſhould cut the *Snakes* all to pieces, every little bit of 'em would fly in your Face.

Well, will *fair means* do any better with 'em? will *kindneſs* and *lenity* work on their

good

good *Natures*? Yes, just as much as 'twill upon a *Wolf's*, whom ye have saved from the Tree, and brought home to make a House Dog of him: Have at your *Mutton*, if he can any ways get a fling at it, and if he once breaks loose, he's ten times worse than ever.

Whoever knew a *Woman* the better for being kindly us'd? No, 'tis your Duty, you ought to do no less; nay, you dare do no otherwise, and who should thank you only for paying them their own?

This 'tis to be so very well opinion'd of themselves, they have such an abundant stock of *Conceit*, that they merit more than all; they are out of reach of *Civility*, and 'tis impossible to oblige them.

It shows indeed the Generosity of their Temper, that the more they are lov'd, the more still they insult. They have then a Handle, an Excuse for domineering, the couchant Husband or Lover must bid Farewel to the Reins and Saddle, know his distance, and learn obedience.

But your Patience shall prevail as little as your Love: Who would not tread upon a Footstool? And the more you have born already, the more you are like to bear, as you are the better able. Your Brains lie in your Shoulders, for there is all your Wisdom. It's pity such excellent Vertues should rust, for want of due Exercise and Employment: Doubtless, *Matrimony* is a

state

ſtate of great Perfection, it has in it ſo much Mortification.

Be the Wife Virtuous or Falſe, 'tis much the ſame thing as to the Man's Eaſe and Happineſs, for if ſhe's incorrigibly Virtuous, there's nothing in the World ſo imperious and aſſuming; and becauſe ſhe is not a *Whore*, expects you can do no leſs than fall down and worſhip her; tho' it may be, 'tis want of *Beauty* or *Opportunity* that keeps her---I won't ſay honeſt, but as ſhe is. An Honeſt Shrew there's as little hopes of, as of a Preciſe Hypocrite. They ſtand upon their Honour, and are both ſo good, you know not how to mend 'em; and they neither envy the World the knowledge of their Virtues, for you never need fear but you ſhall hear of 'em. 'Ah-- did 'I ſerve you as other Women do their Hus-'bands, and keep a brace or two o'Gal-'lands under your Noſe, I ſhou'd not be 'us'd thus. I ſhou'd not wear ſuch a Toad 'of a Gown here, not fit to make *Shoe-'Clouts*: I ſhou'd have more reſpect and 'Benevolence, and Worſhip, and Obe-'dience.

O'rother ſide, if ſhe's a Grain too light, tho' you throw in whole Mountains, you cou'd not turn the Scale. You muſt not believe your own dear Eyes in thoſe caſes, much leſs your Ears, tho' your Diſhonour be peeling in 'em every moment. Baſe, Jealous, Suſpicious, Dog in a Manger, are it may

may be, ſome of the fineſt Salutations the poor humble wretch muſt expect, to make his *Horns* ſit eaſie; or if ſhe once fear he begins to uſe his Eyes, and reſent it in earneſt, then all the Sexes Magazine is preſently open'd, the Dreſſing-Box of their Minds, which they can paint too, when they pleaſe, and diſguiſe beyond knowledge, as well as their Faces. The Sobs, and Tears, and Smiles, and Fits, and cunning half Confeſſions, and impudent ſturdy Denials, as occaſion ſerves, and ſhe finds it moſt convenient, and according as his Heart is unguarded, and his ſoft ſide lies open. *Milton* will once more ſhow 'em their Picture, and they can't deny but 'tis to the Life.

---'Theſe are thy wonted Arts,
'And Arts of every Woman falſe like thee,
'To break all Faith, all Vows, Deceive, Betray.
'Then, as *Repentant* to ſubmit, beſeech,
'And Reconcilement move, with feign'd remorſe,
'Confeſs, and promiſe Wonders in her Change,
'Not truly Penitent, but chief to try
'Her Husband, how far urg'd his Patience bears
'His Virtue or weakneſs which way to aſſail:

'Then

'Then with more cautious and inſtructed Skill,
'Again *Tranſgreſſes*, and again *Submits.*

Like to a Miracle; for if he doats on, and believes heartily, they are ſafe enough, and juſt as much alter'd as the Sea is by the ſhining of the Sun, or the Motion of the Wind. The Surface is a little varied, but the unfathomable bottom is ſtill the ſame, the Water as ſalt and bitter as ever, and the Waves as dangerous and unconſtant. What it loſes in one Place, it gains in another; and tho' it can't daſh the Rock in pieces at one ſtroke, 'twill wear it by degrees, and in time it may make it moulder away to nothing.

And thus 'tis, if a Man arms himſelf with never ſo much Reſolution againſt his *vexatious Spouſe*, ſhe will find a way to get within him ſome way or other, and trip up his Heels, though never ſo much upon his Guard. Shee'll weather out even his Patience, and make him as weak and peeviſh as her ſelf, if he han't a ſharp Eye upon her, and obſerve how ugly it looks in her, and how ill a Phyſitian he muſt needs be eſteemed, who is himſelf infected by that Diſeaſe he pretends to cure.

Nay,

Nay, tho' he help himſelf with his *Wit*, though he takes never ſo many different Methods, turns his Thoughts never ſo many ways, ſhe'll eaſily countermine him; the natural vanity of a Woman renders all ineffectual. The Symptoms change every Hour, and then there's little likelihood of ſo much as diſcovering the Diſtemper, much leſs removing it. The Wind roars round the Compaſs every Glaſs, and then the moſt skilful Steerſman in all the Watry World, muſt needs be at a loſs.

There are ſo many Mazes in a Female Mind, that they often loſe themſelves in 'em; much more may they loſe us. I deſpair to find a Clue to conduct me quite through it, and therefore here I leave it, without venturing any farther.

*Ralph Axtel.*

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*Anſwer*

## *Answer to* Letter XXI.

## *That an* Ill Wife's *not Incorrigible.*

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By Madam *BARNES.*

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SEvere Cenſures indeed! that will not ſo much as give us leave to mend, after you have reckon'd up all the Faults we are guilty of, and a Thouſand more, which never enter'd into our Minds. I confeſs I thought all Creatures that were indu'd with Reaſon, were by that Faculty alſo capacitated to review their Actions, and where they had formerly done amiſs, to do better: Nay, I have obſerved even Creatures without Reaſon, will travel more carefully when they come to a Place where they have formerly ſtumbled, or bin in danger: But have we leſs *Senſe* even than what is *Irrational*? or will you not allow us ſo much as that ſhadow of *Reaſon*, which all give to Beaſts themſelves? or muſt a *true Wife*, as you call her, be neceſſarily of the ſame Temper

Temper with a *true Husband*, rather to go on and break her Neck, than acknowledge ſhe was miſtaken in the Road, and ask the Direction of her Fellow Travellers? Thus far indeed I muſt confeſs, that ſome Perſons have ſuch a way of Teaching, that they plainly confeſs they have no mind any ſhould learn ought from them, eſpecially if the Scholar's of a free and ingenuous Temper. You never knew a Bird taught to ſing, when you held him by the Throat, and the poor little Creature was juſt ſtruggling for Life. Let us at leaſt hop about our Cage, if you'll not allow us an *Aviary*: This may in time bring us off from our wild Notes, and make us ſing whatever you pleaſe: Unleſs you expect we ſhould ſay that *white*'s *black*, and pay you ſuch an Obedience, as the Church of *Rome* requires of her Votaries: But were it not more deſirable to have a Reaſonable Creature in your Boſom, than one whom you had render'd perfectly ſtupid, without any Choice or Will? And can you deny that we are obliged in ſome Caſes to diſobey you? which we can never do, though you ſhould command us to perpetrate the greateſt Crimes, or to endure the worſt of Villanies, if you have once taken away that Reaſon which muſt be the guide of all our Actions.

A generous Nature is eaſily to be wrought upon, if you go about it the right way; but Force is only a fit Argument for a Beaſt or a *Slave*; and if you make uſe of it on thoſe who have the ſame Principle of Reaſoning with your ſelves, you may perhaps make 'em fear ye, but it is certain they will never love ye: Nay, even that Fear will by degrees wear away, ſince it is very natural to ſlight frequent and unreaſonable Anger, which like any other Correction manag'd at the ſame rate may harden, but not amend us. Now why ſhould not you Men, who fancy your ſelves indu'd with ſuch a Supererrogation of Prudence, make choice of ſuch means as would infallibly attain the ends you propoſe, rather than ſuch as you know would effect the quite contrary? eſpecially when thoſe Methods are more pleaſing and eaſie to you, as well as us? You ſay you would fain have us better, and reform ſome Vanities and Follies whereof you think us guilty: If you are in earneſt, and had not rather have us continue faulty, on purpoſe that you may have the pleaſure of finding fault with us, learn for once from a Woman how to deal with Women, for we ſhould be beſt acquainted with our ſelves.

And in the first place, we don't desire to be thought full out such Angels as you represented us for your own Ends, at your first Acquaintance. How can you expect to have us make good what you your selves did never believe, tho' you have often enough said and sworn it, in the heat of Courtship? Set off all those heightnings, allow for 'em all when you come nearer. You take us at last for *better for worse*, as we do you, Person, and Portion, and Faults, and all together; and as you would hardly refuse or throw back a good Portion for one Brass Half-Crown in't, you should, we would hope, allow us as fair Play as you do our adorable Bags; take good and bad in a Lump; at least overlook the one, if but tolerable and inconsiderable, for the sake of the other. In short, little Faults, in some cases, can hardly be taken notice of without a greater, especially if severely insisted on, and unconscionably aggravated, and never forgotten; which must needs by degrees sower our Minds; and were they not generally more confirm'd in Patience and other Vertues than your Sex, which gives 'em sufficient occasion to exercise 'em, would be apt to throw 'em into the worst Extravagancies.

But if your Example and Conversation should incline us to greater Faults, yet why may not we amend, as we have known

known ſome of your ſelves, when there has been but little hopes of you? A calm, a kind, a ſeaſonable and rational repreſenting our Errors, with the ill-conſequences of 'em, can hardly miſs Succeſs. But when did you know a Furious Reproof work any good effect; or how ſhou'd it, when the Reprover himſelf, as he manages, is guilty of, it may be, as great a fault as thoſe againſt whom he exclaims with ſo much bitterneſs, and ſo little diſcretion? A harſh Reproof is like cold Water thrown on a Bed of *Saffaring* after 'tis newly ſown; it hardens the Earth, and ſtarves the Seed: But one that carries Kindneſs and Concern with it, is like warm Water; it enters kindly, cheriſhes the little ſprouting Principles of Life, ſoftens the Earth, and brings a plentiful Crop, to recompence the Gardiner's Induſtry and Labour. Violence, and Noiſe, and Eagerneſs, have ſo little of Reaſon in themſelves, that they ever diſcredit the beſt Reaſon, and for the moſt part render it unprofitable, when it lights into ſuch bad Company: It looks like an Abuſe, and an Attack, rather than a Kindneſs, and we are apt to be upon our Guard in ſuch Caſes, to keep the Gate ſhut, and even exclude a Friend, for fear of admitting an Enemy.

Eſpe-

Especially when all this is done in publick, for every little Fault, and often none at all, in the more provoking and assuming manner, beyond the patience even of a Woman to suffer it.

Wherefore would you be at the pains to use the quite contrary Methods, would you observe our Tempers and Inclinations, and work us accordingly, and bend us by degrees, and take time and pains about us, you might bring us to take whatever Ply you desire, and make your own Lives and ours, much happier.

*Dorothy Barnes.*

## LETTER XXII.

### *Againſt Plays.*

By Mr. *KINGHAM.*—

YES, here you're in your *Element*, and 'twou'd be a more difficult matter to make you renounce Plays, then to embrace the *Alcoran*, and you like 'em the better for what *Pryn* tells you of 'em, that they were formerly expreſsly reckon'd among the *Pomps* and *Vanities* of the *World*; nor will it much move you, that *Satan* and they were us'd to ſtand and fall together. The *Play-houſe* is your *Church*, and you had much rather be *Excommunicated* from dear St. *Brides* it ſelf, then from that yet more convenient place of *Aſſignation*. Here you Learn all that you think is neceſſary for your Sex to know, and yet more, ſee it put in practice at leaſt, if you don't juſt then do it your ſelves. To diſobey your *Parents*, *diſoblige* your *Friends*, *ogle*, and then *bilk* your *Lover*, *cheat* your *Husband*, talk pertly and lewdly, and laugh at all that's graver and better then your ſelves.

This

This is the rare *Academy* to form your minds, or rather to ruine 'em, and often your Eſtates and Bodys with 'em. How many *Modern Plays* can you ſhow me without a more then *moderate ſhare* of *Impiety* and *Lewdneſs*. The beſt are patterns of *Revenge* and *Fooliſh Love*, that eithe weaken the mind or miſlead it: The moſt I'm ſure are ſo unfit for any *civiliz'd Countrey*, that I've often wondred how any of your Sex, who are not Profeſs'd--could have Impudence to ſit 'em out, or read 'em, or their Authors to ſet their Names to 'em: For them indeed, they have an excuſe, which you beſt know the Truth of, that the Stage is an Image of Life, and that they only repreſent things as they find 'em, and Women juſt what they are; which if true, is very much for your Sexes and the preſent Ages *Reputation*. For your ſelves, they have either taught you the way, or you have Learnt it from Mother Nature, to ſet out as *fulſom ſtuff* as *N. Lees*, Princeſs of *Cleve*, without *Bluſhing*. You don't underſtand it, pretty *Innocents*! No more then a Viper does Poiſon, which is his *daily Food*, and almoſt the Air he breaths; for there's a great *harmony*, it ſeems, between *Sabina's ſences* and your *underſtandings*.

But ſuppoſe, for once, there cou'd a *modeſt play* be found, I mean in the *Expreſſions*, what are we the better if the whole *Action*, as it generally happens, inſinuates nothing

but *looſeneſs* and *lewdneſs*? Are you all ſuch *Veſtals* to be proof againſt the *Allurements* of *Muſick*, and the more fatal *Witchcraft* of *Poetry* and *Example*, when it may be at the ſame time a *Bevy* of *Fops* hang about your *Ears*, (as *Milton* ſays, the old Traitor did at *Eves*, tho in a little more proper ſhape,) and prodigally *ſquander* their *Wit* and *Souls*, and all, ſtriving who ſhall damn theirs faſteſt to perſwade you to damn yours.

Not that I'd ſcandalize 'em with being *always witty* neither: No, they ſeldom offend againſt that rule of Mr. *Cowley*, and are well enough pleas'd with following his advice; Rather then all be wit, let none be there. For I'm apt to believe the greateſt part of their *Converſation* is juſt ſuch as pleaſes you, and ſuch as you're capable of, as dull as you cou'd hear in e're a *Countrey Church* in *Chriſtendom*.

But your wiſe diſcourſe has carry'd me off from the *Play*; which is the only good it does in the *Theatre*, where your chat can hardly be worſe then the Actors, and therefore the lowder the better.

How often is't you there ſee Virtue proſperous, and vice unhappy? So far from it that the *Play-wrights* tell you now poſitively, 'tis none of their *buſineſs* to make 'em ſo. They have got *poſſeſſion*, they make their own *Rules*, and you muſt take their *Heroes* as you find 'em.

Or

Or if they do now and then kill a *Don John*, or a *Maximinian*, to *thin* the *Stage* a little, and turn off ſome *over-grown Villain*, they yet generally take a particular care not to let him repent; they kill him while he's in an ill mind, ſtaring and blaſpheming at ſuch a rate, that even when he falls, you muſt think him an *even-match* for *Heaven*.

But what's this ſtill to *common Life*, where Vice is expos'd indeed, but only in order to *Imitation*. A little *Atheiſm*, or whoring, tho with the Aggravation of Infidelity, Inceſt, and all the Fowleſt Blackeſt Names that cou'd raiſe bluſhes in a very Heathen, ſhall break no ſquares: The Spark ſtill ſhall obtain his beautiful and wealthy *Miſtreſs*, three or four of his laſt conveniences ſoder'd up again, and marry'd to ſome plodding *Countrey Gentleman*, and all's as well as ever.

They tell you 'tis a ſign he *Repents* when he *Marrys*, if they had ſaid this brought him in a fair way to't, they had ſaid ſomething, but as 'tis, they are for the moſt part a Mouth or two ſhort of the mark.

After all, one wou'd wonder how dullneſs cou'd be ſo *Charming*, were it not a little ſet off with *Lewdneſs*, and how the ſame heavy Tale, only a new turn of words, it may be, and a ſilly naſty Song, or two, *chopt* in at the opening of a Scene, with perhaps ſome ingenious Dance of *Devils*

and *Hobby-Horſes*; how ſuch ſtuff as this ſhould be heard, or read with ſo much as *patience*, much more with *diverſion*. For I dare affirm, that ſome hundreds of our Modern Plays have the very *ſame Plot* at bottom, either ſtol'n from ſome of the Ancients, or a *Spaniſh Novel*, or from one another. The *Squire* and the *Lady* talk always alike. Tell me the *Character*, I'll as ſurely tell you their *Converſation*, as from one of—*Rymes*: I'll gueſs at another, and wou'd any one be at the pains to make a *Scrutiny* through all our Comedys, there would be much fewer diſtinct *Characters* then he'd imagin, tho we have the advantage of *humour* too above all the World.

But you can Learn more, you ſay, ſometimes by one *Play* then by 10 *Sermons*; and that may be too, as you may manage the matter, you ſometimes hearken to one, but you ſleep out all the other.

There may indeed, ſome good *Herbs* be found among ſo many *Poiſonous* Weeds, but when they grow all together, and ten of the *deadly plants* to one that's *wholeſome*, who that regarded their *Life* or *Health*, wou'd go in *blindfold* amongſt 'em, and gather promiſcuouſly to make a *Sallad*, in hopes only to meet with thoſe that would not hurt him?

They may many of 'em appear inviting, but never the leſs dangerous, any more then the *Manchinel*, or *Eve's Apple* in the *Indies*,

*Indies*, is a *good Fruit*, becauſe it looks *Tempting* and *Glorious*, but you ought to make your Will before you taſte it; which you may do if you are of their wiſe opinion, who are reſolv'd to try all things before they conclude againſt any.

I ſhall not torment you any more, or *teize* you any longer for what I'm affraid you'll never part with; I'd only ask you one reaſonable queſtion before I leave you, whether you ever found your ſelves really the wiſer, or better for reading any of theſe Modern *Comedys* (Farces rather, for the moſt of 'em now are no other)? I ask again thoſe who have any ſence of *Sobriety* and *Modeſty*, what ſort of reliſh you find they generally leave on your minds; whether they make you love *Virtue*, or *Honour*, or *Chaſtity*, or your *Parents*, or other Relatives, more then you did before you read 'em?

If you find quite the contrary, (and if you don't, you have very *good Fortune*, or a very happy temper,) then pray be perſwaded to leave 'em to the *Seeing* and *Reading* of ſuch ſort of Perſons only as are uſually deſcrib'd in 'em.

*Richard Kingham.*

## *Answer to* Letter XXII.

## *In Defence of* Plays.

### By Madam *CHACE.*

WE're as little asham'd to own the Charge, as to defend our Practice; nor do we like the *Play-house* e're the less for what *Pryn* says against it, since not only he, but many of the same stamp, will speak as rudely of any thing else, that teaches People either Decency or Politeness. That *Plays* in themselves are not only Diverting but Useful, none but Persons o' your Sense will deny; the Business of the Stage being to reform Mankind, which is to be done by showing Vice as well as Vertue. A Moral Representation can never be thought either unprofitable, or unlawful; and if we may read or repeat the History of an Ill Man in Prose, how comes the turning it into Verse, to alter its Nature? Poetry has been always thought to teach with more Life and

Succeſs

Succeſs than Proſe, and the Poet than the Hiſtorian. *Epic Poetry* is above the Heads of the common People, 'tis Dramatic then muſt work upon 'em; where they ſee, as in a Glaſs, their own Vices and Follies, and may, if it be not their own Faults, learn to amend 'em.

It's true, that *Comedies* uſing a lower walk, eſpecially our Modern, being as you juſtly accuſe 'em, too near ally'd to *Farce*, meaner and more common Vices muſt be therefore repreſented in them. If the Poet does this too groſly, he's a Dauber, not an Artiſt, and there is as much difference betwixt his Work, and that of a true Maſter, as between a piece of the moſt wretched *Sign-Poſt-Painter*, and the laſt hand of *Lely* or *Vario*. But this you cannot make a Reflection upon the Art it ſelf, any more than a raſh and miſchievous *Quack* can be reckon'd for an excellent Phyſician.

Yet after all, there is more weight in what they uſually alledge for their Defence, than you will willingly allow: If a *Play* is to be a true *Image of Life*, and if your Lives be ſuch as will not ſo decently bear the *Stage*, whether ſhould they or you more juſtly bear the blame? I know you would fain ſhift it over to our Sex, but you cannot pretend it is we that have corrupted the Age, how much ſoever you have endeavoured to do ſo by us: It is not our Sex that are repreſented in your Theatres,

Drinking, Swearing, Scowring and Raking: Such a Character would be monſtrous, and therefore could never pleaſe, although all the Malice of your Sex ſhould club to defend it. Now would any tolerable Judge find fault with a Painter for drawing too much to the Life, though the verieſt Antick in Nature? If the Poet takes his Characters from your Perſons, they muſt be ſuch as you are, and no wonder that the more he hits you, the leſs he ſhould pleaſe you. But the Chyrurgion muſt probe the Wound, be it never ſo tender.

You ſay he makes Vice ſucceſsful, and granting this true, where almoſt is it otherwiſe? will you avoid an Acquaintance your ſelves, for being the vileſt Rake in the World? Does Lewdneſs ever diſſolve your Friendſhips? nay, is it not that which for the moſt part unites and cements 'em? Is not your common and ordinary Converſation made up of fulſom Boaſting, the fowleſt Villanies? Much like the Entertainments of the Witches at their Sabbaths, who, they ſay, are oblig'd to repeat there, all the Miſchiefs they have acted ſince their laſt meeting.

Now when any of this comes upon the Stage, tho' touch'd infinitely ſofter than the Life, who would admire if you do not like it? 'tis like your own Claret at ſecond hand; as well as you lov'd it before, you now nauſeat and abhor it. Why

Why then won't you mend, and afford better Copies for our Artists to work by? Do but reform your selves, and you'll see the Stage will reform insensibly by your Example.

Nor is that true which you affirm, that we have no vertuous Characters presented on our Theater in any of our Plays; so far from this, that you would, I believe, be put to it, to name any *Play* without 'em: And if they are not so frequent there as the contrary, I wish there were not too good reason for it, because neither Truth, nor so much as Probability could bear it.

But suppose the Expressions as indefensible, and the principal Characters, and whole Management of all your *Plays*, as dangerous to Virtue, as lewd and as immoral as you could desire them, yet pray whom are we to thank for all this, and who generally are the Authors, your Sex or ours? We have some Two or Three, or it may be Half-a-dozen on the Stage written by Women, but how many Dust-Carts would be sufficient to clear *Paul's*-Church-Yard of those wherewith your Sex have vex'd the World? If you write *Plays*, would you not have 'em seen? and if they are such as are not fit to be seen, the more shame for the Authors.

Besides, of what *Sex* are those whose Business and Office it is to regulate the Stage, and



and to take care of theſe matters? We have not the power of correcting 'em, nor are they brought to us for our *Imprimatur*, nor can we know what's in a New-Play, before we come to ſee it. And would you indeed, when there are any Paſſages unfit for us to hear, have us ſtand up immediately, and in a Set Speech bear our Teſtimony againſt them; or elſe abruptly leave the Place, and drive the crowding Pit before us, leſt we ſhould by our Preſence encourage any thing of that nature.

If the Springs be poyſon'd, the blacker are thoſe who perpetrate ſuch an abhorr'd piece of Villany: Let them be puniſhed, and the Fountains clear'd, or new diſcover'd; but deny not the Thirſty-Traveller the common Refreſhments of Nature. Nay, if even the *Tragedies* themſelves be infected, if they are fill'd with falſe Notions of Honour, and the very Heroes are made up of Revenge and Criminal Love, firſt, let thoſe very Notions be regulated in common Life; for while the beſt of your Sex think it honourable to cut one anothers Throats for the leaſt Affront, and on the moſt frivolous Occaſions, a Caſt at Dice, an haſty Word, and (for what, Sir, you, I ſuppoſe, eſteem leſs than all theſe) a Silly Woman; nay, while you meet in cold Blood, only out of a Compliment to your lewd and hot-headed Friend, and without any manner of Quarrel, ſend one another's

Souls

Souls who knows whither? how can you blame the Stage for tranſcribing the ſame bloody Honour, and giving it to its greateſt Heroes? ſince, ſhould they do otherwiſe, it would be as ridiculous, as if they brought in our Warriors, like thoſe of the Antients, engaging in Chariots, and flinging Darts at one another.

After all, none can deny but there are excellent Leſſons of Morality to be found in theſe Writers; indeed any *Play* without a Moral, is a Body without a Soul, I mean one grand Moral Truth, which is aim'd at through the whole Repreſentation, which are generally of greater concern and moment in Tragic, than in other Writings. Beſides thoſe which are interſpers'd through the ſeveral parts of thoſe Compoſures, which may often ſink into the Minds of the Auditors, when deliver'd in ſuch a manner, though otherwiſe, it may be, they would have no effect upon them: And if any ſhould be ſo unjuſt and ſcrupulous, as to object againſt a known Truth, becauſe 'tis found in theſe Authors, as if it were ſpoil'd with the other ill Company about it, they muſt be abſolutely ſilenc'd, wou'd they but reflect that ſome ſuch Sentences are tranſcrib'd, not only from other Poets, but even from the *Dramatics* into better VVritings.

*Bettrice Chace.*

## LETTER XXIII.

## *To an* Old Gentlewoman *about to marry a* Young Man.

## By Sir *THOMAS*---

Madam,

*May it pleaſe your Venerability,*

HAd it been any Lady of ordinary Years and Character that had made an attempt of this Nature, I ſhould not ſo much have wonder'd at it: But for you who have been the Standard at leaſt this 40 Years, and have had the beſt School-Miſtreſs in the World, much longer to inſtruct you; for you, I ſay, to endeavour to *Ogle* in a poor young Fellow, that never did you any harm, and no more thought of making *Love* to you, than to his own *Grandmother*: 'Tis this Madam, that ſtupifies me, amazes me, and confounds me to that degree, that I can't ſpeak a word more, till I have ſate ſtill a quarter of an Hour, knaw'd my Pen, ſnuff'd my Candle, and look'd on the Picture of your Ladyſhip which I have juſt here before me.

It's true Madam, that your Shape is indifferently well, tall and ſtrait, you have been only a little too much of the *Heroine*, and

and if you begin to bend a little now about thoſe ample Shoulders of yours, we ought not to think 'tis any Decay of Nature, or Sympathy with the Earth, either in Diſpoſition or Complexion; but rather the mildneſs and goodneſs of your Temper, a ſort of a Condeſcention to the Stature of that blooming Lad, whom like a *Carthaginian* God, you would fain take up in your Arms to make him happy.

Doubtleſs Madam, there is a moſt *inimitable Leer* in that admirable Face of yours, ſuch a Harmony between all its Parts, both with one another, and the whole Frame of your Venerable Structure, that I believe 'tis as difficult for any to look upon't, or ſee you Show with't (as the Sun does with his,) without feeling ſome extraordinary *Motions*, as 'tis to conceal thoſe *Motions* when once we feel 'em.

VVhat Art have you to make your pretty *Chin* and *Noſe* keep time ſo exactly together? ſcarce one of your *Temples* beats truer to one another; without Controverſy, they are both very Harmonious.

*But every part of you contains a Neſt of Wonders,*
*That* Chin, *that lovely, roſy dimpled* Chin--
*One*
*Charming killing* Dimple *now all over,*
*As ſweet* (*to let your* Lips *a-while alone*)
*As fair as dropping Combs from* Hybla's
*Hive.*

Or

*Or th' Eſſence of a Thouſand fragrant Flowers*
*In Natur's rich* Alembic, *wrought & thrown*
*With liberal Hand (as liberal as your own)*
*Thrown with a careleſs Caſt, & richly ſpread*
*Upon the grateful* Earth's *green Moſſy Bed;*
*Pleas'd to that heighth, her utmoſt ſtrength ſhe ſhows,*
*Thro' the thin Maſs, a new-born* Garden *grows.*

Such is----Madam, I moſt heartily ask your Pardon; I've forgot what *tranſported* and amaz'd; O your *Chin*---but ſuch a *Lip* (for the *thickneſs* on't) ſuch *Teeth*, only this Roguy *Painter*, has ſerv'd you as his Brother did the *Gentleman*, who bid him draw a *Dog* in a *Caſtle*. When one looks for 'em, you always *ſhut* your *Mouth* and hide 'em. Nor is there any heed to be given to the *Malicious World*, who ſay you have made *Pills* of 'em, or ſwallow'd 'em all Twenty Year ſince for the *Cholic*, to ſave the Charge of *Golden Bullets*. However, if there be any thing in't, who knows but your pretty *Teeth* might be of that Subſtance too, as well as Colour, like the *Sileſian Lads?* which if they were, t'had been worth the while to have raked for 'em again, as the *Jews* at the *Seige* of *Jeruſalem* (but pray let no Body ſee you) to ſtring 'em all, for 'tis poſſible they might be Hollow, and make a *Gold Necklace* of 'em, which would have excellently ſet off that ſcarce *Fairer Neck* of yours.

*And*

*And muſt I leave that Mouth---ſcarce with more pain,*
*The gentle Breezes of delicious Air,*
*By a too happy Fate impriſon'd there,*
*Enjoy their hated Liberty again.*

No, I muſt not, before I have endeavour'd to do Juſtice to the ineſtimable Jewel, ſhut up in that fair Cabinet---a *Tongue* as ſweet, as ſoft as *Innocence*, as quiet as an *Angel's*. 'Tis *underſtood*, not *heard*; or if it does *ſpeak*, 'tis like *Lovers Whiſpers*, or *gentle Murmurs*, or *falling Streams*, or the *Tide going through Bridge*, or *Infant Thunders*. (I mean when the *Stream* is *even*, and the *Thunder* a great way off.)

And after that *Thunder*, it's very likely we ſhall have *Rain*, as *Socrates* ſaid to your Predeceſſor, the moſt accompliſh'd *Xantippe*. And it comes from thoſe fine Hands of yours, in liberal and plentiful *Showers* to refreſh the *Earth*. You have no *Poor* near you; 'tis impoſſible they ſhould continue ſo; you will not let 'em bear that Name; you won't ſee 'em want; ſome may think this a bad Preſident, and that 'twill encourage *Lazineſs*, but I'm ſatisfy'd there wou'd ſoon be not a *Beggar* left in *England*, were all but as willing as you to relieve 'em.

Nothing certainly is a more bewitching thing than *graceful motion*: 'Tis a great part of a good Mind, if not the ſame with it. What ſhall I ſay then of yours, which if you

you are *dancing*, appears ſometimes as ſwift as the Wood-Nymphs, or that of *Venus* her ſelf clambring over Hedge and Ditch, thro Brakes and Bryars after her fair *Adonis*, as you now after yours. At other times you move like the *Earth*, on your own *Axis*, ſo equally, that 'tis inſenſible, or, as *Ovid* ſays, the Gods do, with both your *Feet* together, *ſo imperceptibly*, one wou'd think you never ſtirr'd an Inch out of your Place. They may talk of *Poſture-Clark* while they will, but if ever he cou'd mimic ſo exactly, or handle a Broom-ſtaff ſo handſomly, or ſhow the Changeling ſo naturally, or raiſe his Shoulders ſo prodigiouſly, or ſhrink in one Hip ſo profoundly, as I have ſeen ſome do it, that ſhall be nameleſs, and who it may be, don't value themſelves ſo much on thoſe Qualifications, as many others---why then, may I never have the diverſion of ſeeing the like again.

Then for your Youth; for that Eternal Youth that hovers round you. That ſpite of Nature ſays you ſhan't grow old---What Nectar is't that ſtill preſerves it flouriſhing as ever?

No *Muſt*, no *Tarniſh*, not the leaſt *Corruption*.

Hardly ſo much as renders *Veniſon* grateful. Sure you've found out a way to *Pot* your ſelf up, and keep the Preſumptuous Air from ever kiſſing thoſe Sacred Lips only reſerv'd for him you honour with your Love.

*Or like Conſerves, which to choice Friends appear,*
*You're cloſely cover'd more then half the year.*

And whoſe mouth wou'd not water after ſuch a *Marmalade Face* as yours (for *ſweetneſs* to be ſure I mean).

But we muſt all dye, there's no *remedy*: *Feladon's* the Man, for him you *dreſs*, you *dance*, you *dye*, you come to Life again, you live and love and tread your years all backward, and you ſay you *will Marry him.*

You defy *Coughs*, *Catarrhs*, *Sore Eyes*, no *Teeth*, a Demiculverin Breath, and tell *Time* and *Death* they have nothing to do with you yet theſe *twenty years. Buy* him you will, you have Money enough, he's a *Jewel* fit only for your *wearing*, and nothing but the *Sexton* ſhall ever part you. Dear Nine and Fifty! Let me be plain with thee; for I have now *Complimented* long enough.

What ſhou'd that *Skull* of a Face, thoſe *Cabidg-ſtump Arms*, that *Mummy* of a *Carcaſs* do with a *Husband*, eſpecially ſuch a young lively Fellow as thou haſte moſt ungraciouſly pitcht upon? 'Tis abſolute Inceſt for certain, for him ſo much as to come near thee. 'Tis the worſt, the moſt unnatural *Villany*? Thou art dead, all but one fence ſtark Dead, a *Dozen* year ſince, nay, thou haſte ſcarce ſo much as the *ſence* of *Scolding* left: Thy very *Tongue* begins to have the *Palſey*, with long and frequent uſe and hard Labour. It retains only a weak

ſort

ſort of an *unheeded motion*, like the *Ringing* of a *Bell* long after the ſtroke; beſides, thy *Clapper* is worn, and the *Bell crackt*, and then it's eaſy to gueſs thou art like to make *good Muſick*.

Leave him, leave him for ſhame; untwine thy *Clammy Arms* from his *Neck* and *Boſom*, or we'll infallibly have thee burnt for a *Witch*, for getting up poor *Young Men* and *Sucking* their freſh *Blood* to fill thy old *Wrizzled Veins*, after this inhumane manner.

Mind thy *Prayers*, buy thee a *Coffin*, throw away thy whole *Pothecaries* Shop of *Druggs*, and Paints, and Slops, and Waſhes, out with thy *Cart Loads* of *Pride* and *Vanity*. *Death* will be here *by and by*, *lie down* and be *forgotten* !

*THOMAS*—

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## *Anſwer to* Letter XXIII.

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## *From the Old Gentlewoman aforeſaid.*

HA! ha! But indeed good Sir *T.* That you ſhou'd ever trouble your ſelf ſo as to

to write ſuch a long *Letter* to me! That you ſhould Load me and oppreſs me ſo with Compliments; indeed you do, indeed you do: *Ah Sir*, you very well know how to pleaſe Ladys; our *Feeble Hearts*, tho never ſo deeply pre-engag'd (wou'd mine were at Liberty) hardly know how to reſiſt you.

I Remember very well in your Good *Grandmothers* time, (reſt her *clack*!) I ask your pardon Sir *T.* I proteſt, I meant your *Mothers*, or your *Siſters* rather, for we may be much of an *Age*, it may be, the *advantage* may lie on her ſide, what there is on't; I remember, I went out of *hanging ſleeves* juſt as ſhe came into 'em.

But as I was ſaying, I beg your pardon, Sir *T.* what was't? The *decays of Age*, (nay, now I muſt beg my own). The uſual *Infirmity* of witty People, you know it by experience Sir *T.* is to forget what's juſt over, tho they remember as perfectly as an *Almanack*, all that paſs'd 40 or 50 years before.

But 'twas your *Grandmother* I think I was talking of, how ſhe wou'd play with you, and how *prettily* ſhe'd talk t'ye, *Good old Creature* as ſhe was (as I've heard my Nurſes tell me) and clap your *Cheeks* and gueſs at your future proficiency, a *Wag* my Life on't, an errant *Wag*, thus wou'd ſhe talk and laugh and talk again, till 'twou'd almoſt make one cry to hear her.

But how little did ſhe think, when ſhe ſat dandling you upon one knee, and me upon

upon another, how far was ſhe from *Dreaming*, there wou'd afterwards be ſuch an intimate *Converſation* between us, ſo perfect a confidence and extraordinary a *Friendſhip*?

That covers many Faults, and excuſes much *Freedom*: And indeed I would have my Friends be *free*, *very free* with me, as I would be with them. And therefore can't be really angry with any thing that comes from Sir *T.* tho it ſeems never ſo ſevere, becauſe he ſays ſo many other kind things to weigh againſt it, and becauſe indeed I have met with ſo much *true kindneſs* from him.

Ah Sir *T.* you can't I believe forget, I'm ſure I never can, how *Sweetly* you and I have ſome years agone, rode together in my Fathers *Coach* in the *Park*. How many fooliſh ogling *Dukes* and *Lords*, would have handed me into the *Coach*, and out again, and drove along by us with their *Eyes* nail'd to the *Glaſſes*: For that was all I let 'em ſee, tho they made never ſo many *Cringes* and *Ugly Faces*; as thus Sir, (give me a *Sword* or *Cane*) and thus, and then t'other way, (once more your pardon, I thought I had been all this while talking with you) and then throw their *Wiggs* one way, and their *Eyes* t'other, that 'twou'd have made ones *Heart* almoſt melt to have ſeen 'em. But I ſtood my Ground ſtill: I valu'd not all their *Civilitys* any more then I did their railing: I let 'em deſpair on, and make choice either of the *Ponds*, or *Trees* to eaſe

their

their Love, according as they found themſelves moſt inclin'd, and cou'd hear 'em *Curſe* my *Countrey-breeding* without any concern, while I remain'd ſafe and immoveable in my own *Virtue* and *Innocence*.

But really Sir *T.* do you, do your old Acquaintance and Humble Servant the *Honour* ſtill, to keep my *Picture* by you, and that at *full length* ?

Proteſt Sir *T.* if I know how I ſhall requite this favour, any more then when I ſhall be *Marry'd*; all I can ſay is, that for your reſpects to the *Copy* you have, I'm ſure you have a right always to command the *Original*.

I wonder whoſe hand 'tis: I wiſh it was not done when I was a *Green young Girl*, when my *Old Aunt* us'd, I remember, to call me a *Bud* of *Beauty*: But there's nothing like *Maturity*: The midſt of Life is the Harveſt, and *Autumn* it ſelf has Charms that the ſlanting *Spring* cou'd never Boaſt of. Beſides, I fear, I had not then the *Advantage* of *Dreſs*, by which you know Sir *T.* an indifferent *Face* is much *Recommended*, and even a good one *looks better*. I have been drawn in ſeveral *Figures*, ſometimes like a *Sheepherdeſs* ſtroking the tender *Lambs*, or *Solliciting* the *Duggs* of a Fruitful *Ew* (as one moſt elegantly expreſſes it) at others, with a *Glaſs* and *Dreſſing-Box* before me, my *Prayer-Book* the unlucky knave painted fallen off the Table.) But that which hit me moſt, was the ſhape of an

*Ama-*

*Amazon*, with a *Generals Staff* in my Hand, ſtradling over *Towns* and *Caſtles*, and kicking about whole *Armys*.

And were not the *Amazons* in Love Sir *T.* did not *Theſeus* Marry one of 'em after he had ſoundly bang'd her? I think, I've read ſome ſuch thing in my *Ovids Epiſtles*; and why then ſhou'd not I be in Love too, ſince at worſt I can only be beaten after *Marriage*?

'Tis true, I've *Cancell'd four Husbands* already, thank my *Good Stars* and *Heart of Oak*, here, all of whom I muſt confeſs, I have often reſpectively bang'd into their *Good Behaviour*, and yet they ſeem'd to Love me the better for't, and as the greateſt Argument of it, were pleas'd to dye very faſt, and leave me at *Liberty* for a New *Venture*; and if this laſt pay all their *Old Scores*, why might not I Love him the better as they did me? And at worſt your *Sex* and mine wou'd be but juſt even.

When you came to the End of your *Epiſtle*, your Eye ſeem'd to be *off* my *Picture*, and fix'd again on ſome *Antick*, or other in the *Room* that hung near it, ſo intently, that you forgot to whom you were *Writing*, and (the prettieſt *Jeſt* in the World) on a ſudden chang'd your *Stile*, and made your *addreſſes* to her in a *Language* worthy of her, and what you ſay to her I'll ſhow you when we meet next, and we'll have a *hearty laugh* at it.

SARAH PRAT

LET-

## A *Second Answer to* Letter XXIII.

### *By a Young Lady.*

HOw witty you are upon your poor *Old Woman* of *Clouts*, whom you have set up to say what you will against her, and then make her answer what you please.

A fine *Pindarical* way of Writing, this which you are fallen into, or rather seem to affect above all Mankind, wherein you need not much fear being excell'd, since I dare promise you will never be imitated.

Your *Wit*, or at least your *Satyr*, appears rather to be level'd at *Age* in general, than at any particular Person, and not so much at any *voluntary Weakness*, as its *inseparable Infirmities*. In this you talk like one of our *Town Sparks*, who imploy all their time in *railing* at whatever is *wiser* and *graver* than themselves, and contemn *Age* as they do *Virtue*, because they live at such a rate, that they have little hopes of attaining it.

But are there none that live to be old of your Sex as well as ours? Or is the reason why you expect fairer Quarter and more Reverence, because as you manage Life, an Old Man is so great a Rarity?

Be as ſevere as you pleaſe againſt *Vice*, and none can blame you for *laughing* at *Folly*, which is in it ſelf *Ridiculous*; but blame not *Nature*, unleſs you wou'd juſtly be eſteemed *Inhumane*, nor laugh at the *Miſerable*, which if you do, you can't eſcape the mark of Barbarity. Some of the *Scythians* ſeem to have much the ſame Civility with yours, who when their *Parents* grow *decrepid* and *uſeleſs*, turn 'em out alive to *wild Beaſts*, or hang 'em up on *Trees* for the Vultures and other Ravenous Fowls to devour 'em. Yet there are ſome Creatures to whom we don't allow *Reaſon*, who may teach both them and you more *Compaſſion* and *Humanity*: The Young *Stork* carries its Aged Parent through the raging Flames, and over the wideſt Ocean, to a more Temperate Climate, and Place of Retirement and Safety, as the Hero did his Father from burning *Troy*, to a happier Country, and a Peaceable End.

It's true, *Old Age* is it ſelf a Diſeaſe, or rather a *Complication* of many.--But wou'd you your ſelf take it kindly, if you lay rack'd by the *Gout* and *Stone*, ſhould others that were in Health *laugh* at you, inſtead of *pitying* you, and at leaſt wiſhing, if not endeavouring to eaſe you?

You muſt needs grant, there are many things in *Age* very deſirable; the advantage of their *Experience*, the extent of their *Knowledge*, the coolneſs of their *Thought*, the

the ſteddineſs of their *Judgment*, while the Force and Warmth of Youth runs 'em into a Thouſand Extravagancies, and were there not *graver Heads* to manage 'em, they would ſoon, like *Phaeton*, fire the *World*.

And theſe Advantages of *Age*, we hope you will not be ſo partial, as to Monopolize to your own *Sex*: If you wou'd attempt any ſuch thing, I only deſire you'd anſwer me one ſhort Queſtion; When was our Nation happier, than when our *Queen* was an *Old Woman?*

But 'tis neither our *Sex*, you ſay, nor *Age* with which you are ſo angry. 'Tis only the *Peeviſhneſs*, the *Frowardneſs*, the *Fondneſs*, the *Affectation*, the *Garrulity*, the *Vanity* of an *Old Woman*, that you can't endure: Be it ſo then only, be content we ſhou'd turn the *Tables*, and ſee how you like it. You know thoſe *weaknesſes* are not confin'd to our *Sex*, they are often charg'd in Groſs on thoſe who are the fartheſt from them. 'Tis not impoſſible to find *Good Humour* and *Age* together, which more than countervails for the decay of *Beauty*. If there is ſometimes a little too much *Sowrneſs*, try firſt how you can bear *Contempt* your ſelf, before you are ſo ready to blame others. The *Fondneſs* for which you fault 'em, I rather take to be the *Providence* of *Nature*, for this makes 'em good *Grandmothers* and tender *Nurſes*. If you ſhou'd find ſome one or two in an Age, ſuch awkward, affect-

ed *Pieces* as you have painted, you muſt reckon 'em as *Monſters* only, not a *Sample* of their *Kind*, elſe why d'ye wonder and hoot at 'em, when you ſee 'em? and why are they deſpis'd, or at leaſt pity'd by their own *Sex*, as much as they can be by yours?

But what, if I miſtake not, pinches cloſer than all the reſt; pray who have the moſt *Fools* of their Party? And whether is the greater number of *Young-Old-Men*, or *Women*? 'Tis not fair to *inſult*, becauſe you have got the advantage of us in *Dreſs* it ſelf, our own proper Province.

A Man is never old now, till he's Bedrid, and there are more *Beaus* of Threeſcore, then there us'd to be of *Twenty*. *Gray-Hairs* you reckon as great a *Diſgrace* as Gravity, and you ſeem to have utterly diſcarded your *Beards*, for fear they ſhould ſo much as put you in mind of Wiſdom, and you have ſtript our Sex to diſguiſe indeed, rather than adorn your own. And proud of our Spoils, you turn the War againſt us, and fight us with our own Weapons, while many a poor young Woman is married to a *Broom-ſtaff-Husband*, who is little elſe but *Hat* and *Periwig*, and ſerves for nothing but a *Warming-Pan* for the *old* Decrepid Satyr, and loſes the beſt part of her *Life*, it may be all of it, betwixt *Cawdles* and *Diſeaſes*.

*Ann Herbert.*

LET-

## LETTER XXIV.

*Againſt the Sexes Prodigality.*

## By Sir *Thomas*——

THE *Fryars* and the *Mint* wou'd be very *thinly tenanted*, did not the good *Wives* ſend their Husbands thither in ſuch *Shoals*, that there's hardly room enough to receive 'em: *Thoſe Places* are e'en *over-ſtockt*, as the *Church-yards* were in the *Plague-time*; and there need new *Holes* to *pile* up the Cart-loads that come thither; and one wou'd think the *Women* were in *Fee* with the *Heads* of thoſe *Famous Societies*, they make ſuch haſt to *tranſplant* their *Families* into their Territories.

You can meet a *Woman* at no *Place*, no *Age*, no *Circumſtances*, but ſhe's *expenſive* enough to ruine a *Midas*: In her *Education*. In *Courtſhip*, whether you *Marry* or *Bury* her, or *Church* her, at the *middle* and *both ends* of her Life. For which reaſon the Greek Epigrammatiſt is viſibly partial to your Sex, when he ſays, A Man has *two good Hours* with ye, that of Day of *Marriage*, and Day of *Death*, ſince even the latter of 'em is a *bitter-ſweet*, and the *Expence* a Man is at in *covering* you *ſafely*, does almoſt countervail the *Convenience*.

You coſt ten times more than you are *worth* in *rearing*: You'll never pay for your *keeping*, and we were e'en as good let ye run *wild*, and truſt *Nature* with you.

Beſides the *difference* in the *Education* of one of your *Sex* and one of *ours*, there's ſome comfort in what is *expended* for a *Man*, becauſe we may hope to ſee ſome *good* on't; but all that is beſtow'd on one of your *unprofitable kind*, is caſt on ſuch a *Barren Soil*, that we give it for *loſt*.

A *Man* may *ſeek* and *make* his *Fortune*, but ſcarce one *Woman* in *Ten Thouſand*. What they have muſt be *given* 'em, and unleſs there's good *booty* allow'd, they'll never off. The *Exchange* runs *high* with 'em, none will accept 'em without great *Diſcount*. They are ſuch *bitter Pills*, that no wonder they won't go down well without *gilding*.

And yet the miſchief is, we muſt *pay*, as well as *pray*, for our own *undoing*. Not a few have been at ſuch *vaſt Expences* in the *Courtſhip* of their *Wives*, as were never *reimburs'd* by their *Fortunes*. Eternal *Treats* and *Preſents*. *Art* muſt be *tired*, and *Imagination jaded* in Miniſtring to their *Luxury* and *Prodigality*: Now they ſhew us a *Sample* of themſelves, and by the *Miſtreſs* we may learn the *Wife*. A *Lord Mayor*'s Officer ſcarce eats more *Cuſtard* in a *Twelve Month* than they'll devour in one Evening at a *Spring-Garden*. One wou'd think it went into a *Bottomleſs-bag*, and *ſlipt out again* as glibly as it *went* in.

And

And this even the poor *Prentice knows* by ſad Experience, who, when he marches out to ---- in Triumph with his *Greaſie Beloved*, as ſoon as he has ſeen her ſeated in an Arbor, and the *Cheeſcake* appears before him, ſtands amaz'd to ſee what dreadful *Dilapidations* ſhe makes amongſt 'em in a *quarter* of an *hour*. 'Tis then time to *feel* the weight of his *Pouch*, and conſider how the *Ready* ſtands affected; and when he finds ſhe has almoſt *eat* to the bottom of his *Pocket*, how does his poor *Heart beat*, and he thinks a *piece* of it goes away every new *Cake* ſhe breaks, leſt he ſhou'd be forc'd to pawn his Gloves and Cane for the *Poſtſcript* of the *Reckoning?*

And thus it is, in Proportion, when the *Amour* is in an higher *Sphere*; for the greater the *Quality*, the greater ſtill the *Expences*: *Maſques*, and *Balls*, and *Muſick*, and *Equipages*, and *Entertainments* without number. The *Miſtreſs* is a great *Abyſs*, and all about her, *Horſe-leaches* feeding on its Banks. You muſt make a *Golden Bridge* (which is hard) for your *Enemy* to *come to you*, whereas none wou'd think much if 'twere to get *ſhut* of ſuch troubleſome Company. Every Servant is daub'd round with *Bird-lime*, or if you will, ſtuck with *Tenter-hooks*, to *Gaunch* you in your *Fall*, and pull out each a *piece* of your *Fleſh* in your paſſage by 'em. A Lover runs the *Gauntlet* amongſt his Miſtreſſes Acquaintance, every one will have a *ſtroke* at him, unleſs he *Fees* 'em all round.

And when that's over, then comes the *Wedding-Feast*, the odious *Sack-Posset*, the *Ragged Regiment* of *Tartarian Musicians*, that *smell* ye out next Morning, as if you were a *dead Horse*, and all the *Matrimonial Expences*, which we'll dwell no longer upon, because 'tis such a *Melancholy Subject*.

And now the *Unfortunate Creature* may make his *Will* when he pleases, for he has the *Incurable Cancer*, the *Live Wolf* in his *Breast*, that must at last carry him off (I need not say, I mean a *Wife*) after t' has drain'd every drop of *moisture* from his *frightful Carcass*, and left him a *Spectacle* and *Example* to all *Desperate Husbands*.

She expects to be a *Mistress* still, to *Command* like one, to be *treated* in the same *manner*, and with the same *Expence* and *Vanity*.

The *Sex* are all *Miranda's*, and tho' every Husband had the Philosophers Stone, he cou'd not *transmute* Lead into Gold, so fast as they wou'd change that into Rich *Furniture*, Magnificent *Hangings*, and Extravagant *Dresses* and *Entertainments*.

Glorious *Coaches*, and a vast *Retinue* abroad, *Plate* and *Jewels* at home, without *measure*, and without *end*.

You must not hope any thing *mean* or *vulgar* can please so *nice*, and so *refin'd* a *Fancy*. If *Gold* were *cheap*, she'd not esteem it: She's of the same mind the *English* King was in, about his *Hose*.

It often enough falls out, to make a Husband compleatly *Happy*, that the Wife's pos-

sess'd

ſeſs'd with the *Devil* of *Building* too, and then away go Twenty *Coach and Horſes* and *Suits* of *Cloaths* at one *clap*. " This part of " the Houſe is inconvenient, that's too low, " t'other is not uniform. I hate ſuch a ſneak- " ing *Stair-Caſe*. What *Fools* our *Fore-fathers* " were to *build* us ſuch *Hovels* of Houſes. " Pray Sir---- let me have this ſtack of *Chim-* " *neys* pull'd down. Here's a *Dining-Room* " wou'd make a pretty good *Pantry*. I have " no manner of Conveniences in theſe *Cham-* " *bers*; it's a *ſhame* they ſhou'd be ſeen by " any thing of *Quality*. And without Doors " 'tis all like the reſt. There ſtands a Coach- " Houſe hardly fit for a *Dog-Kennel*.

" Certainly theſe Gardens were deſign'd " for a Dunghill. *Grub* me up thoſe *canker'd* " *Trees*, that have ſtood rotting there, Sir " *R*---- ever ſince your Great Grandmother. " Level that awkward *Mount*. Let me have " three or four handſom *Tarraſs-walks* run " up in the room on't. Some *Grotto's* and " *Green Houſes* wou'd do well in that *corner*, " and here you might have as fine a *Viſto* as " any in *Europe*.

Well, let's ſuppoſe all finiſh'd to her heart's content, the *Old Houſe* pull'd down, and a new one erected, and *Vario's Hand* in every Room, and as very a Paradice as *Burleigh-Houſe*, or *Windſor*. Perhaps this may pleaſe for two or three *Months*, but think not a Woman ſhou'd continue in the ſame mind much longer. The *Air* is *ſharp*, or unwholſome, the *Water* is not good: There's no

*Wood* nor *Parks* about it; or if there are, it *hinders* the *Proſpect*, and keeps the *Vapours* from getting up. Or if none of theſe, yet 'tis at too great a diſtance from the Town, and we have no good *Neighbours*. E'en ſell it, Sir *R*---- and let's go Build at your other *Seat*, or buy one, as we eaſily may, that's more *convenient*.

And if all this han't yet quite drain'd him, what think you of one *Plague* more, that of *Gaming*? If this wont do his Buſineſs, he's *inexhauſtible*. *Dear Baſſet!* who wou'd not leave a *ſnoring Husband Twenty Nights* together for thy Charming *Entertainment*? Do we call the *Indians Inhumane*, for Playing away their *Wives* and *Children*, and *ſtaking* themſelves at laſt, either for ſo many Years *Slavery*, or for *Life*, when nothing elſe is left? And ſhall we be more *partial* towards thoſe that are *nearer* us, who *ſet* their Joyntures, Husbands, *Bodies*, and *Souls* ſometimes, on one Chance of a *Die*? And when thoſe gone, are yet ſo beſotted with the ſenſeleſs Love of *Gaming*, that cou'd they *retrieve* 'em again, or had they any *thing* more *precious*, they wou'd ſtill *venture* in the *ſame manner*.

I have read ſomewhere of a *mad Fellow*, who, when he and ſeveral of his *Camerades* were for ſome Miſdemeanor, forc'd to *caſt Lots* for their *Lives*, when a *white one* fell to his *ſhare*, and one of his *Companions* that was yet to draw, was very much *afraid*, he ſold him his *Lot* for a ſmall matter, and ventur'd

ventur'd his Life a *ſecond time*, and had as good *Fortune* as before, tho' he *little deſerv'd* it. Few *Gameſters* come off as he did, tho' all run little leſs *hazards*.

Shou'd I run out in the fooliſh Prodigalities that are the perpetual Appendages of this vain Sex, and which they think as neceſſary as their *Food* and *Rayment*, all the *clutter* of *Childbed*, *Chriſtnings*, and the like, you'd ſay, I had *tranſcrib'd* all the *Batchelor's Banquet*.

To leave this therefore, and come to a little more comfortable Subject. Suppoſe for once a *Woman* her ſelf ſhou'd be ſo good-natur'd as to think of ſome way to make you amends for all this *Vexation*; in ſhort, to keep ye no longer in *ſuſpence*, ſhou'd be ſo kind to *make a Dye* on't, why yet here you aren't *rid* of her, ſhe has a *ſting* in her *Farewel*, whoſe ſtroke is often *Mortal*, like other ſuch *Creatures*, even after ſhe her ſelf is dead. The *Charge* of her *Burial* will ſerve as a ſound *alloy* to the ſatisfaction of your *fair parting*, and either *break* you or the *Tradeſmen*, as *Cromwel's* did before.

And this you can no way *avoid*, without drawing the *full cry* of the *Women* againſt you. This is the beſt way for a *Widower* to make his *Court*, or pave his way to a *Second Fortune*; for ſuch is the *Vanity* of that *Sex*, that if they were put to their Choice, whether they'd *live handſomly*, or have a *Magnificent Funeral*, I verily believe they'd moſt of 'em rather take the *latter*, whatever ſhift they made while they were *living*.

## Anſwer to LETTER XXIV.

*Concerning the* Sexes Prodigality.

## By Madam *Haſtings.*

YOU often tell us of *Cleopatra*, but who remembers *Artemiſia?* The firſt laviſhed away a *Pearl* in a Glaſs of *Wine*, though thereto one of your *own Sex* was the occaſion; but the other *built* a *Magnificent Monument* to perpetuate the *Memory* of her *Husband*, which had periſhed long ſince in all probability, had he not *left* ſuch a *Queen* behind him. You'll ſay it may be that *ſhe* was a *Wonder*, as well as the *Mauſoleum*, and that we have never heard of another *like* her: I *confeſs* there are not *many Queens*, but we may find many in a *lower ſtation* who owe all they have to the excellent management of a *Prudent* and *Vertuous Woman*; and we may affirm without *Partiality* to our ſelves, or the leaſt *vanity*, that many more *Eſtates* have been *honeſtly preſerved* by our Sex, than ever were *honeſtly gotten* by *yours*, it being the *Wives* part to take care of what comes *home*, and by her *Frugality* and good *Houſewifry*, to make the moſt of what ever comes into her Hands, without which, *Midas* himſelf would ſoon be *Ruined*; That

*ill*

*ill natured* Proverb having too much of *Truth* in it, *So many* Servants *ſo many* Thieves: And it being as certain that not the *largeneſs* of the *Income*, but the *regulation* of the *Expences* is that which brings *Wealth* and *Plenty* into a *Family*, which conſiſts generally moſt in *little things*, which you think *below* you to *regard*.

You *introduce* indeed a perfect *Miranda* in your Accuſation of our *Prodigality*; nay, have outdone your *Original*, and thence would very fairly Argue the reſt of *our Sex* like her, at which wiſe way of reaſoning we might conclude all yours were *Don Johns*, and ſhun you as we would *Want*, or *Age*, or *Diſeaſes*. I think we may *challenge* you to find us out *one* ſuch *real* perſon in all *our Sex* as you have there *deſcribed*, nay, with one half of her *Extravagancies*: and yet there may be ſomething *real* in them too at the bottom, but you have *cunningly* turn'd the *Tables*, and dreſs'd a *Woman* in one of your own *He-Bear-ſkins*, and then how unmercifully you *Bait* her? You have ſcumm'd up all the *Extravagancies* of *your own Sex*, and moſt ingeniouſly thrown them upon *ours*, and though the *Idea* you have drawn be no more *fit* for us than the *Tyrant's Bed* for every *Gueſt*, yet you will ſerve us as he did them, either *rack* us *longer*, or *cut* us *ſhorter*.

I confeſs I always thought the *Groom-Porters*, and Gaming-Houſes had been full of *Men*; that 'twas that wiſe Creature

*Man* who uſed to *mawl* the poor *Dice* and his own *Knuckles* when the Jade *Fortune* turn'd her *wrong ſide* at him, and *drein'd* him as lank as *Jacinta* did her *Spark's Pockets* in the *Mock-Aſtrologer*: I was ſo ignorant to believe the *Stories* I've often heard, that ſuch and ſuch *Dukes*, and Lords, and Knights, and Squires, who played away ſo many fair *Mannors* in a night, and *Fell'd* ſo many thouſand ſtately *Trees* at a *ſtroke*, with a very ſmall *jerk* of the *Elbow*, only it may be ſomething more of *ſmartneſs* in it, if the *laſt caſt* went amiſs; that all theſe had been as arrant *Men* as ever *Swore* or *Diſſembled*, or *deceived* a *Woman*, or *Expoſed* her after he had *Ruined* her.

I thought too, it had been the very ſame *Creatures* that were for *building* ſo many *ſtately Caſtles* in the *Air*: So many Glorious *fine Palaces* and *Houſes*; for keeping ſo many *Stables* of *Horſes*, ſuch an *Equipage*, ſuch Armies of Hounds and Servants; beſides a Retinue of *W*--- larger than follows any *Camp* in Chriſtendom: And that I am not like to continue in my Ignorance, 'tis to your care Sir *T.* that I muſt always own my ſelf obliged, who have found out the *ſecret* that a *few Toppings* and a new *Gown* now, and then, will Ruine a *Family*, on the *Womans ſide*, though *Expences* a thouſand times larger on the *Man's* will do it no manner of *Injury*: They are all neceſſary for the *Grandeur* of his *Birth*, and the *Port* of his *Character*. Let his *Lady Beg*, his Children *Starve* or *trail a Pike*,

*Pike*, or hawl at a *Cable* for *Bread*, let his *Creditors Break* or *Hang* themſelves, or to *Clipping*, or the *High-way*: Let the cries of a whole Regiment of poor *ſtarving Creatures*, who Beſiege his Door, and *Petition* for ſome ſmall part of what he *owes* them, aſſault him as duly as he *riſes*, or at leaſt when ever he dares walk abroad; all's a caſe, he's *impenetrable*, his *Vice* muſt not *want*, his dear *Luxury* muſt not *ſtarve*: he *deals*, with 'em as well as he do's by himſelf, diſpatches 'em with a *Curſe* or *too*, or which is worſe, *recommends* 'em to his *Steward*, to *drill* 'em on from *year* to *year*, and *murder* 'em with *greater torment*.

On the other ſide, as for the little *Extravagancies* of our *Sex*, if we ſhould run ſomething beyond our *Quality*, it can be but a *ſcratch* in the *Eſtate*, while the *Prodigality* of the *Man* ſtrikes at the very *heart* on't; gives it a *mortal wound*, which unleſs *cut off* in time, (ſome *part ſold* to *redeem* the reſt) will infallibly *gangrene*, and infect the whole Body with an *incurable poyſon*.

And yet after all, we ſee this *Laviſh* and *Profuſe Temper* in Men, throws 'em into the contrary *Extream*, and makes 'em oftentimes the moſt *baſely* and ſordidly *Covetous* towards their *Wives* and *Families*; who, if they have not a *Joynture* to ſecure 'em, ſhall not have ſo much as *Pin-Money*, or what's ſufficient to ſupply the *extreameſt Neceſſities* of *Life*. And the ſame 'tis in a lower Rank. For 'tis common enough for an ordinary

*Tradeſman*

*Tradeſman* not to *ſleep* without three or four *Bottles ſwagging* in his *Belly*, while his poor *Wife* at home is often *glad* of ſmall Beer or *Water*. *Summ* up the *Evidence* your ſelf Sir *T.* and be you on the whole for once both *Judge* and *Jury*, to decide the *Quarrel* between us, whether *your Sex* or *ours* are, *generally* ſpeaking, moſt guilty of *Prodigality*.

*Rebecca Haſtings.*

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LETTER

## LETTER XXV.

*Againſt Marrying a Widow.*

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## By Sir *Thomas*——

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YOU complain, Madam, I've *forgotten* to whom I'm writing, and often *addreſs* my ſelf to the *Men*, without any regard to my *Antagoniſt*: For this I muſt beg your Pardon, ſince the love of the Truth and concern for poor abus'd *Mankind*, makes me, I find, ſometimes take off my eye from my Antagoniſt, before I'm aware. But I hope you'll forgive me, ſince 'tis for the publick *Good*, and tho' I may happen to ſtep out of the way a little now and then, *fear* not but I'll return again, and *fight* out the *Battel*.

And now for the *jolly Widow*, ſince *Maid* and *Wife* have pretty well wearied us. And tho' you, Madam, are yet two or three *degrees* from that ſtate of Life, yet you may in time arrive to it, and therefore you'd do well often to read over the *Directions* of a very ſage Philoſopher for the management of your *Affairs*, that you mayn't be ſurprized when you ſhould come to Action. You know who ſays,

*Widows*

*Widows* who have try'd *one Lover*,
*Truſt* none again, till they've *made over*.
Or if they do before they *Marry*,
The *Fox*'s *weigh* the *Geeſe* they carry;
Whence *wittieſt Ladies* always chooſe
To undertake the *heavieſt Gooſe*.

Now if we did not ſometimes *take* out *Repriſals* againſt your Sex, and ſome of our *He-Foxes*, though *Poor* and *Lean*, ſnap up one of your *heavieſt* Geeſe, we ſhould never be upon the *Square* with you, though a ſad Choice a Man's in when he's brought to that *Condition*; only the forementioned Gentleman's ſhort Queſtions can't eaſily be anſwered.

What an *Amorous* thing is *Want*,
How *Debts* and *Mortgages Inchant*!
What Graces muſt that *Lady* have,
That can from *Execution* ſave?

But the worſt is, that oftentimes ſhe only brings the *Execution* ſooner on the poor miſtaken Husband, who catches *two Tartars* at once: For he that ventures on that *terrible Creature* a *Widow*, muſt prepare for the worſt, and not think ſhe has been Married, and buried one Husband for, nothing, and having once got out of the *Grate*, ſhe remembers all her *old Tricks* again, and is full as *wild* and more *cunning* than ever. And 'twould at leaſt make one cautious if we came

came to a Ditch which another had attempted to leap, and ſtuck in the middle, how we overhaſtily *ventured* after him. A Widow is a *double Woman*, ſhe has in her all the *Poyſon* of her Sex, highly *rectify'd*, and rendred infinitely more *Subtle* and *Mortal*. When the *Cannibal* has once taſted the *Blood* of one Man, though ſhe weep never ſo many *Crocadiles* Tears over his *Grave*, ſhe hardly ever *leaves off* till ſhe has try'd another. Like a *Dog* that has once found the ſweetneſs of Sheeps-Blood, nothing but the *Branch* can make him give it over.

Believe her not, though ſhe *immures* her ſelf never ſo *cloſely*, *mourns* never ſo unconſoleably, and remains never ſo *Obſtinate* in her Melancholy *Receſs*, that ſhe may accompany her dear Lord to the place of *Silence*. Then, even then, when her Peak is but juſt put on, when her *Mourning* hardly handſelled, would ſhe not refuſe *Comfort* upon reaſonable *Terms*; alas! *Pity* and *Love* are near akin, and the heart that melted ſo lately by one *Paſſion*, that of Grief, and has not yet had time to *harden*, will eaſily enough admit an Impreſſion from another, though very *different*. Love has a thouſand diſguiſes, he ſometimes gets a long black Cloak on, and ſtruts in't as mournfully and gravely as the neareſt Relations; but when once he's alone, Widow, *have at your heart*, off goes his diſguiſe, and he's a God again.

But let him be what he will, *Angel* or *Fiend*, we may ſafely turn a *very Widow* looſe

to

to him, without any great fear of their *hurting* one *another*. Should he be as *ſubtil* a Cur as *Matchiavel's Marry'd Devil*, ſhe'd ſoon make him *hang* his *Ears* as he did, and deſire to be *diſmiſs'd* of the *Employment*. She'd *hamper* him in Links as *ſubſtantial* as any he had left behind him, give him juſt his meat for his working and no more, hold him cloſe to a *quantum valuit*, and make over her *Soul* and her *Eſtate* to ſome other, even though he had *Poſſeſſion* of her *Body*, but would fain be rid on't if he knew how; ſince *ſhe* would *haunt* and *poſſeſs* him, rather than on the contrary.

And what then ſhould a *poor Mortal* do with her, or how ſhould he be *able* to *deal* with her? Suppoſe him in the worſt condition, and no way but this or a Gaol, would it not look more like *Freedom* to live out of the *Priſoner's Basket* than out of *Hers*? 'Tis true he'd have nothing but *Scraps* from both, but then for the former he'd not be *upbraided*; beſides, he'd have a much more *mild Durance*, a ſort of a *King's-Bench Priſon* where-ever he was, in compariſon of being turned over to a *Widow*, till Death cleared him at the General *Gaol-delivery*.

But the moſt diverting Scene is, when they are *Geeſe o' both ſides*, and cheat one another. The *Citizen* turn'd *Gentleman*, and the *German-Princeſs* rarely well met, and neither have juſt cauſe to complain. When the Widow lives high, keeps a noble Houſe and ſplendid Table, and has nothing

but

but *Sham-Deeds* and baſtard *Mortgages* at the bottom: And the Noble 'Squire Eats, Drinks, Preſents, Treats and Plays as high as any, and yet's in debt for every *Rag* he wears, and had much ado to rig himſelf out for this weighty Expedition. But the *Jeſt* is when they come to *weigh* one another, and find nothing but *Feathers* o' both *ſides*, to ſee how they look, and how exactly like one another, only the Bride a little more *Chagrin* of the two, becauſe ſhe has diſgrac'd the Honour of her *Character*, and prov'd a Reproach to the Gravity and diſcretion of Widow-hood, by being impos'd on by another, when a *true Widow* ought to *Cheat* all *Mankind*.

Yet once more we'll ſuppoſe the very beſt, and that an *honeſt Fellow* ſhould chance to light on a *Widow* a little more *free* of her *Purſe*, though a moſt *hide-bound Carcaſe*: *Osborn* has exactly told ſuch a Man's *Fortune*. "The things (*ſays he*) required "to read the apprehenſion of ſuch a *loathſome* "*Companion* will prove ſo chargeable, as in a "ſhort time her *Gold* will be *ſpent*, and no-"thing *left* but the *Foul Beaſt* that *carried* "t.

*Thomas*——

Anſwer

## Anſwer to LETTER XXV.

*In Defence of Widows.*

## *By a Young Widow.*

AND is a *Widow* really ſuch a *frightful thing*, Sir *T.* ſo much your *averſion*? And were you *always* of that *mind*? Are we all of us ſuch perfect *Witches*, ſuch abominable *Blood-ſuckers*, ſuch *Cheats* and *Impoſtors*, ſuch unreaſonable, *unconſcionable* Creatures, as you repreſent us? Or did you never hear of a *ſly Thief*, that cry'd, "The *Grapes* "were *ſour*, when he cou'd not *come at 'em*? "Or of a *lewd Spark* of your *Acquaintance*, "who has often enough made it his *buſineſs* "to *defame* that *Vertue* which he cou'd not "*corrupt* and *ruin*? Juſt thus, I fancy, did that doughty Knight, Sir *Hudibras*, rail at his dear *Widow*, when he cou'd not *catch* her, and when he found both his *ſham-Oaths* and *Whipping* loſt upon her. But to Harp no more upon that *ſtring*, which it may be you will think makes but very *jarring* Muſick, I muſt ask leave to enter into the *Merits* of the *Cauſe*, and conſider your angry waſpiſh *complaints* againſt poor *Widows*, who I find, as *helpleſs* as they are, and how much ſoever *entitled* to *Heaven's Protection*, muſt expect

but

but *little* of *yours*. The more *Diſcourteous Knight you*, the while, and unmindful of the Laws of *Chivalry* and *Honour*. O! but we do not *need* it, we are *cunning* enough of our ſelves, you ſay, to deceive all the World. But pray give me leave to ask you, Sir *T.* how came a poor *ſimple Woman* to be in a little while ſo ſtrangely *alter'd*? If we *kill'd* our *Husbands* indeed, and *eat* 'em afterwards, there might be ſomething in it, and the *Riddle* might eaſily be ſolv'd, according to the *Faith* of the *Cannibals*; becauſe if we *believe* them, we ſhould have all *their Prudence transfus'd* into us: But that meer *Cohabitation* ſhould work ſuch a Prodigious *change*, that only converſing with a *Man* for a few *Years*, or it may be *Months*, ſhould thus transform the moſt *fooliſh* and *helpleſs* thing in Nature into a meer *She-Matchiavel*, and make us too *hard* for all your *Politick Noddles*; This I confeſs is *unaccountable*, and *admirable*; and it muſt needs *follow* from it, that either *we* are very *apt Scholars*, or *you* are *excellent Maſters*.

But have not your *Sex* too the like *Advantage* by *Widow-hood*? If you have, certainly, Sir *T.* it's very dangerous *meddling* with you: For when you have *ſwallow'd* ſuch a *Serpent* as a *Woman*, you muſt be perfect *Dragons*; eſpecially if it happens to be a *Widow* that you have thus got *rid* of, at whoſe *Happy Departure* you would doubtleſs *Triumph* as much as the *Man* when he bury'd his *Twentieth Wife*, and wear *Garlands* all your *Life* after.

after. And yet (you know, Sir *T.*) the ſame *expence* of *Vows* and Oaths is requir'd to *gain* one of *us*, that you uſe with *others*; nay, you are often forc'd to *double* your *Files*, to *clinch* your *Perjuries* when you *attack* a *Widow*, though you pretend to know our *weak ſide* never ſo exactly, becauſe we are ſure we *know* your *Sex* well enough, whatever you may *know* of *ours*; and having been *deceiv'd* once before, as it is great *odds* if when we were marry'd, we met with any *better Fortune*, we expect you ſhould *juggle* more *artificially*, and *hang* and *drown* more *pathetically* than our former Lovers, before you *decoy* us into a *ſecond Nooſe*.

And when once you have your *deſire*, what *Aſſurance* have we after all our *cunning*, that we ſhall not *catch* a *Tartar*, that a *Widower* ſhall not *outwidow* us, and over-ſhoot us in our own *Bow*? Have not you *Contrivances* and *Conveyances* as well as *we*, and *Sham-Joyntures*, and *Airy Eſtates*, which all *vaniſh* after *Marriage*, like the *Ink* of ſome of your *falſe Deeds*, by which you *lur'd* us into your *clutches*? It may be we may with much ado continue in your *good Graces* for ſome *half a Year* after Marriage; and a long time that too it's like many of you will ſay, and an unconſcionable while to be conſtant to *one Woman*: But when once that's paſt, and you can *drain* us of no more comfortable *Old Gold*, a *few Pieces* whereof we may have laid up for a *comfort* in *Age*, or for Legacies, or any extraordinary *Accident*, then we preſently

ſently ſee you *appear* in your *own ſhapes*, and thoſe ſufficiently *horrid*: Nothing but *Oaths* and *Curſes*, and kicking out of *Doors*. For if you turn us up to *Alimony*, and cannot find a way to *cheat* us of that too, we muſt take it as a great *Favour*, while you Drink, and *Game*, and *worſe*, and *Revel* in our *Eſtates*, to your *Hearts deſire*.

Thus you ſee *your Pictures* may be drawn, Sir *T.* as well as *ours*; and there are ſome *Lines* ſo remarkable in many of *your Sex*, that it is almoſt *impoſſible* not to *hit* 'em; and I appeal to the common Experience of the World, whether they do not know many *Widow-Hunters*, to whom this Deſcription agrees as well, and whom it *fits* as exactly, as if they had been *taken meaſure* of, and it had been made on *purpoſe* for them.

After all, to be *ingenuous*, and *acknowledge* a *Truth*, though if the *conſequence* be not *ſtrain'd*, it will not hurt us, all *Eſtates* and *Conditions* have ſome Perſons that are a *Scandal* and *Reproach* to *them*, and to their *Relations*: There are, it cannot be deny'd, *unquiet* and *ill-temper'd*, as well as *crafty* and *over-reaching Perſons*, of all *ſorts* and degrees, *Maids*, *Wives*, and *Widows*; ay, and of all *Sexes* too, Sir *T.* as I hope I have ſatisfy'd you already, of your *own* as well as *ours*.

But why a *Widow*, who has more *Experience* in the World, who knows better how to *manage* a *Family*, than another, and how to *value* a good Husband, either by the *Loſs* of

of one of that *Character*, or the enduring the Tyranny of a *bad* one? Why ſuch a Perſon ſhould not be at leaſt as *deſirable* a *Partner* as a raw, young, *giddy-headed Girl* of *ſixteen*, who has juſt left *playing* with *Lifeleſs Babbies*, when ſhe comes to have *Living* ones of her own to *entertain* her, and knows not what to do with them; I profeſs I am not *ſharp-ſighted* enough to *diſcern*, and therefore, Sir *T.* muſt refer the *deciſion* of ſo *weighty* an *Affair* to your *nicer Judgment*.

*Jane Hill.*

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LETTER

## LETTER XXVI.

*That there is no ſuch thing as Love after Marriage.*

## By Mr. *Strattford.*

EVen this *Fool's Paradiſe* quickly *withers*, and that *Tinſil* ſort of *Happineſs* which a Man finds in *Love*, ſoon wears off. After Marriage your *Sex* thinks it not worth the while to *Diſſemble* any longer; you have *caught* the *Fiſh*, and the *Net* is laid by: You have *entrapt* your *Prey*, and now the *Panther*'s Face is ſhown, which before you ſo ſo carefully *conceal'd.*

You ſay your ſelves that *Fools* cannot *Love*, and if not before *Marriage*, much leſs after it, ſo there's *three quarters* of the World ſtruck off, and how many think ye will there be of *your Sex* included, certainly not the ſmalleſt number.

Nor can a *wiſe Man* love a *Fool*, for that's *unnatural*: There is nothing *agreeable* between them, they don't *Tally*. 'Tis true, he may be a little tickled and pleaſed before *Marriage:* The *Beauty* hides the *Folly*, he was prepoſſeſs'd and hoodwink'd; now the truth is, *Matrimony* often do's Men that *kindneſs*, it gets 'em their *eyes* again, tho' 'tis ſomething a ſharp *Remedy.*

Nay

Nay, ſuppoſe two *wiſe perſons* ſhould by a *Miracle*, meet between one *pair* of *Sheets*, by the Parſon's leave, I know not but theſe would be more *incapable* of *Loving* than any of the other: "The *Felicities* of *Marriage* "(ſays one that's thought to have taſted "deeply enough of its Infelicities) gene-"rally periſhing in the Conflict ariſing be-"tween Man and Wife of equal Spirits and "Underſtanding; It being impoſſible there "ſhould want Conteſts where both lay claim "to a *capacity* fit only to be obeyed.

But ſtill further, to give Matrimony as fair play as poſſible, let us ſuppoſe a *pair* as agreeably Match'd as *Nature* can make 'em; neither too *wiſe*, the *Man* a little the advantage, but no *Stateſman*; the *Woman* no *Fool*, but wiſe enough to know or think ſhe has leſs *Wit* than her *Husband*, yet there's a ſort of *neceſſity* of *Nature* for the ebb of their *Paſſion* after *Marriage*, (and he that *loves* not paſſionately, can't be ſaid to *love* at all.) For what is *ſtrained* to the *highth* muſt needs either *give again*, or ſnap in *pieces*, and 'tis impoſſible *Nature* can furniſh *ſufficient Spirits* to make the Woman. "Each *happy night* a *Bride*---whatever *Songs* may be made on't the *next Morning* by ſome *doating Bridegroom*. Indeed if in any thing we ought to complain of *Nature*, we might ſeem to do it with the greateſt *Juſtice* for this apparent *Cheat* it puts upon us, for it works the *expectations* and *deſires* to the greateſt *Extravagance*, and yet afterwards

" terwards gives us nothing *proportionable* to " her *profuſe promiſes* and our own *exalted* " *Fancies*, at leaſt all ingenuous *Married* " *Men* I ever met with, have frankly owned " this great *Truth*, and 'tis ſtrange if there " ſhould be ſuch a real Felicity in that *Eſtate*, " ſuch an ineſtimable *Philoſopher's Stone*, that " none yet ſhould ever have the *good for-* " *tune* to find it.

Hear your Friend *Oſborn*, who doated upon you ſo much even in his Gray Hairs, when he ſhould have been *wiſer*, that he owns in his youth his *Heart* was your Triumphant Chariot, hear but what Truth and better Experience wrung from him on this Subject. " Thoſe Virtues, Graces, and reci- " procal Deſires (*ſays he*) which bewitched, " Affection expected (before Marriage) to " meet and enjoy, Fruition and Experience " will find abſent, and nothing left but a " *painted* Box, which *Children* and *Time* will " empty of *Delight*, leaving *Diſeaſes* behind, " or at beſt *incurable Antiquity*.

But yet worſe, 'tis no *Miracle* for *Want* and *Poverty* to aſſault the *happy pair*, and then what becomes of all their *Love?* It's ſtrange *Humane Nature* ſhould have no more ſagacity then to let it ſelf be made *one great Bubble*: Never were any paired together, if *Love* brought 'em into the *Nooſe*, but had a ſtrong fancy that alone would *feed* and *cloath* 'em: They take that for their *Semſtreſs* and their *Cook*, as the Poet tells us others formerly did *Religion*; and yet let's

ſee one Inſtance of any that when they try'd the *experiment*, could grow fat on ſuch *airy diet*; nay, or ſo much as live upon't any better than the Welch-man's Horſe upon an *Oat* a *Day*. And when once *Want* comes in at one *Window*, out creeps *Love* infallibly at another, eſpecially when the *Brats* begin to ſprawl and ſtink about in every *corner*, yelping for the *Dug*, with ſcarce cloaths enough to hide their Naſtineſs. Ay,---now let's ſee who *Loves*, and if we find one Pair in all *Europe* that hold ſtubbornly to their firſt *Folly*, that have all the old *Flames* and *Darts* when ſhivering with cold and tormented with *ſhame*, and griped through with Hunger, then we'll vote 'em, not only the *Flitch* at *Dunmow*, but a Monument at their death as famous as the *Mauſoleum*, and ever by my conſent *every* hundred *pair* who live unhappily in the ſame circumſtances, ſhould, while they live, pay 'em the tribute of a ſingle *Maravedi* every year, which I am apt to believe would amount to a *ſum* almoſt beyond Arithmetick to reckon it.

To ſpeak *Truth*, I know not how *Love* ſhould poſſibly laſt after *Marriage*, when Freedom and Liberty are its very *Breath* and *Nature*. If we would, 'tis not likely your *Sex* ſhould be able to continue it: You are a *ſullen* ſort of *Birds*, take never ſo much care of you, *cram* you never ſo well, yet you will hang the *wing*, and moult as ſoon as ever you are *Caged*, and one muſt expect no Muſick from you ever after. *Satiety* as naturally produces

produces *Loathing*, as *Hunger* do's an eager *Appetite*, and *Novelty*, *Pleasure*. To see the same dull *greasie face* every day, is worse then seeing the same Play for a Twelvemonth together. Nothing but *Pork* would tire a very *Flemming*. Or if our *Stomachs* should hold to the same *Dish*, yet you *Cook* it so *sluttishly* as would make one *nauseate* it in spite of a *Siege*: You use us like *Strangers* no longer, that's the *truth* on't, now we are so well acquainted. The *brown Loaf* and *cold Meat* must be esteem'd a great favour. In short, all the care you took to disguise your Minds and Bodies, all your intellectual *Toppings* and *Washes*, as well as the Gayety and Judgment, Wit and good Humour of your outward Dress, are perfectly *vanished*. We have you in your *native Homelines*, though not *Innocence*: If you have not too contracted some *additional countercharms*, and add *Sluttishness* to your other Accomplishments, to make you more compleatly *Odious*. For where's that *care* and *solicitous exactness*, and womanish diligence, and even affected neatness which were so remarkable in you before you had noos'd us? You take no more care then to *bolster* up your *minds*, to hide those *mental Deformities* which would fright even a *Satyr* from your *Bosoms*. You are no more those *gay pretty* airy *foolish diverting* things, you were when upon your *good behaviour*. You give us a Sample indeed, but 'tis like a *Snowy Hand* to a *Sooty Face*. You *trade* too *sharp* for us *Plain-Dealers*, expose your best Goods

to ſale, but pack up thoſe that are Damag'd in the *middle*; Give us a *Taſt* of *good Wine*, but when we come to ſend for the whole *Piece* home, and draw it out, 'tis ſo *prick'd* and *paul'd* that there's no *enduring* it.

Not but that you are careful enough ſtill to look as gay as ever on ſome extraordinary Occaſions: If King *Edgar* be to make a *Viſit*, *Alfreda* will be ſure to on with all her Jewels, though it coſts her Husband's Life: If you do *dreſs* at all, you are not ſure ſo much out o'the Faſhion to do it for your Husbands, 'tis either for all the *World*, or for ſome *favour'd Gallant*: When he approaches you recall the old *Leer*, reſume your Virgin ſmiles and prettineſſes, though it may be awkwardly enough too, for want of *practice*. New *Tallow* your weather-beaten *Veſſel*, repair your Rigging, pick your *Eyebrows*, blubb your *Lip*, and ſay over the *fine things* you can think on, which uſed to charm all your *Adorers*, and make 'em run as mad for your *Common-place Wit*, as for your *no more natural Beauty*.

And how ſhou'd moſt Marriages ever thrive any better, when they are ſo far from being made in *Heaven*, that the *Banker* has much more to do in 'em than the *Parſon*. 'Tis but a ſort of *Stock-Jobbing*, to make the beſt on't: You ask no other *Qualifications* in a Man, than what *has* he, not, what *is he*? And what *Eſtate*, what *Joynture* can he make, not what *Character*, what *Reputation* has he in the World. Let him make never ſo *Mon-*

*key*

key a *Figure*, and be diſtinguiſh'd by nothing but want of a *Bruſh* behind, and going always upon his *hind-legs*, he's never the worſe *Bedfellow* if he can but ſettle the *Subſtantial Acres*. A *goodly Marriage* i'the mean time this is like to make, and a great deal of *Comfort* they'll have between 'em; ſuch a *Surpluſage* of *Conjugal Love* and Affection, that they'll ſcarce know what to do with't all, but be very ready, it's likely, to *ſpare* ſome to their *Neighbours*.

Nor even ſo much as *here* are ye upon the *Square*, which is ſtill *harder*; for ſince you have reduc'd the whole Affair to meer *Bargain* and *Sale*, both Parties ought to ſtand upon *even Ground*. But 'tis like all other *Trades*, one *ſide* muſt be ſure to be *cheated*. Your Sex are ſeldom without *Falſe Dice* about ye: Your *Fortunes*, the only things that wou'd make one bear the *Incumbrance* at the *end* of 'em with any tolerable *Patience* and *Satisfaction*, are look'd upon by a *Magnifying-glaſs*, as well as your other *Perfections*; tho' indeed they may ſeem to have ſome *Right* to the *ſame Advantage* with all the reſt, becauſe the moſt Raviſhing *Charm* that *belongs* t'ye. Subſtantial, laſting *Felicities*, and almoſt a *Valuable Conſideration*, even for *Matrimony*; at leaſt 'twou'd make any thing but that *go down* with a great deal of *Pleaſure*.

Thus, Ladies, have you taught us to Diſcount, by letting us ſee the *Ready* is the *main thing* you expect from us, and why ſhou'd we not be as *ingenuous* with you?

*Love*, if any thing, is *modeſt* and *ſilent*; 't has but a *weak Head*, and hates *noiſe* and *clamour*; and is it then any more likely to be found in the Houſe where a *Woman* has *enter'd* before it, than *ſilence* in a *Monaſtery*?

Who can *Love* where they do not *Eſteem*? And how can the *Woman eſteem* the *Man*, whom ſhe reckons as her *Rival* in Government, if not a Tyrant and *Uſurper* upon her *Rights* and *Liberties*, as ſhe'll be ſure to think him? Such a *Republican Spirit* has ſhe, tho' he's the moſt *Juſt* and Merciful *Monarch* in the World. And on the other ſide, how can ſhe expect he ſhou'd love one who is daily *conſpiring* againſt him, to wreſt away his Legal *Patrimony*, and Ancient *Inheritance*? Man was *born* her *Soveraign*, and it looks like no very great piece of *Kindneſs* to *exclude* or *dethrone* him.

I'll not inſiſt on thoſe many *Diſeaſes* ſo incident to your *Sex*, and almoſt *inſeparable* from them, leſt I ſhou'd render that *horrid* and *nauſeous*, which I only deſign to repreſent as it really is, *dreadful*, and *avoidable*. But thus much is certain, if theſe are not in your *own Power*, they ought to be *in ours*, and not to *Yoke* our ſelves to what wou'd make *our Lives* as *uncomfortable* as *yours*: Eſpecially when you can't expect *Love* ſhou'd *laſt*, when the *Cement* of it, and the very *End* of *Matrimony ceaſes*; unleſs you can give an Inſtance of any that fell in *Love* in an *Hoſpital*; always excepting the Famous *Gondibert* and his *Apothecary's Daughter*.

*James Strattford.*

## Anſwer to LETTER XXVI.

*That 'tis poſſible to love as* well after *Marriage as before, and the way to do it.*

## By M---- *H*----

WHen the *Hiſtories* of all *Nations* are full of the *Examples* of excellent *Wives*, who for their *Conſtancy* and *Fidelity* to their *Husbands*, and *Conjugal Duty* and *Affection* have juſtly been made *Immortal*, it looks like a very *ill-natur'd Paradox* to aſſert *that* never *can* be, which ſo often *has* been, and therefore *may be* agen, and of which we have as many preſent *living Inſtances* as there are of *marry'd Perſons* that live *happily*, which I am apt to believe are *many more* than *live* otherwiſe, becauſe *Happineſs* and *Content* are generally *ſilent*, but *Miſery* is *querulous* and *noiſy*; and we hear every where of the Diſorders which *happen* in any ſuch unfortunate *Families*. Indeed it is obſerveable of moſt of the *Arguments* that are brought againſt *Marriage*, or the *Happineſs* of ſuch a *State*, that not one in *twenty* of them have ſo much as the *ſhadow* of *Reaſon*, but are juſt ſuch as an ingenious Perſon ſays of them, fit for Men rather to *wheedle* with, than in good earneſt *think* what they *ſpeak*. And of this

ſort are all thoſe which pretend to prove there is no ſuch thing as *Love after Marriage*; for we will not ſtand to the *Experience* of a bad Husband in theſe *matters*.

Grant that *they* never had any, that ſomething *baſer* than *Love* was the *motive* of their *Courtſhip*, and that their *Flame* was ſo *impure*, that it could not long *ſhine* after it was *lighted* by the *Torch* of *Hymen*: Yet it is ſo far from Truth, that *Love* cannot laſt at all after *Marriage*, that I am ſatisfy'd many have lov'd much *better after* than they did *before*; nay, in ſome Inſtances, have lov'd very *tenderly* after that Sacred Bond had united 'em, though perfectly *indifferent*, if not *averſe*, when both *ſingle*; although Inſtances of theſe laſt are ſo *rare*, that it is ill *venturing* together unleſs there be at leaſt ſome *Affection* between them. But this I affirm, as *Magiſterially* as ever our Antagoniſt can the *contrary*, although with much more *Truth* and *Reaſon*, that *marry'd Perſons* have more *cauſe* to *Love* better than others, and more *Advantages* to do ſo: For they have now *left* all the *World* for each other, which muſt needs be a *great Endearment* on both *ſides*: Their *Word*, and *Honour*, and Oath are all publickly engag'd, and unleſs they *forfeit* all theſe, they muſt continue to *Love* one another, and cannot but be *Happy*. Their *Love* is both *Honourable* and *Lawful*, and now they have all they *ſigh'd* for, and poſſeſs each other's *Affections*, and *Perſons*, and *Fortunes* without any fear of a *Rival*. Shame on him

that

that *loves* a *fine Woman leſs* when he has her in his *Arms*, than when he only throws *ſheeps-eyes*, and makes *ugly Faces* at her. It is true, if Men form Romantick Notions of *Love* and Friendſhip, and find themſelves deceiv'd when they come to apply 'em to *common Life*, they may be *angry* without *pity* or *regard*. He that expects more from a *Mortal* than it can *give* him, deſerves to be *diſappointed*. There's no perfect *Happineſs* here, and it's pity there ſhould; but yet we may make a ſhift to pick up a good *comfortable ſhare* of it with good *Management*, and there are certainly *degrees* of it, and one is much more Happy than another, and I am ſtill of the mind that a marry'd condition is in it ſelf the *happieſt Eſtate* of *Life*, and will never believe but that it would always be ſo, did not *Lewdneſs*, or *Imprudence*, or ſome uncommon *Misfortune* prevent it; and thus happy I am ſure it never could be, without a good *degree* of *Love*. The *little Endearments* of a *marry'd condition*, the ſoft *Hours*, the very *Fondneſſes* and *Follies* and Particularities, and to others, inſignificant *Fancies* and Humours, have yet all of 'em ſomething *new* in 'em, and *diverting* and *obliging*.

Nay, even the *little Matrimonial Quarrels*, the ſhort-liv'd Anger of Lovers, makes 'em but *love better*: A little *Water* ſprinkled on their *Fire*, makes it *blaze* more *ſtrongly* than before, if there be not enough to *Quench* it.

Moſt *kinds* of *Pleaſure* ſeem to be little more than the *curing* of ſome *Pain.* What elſe is that we perceive in the Guſt of the moſt delicious *Wines*, when extream Thirſty? or the *Taſt* or Smell of a well cook'd Diſh, when ſoundly *Hungry*? And the longer we have been *Faſting*, the *ſharper* we are kept, the more *ravenouſly* we fall to, when once we *ſit* down to *Table.* However, none but *Gluttons* will *gorge* themſelves; and if afterwards they complain of want of *Appetite*, Wou'd they not be *laugh'd* at, rather than *pitied?*

Yet you cannot tell, Mr. *S*---, whether the *Anſwerer* of this Letter be a *Man*, or a *Woman*, a Maid, Wife, or Widow; nor ſhall you ever know it, if I can help it. But whatever I am, *Zeal* for *Truth* has engag'd me in the *Controverſie*, and no *Averſion* to *Marriage* has drawn theſe *Thoughts* from me, which you muſt take as they come, without any more *Accuracy*, or *Regularity*, than I find in ſome of yours.

But to return to my Subject: Even *Abſence* it ſelf is ſo far from *divorcing Lovers*, that it only more cloſely *cements* their *Affections.* Every occaſional *Journey* renders the happy Pair more *impatient* of *meeting*; and when they meet again, more *pleas'd* with each other; encreaſes their *vertuous Love*, and heightens their *mutual Satisfaction*; and the *longer* they *live* together, the *cloſer* ſtill is the *Knot* ty'd, the more indiſſoluble it grows, and yet the more *eaſie.* *Time* and

*Age*

*Age file* off by degrees any little *roughneſs* in their *Temper*, and *poliſhes* the *Inequalities* of their *Humour*, while they grow more acquainted with each others *Excellencies* and *Vertues*, and therefore more in *love* with them, and can more eaſily bear with thoſe unavoidable Imperfections, thoſe *little Blebs*, which will be found in whatever is moulded of *Clay*, and therefore with the leſs difficulty may be mutually over-look'd and forgiven. Tho' were there nothing but *length* and *continuance* of *Acquaintance*, and a long *Intimacy*, under the ſame *Roof*, on the ſame *Road*, and in the ſame *Circumſtances* of Life; yet even from hence we often ſee ſuch *Friendſhips* contracted, that nothing but *Death* can divide 'em. And theſe of neceſſity muſt be much *ſtronger*, where the Obligations are *dearer*, and the *Intimacy cloſer*, and the *Secrecy* more entire: Where *Tenderneſs*, and *Intereſt*, and *Inclination*, join their *Forces*; and 'tis ſo much the Concern of both Parties to make each other *Happy*.

I never *ſaid* or *thought* that *Love* was more *furious* the *longer* it *laſted*; for I believe the quite contrary. 'Tis more *calm* and rational; but 'twou'd be *ſtrange*, if it ſhou'd therefore be the leſs *perfect*. It burns like *ſubterranean Lamps*, undiſturb'd and *even*, and therefore muſt be *immortal*; at leaſt, the Light can only be *extinguiſh'd* when the *Lamp* it ſelf *moulders*: Its *Death* is owing not to any *inward Decay*, but meerly to the Weakneſs of the *Materials*.

Yet

Yet if *Souls* know *Souls* hereafter, what Hereſie is it, to believe, that a *vertuous Friendſhip*, here *commenc'd*, ſhall *laſt*, nay ſhall be *perfected*, like all other good *Qualities*, in another World! You'll ſay, it may be, I'm too *grave* on ſuch Subjects: But I muſt ask your Pardon, if I only let you and others know what I think my ſelf. I love to follow a *Thought* as far as I can *ſee* it. And I have read, that ſome of the brave old *Heathens* were wont mightily to pleaſe themſelves with the *Friendſhips* of *Elyſium*, and the *Satisfaction* they expected in a more intimate Correſpondence with *wiſe* and *good Men* in *another World*.

But well remember'd: We are yet in this; and I hope I ſhould do my *Fellow Citizens* no *diſſervice*, if I could put all *marry'd Perſons*, or at leaſt the very greateſt part of 'em, in a way to be certainly *Happy* with each other; and the longer they *live*, to love ſtill the *better*, and be more *belov'd*.

Let the *Husband*, if he deſires this, neither *Doat* nor *Tyrannize*: The *Wife* neither *aſſume* beyond what Nature, and the (indulgent) *Laws* have given her, nor yet ſo baſely *crouch*, as to render her ſelf *cheap* and *deſpicable*. If they ever have any little *Differences*, let 'em no more take *air* than *Fire* in a *Cellar*. Keep 'em even from *Servants*, and let the *Pillow* alone decide 'em, where many a *Flint* is broken. If both are *Paſſionate*, take turns to *adjourn* your *Anger*; if only *one*, it's the eaſier to *agree*; tho' there's

there's this Advantage even in an *haſty Temper*, that as it ſoon *kindles*, 'tis never long a *burning*; it may *ſputter* a little, but 'twill do no *great hurt*; while a *ſour Log* that's a whole day a *lighting*, ſhall, it may be, be half a dozen, before 'tis *extinguiſh'd*.

In the laſt place, learn the Act of *Memory*, and the greater *Act* of *Forgetfulneſs*, and you'll not fail of being *Happy*. That is, *remember* all the *kind* things, *forget* all that's *harſh* or ungrateful that ever paſt between ye; at leaſt never *repeat* 'em, which will be the beſt way to *forget* 'em: Which Advice if you carefully obſerve, I ſee no Reaſon to doubt but you'll live as contentedly as

*Your Humble Servant*,

M— H—.

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LETTER

## LETTER XXVII.

*That no* Woman *can be* Faithful *in* Abſence.

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## By Sir *Thomas*——

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YOur ingenious *Sex* finds out many Exceptions from that General Rule, *Till Death us do part*; and 'tis worthy *Chronicle* indeed to find one of ye *conſtant* half ſo long. I think we have Inſtances of ſome *one* or *two* that have made a ſhift to keep Honeſt without *good looking after*, and you may well boaſt of your Phœnix, *Penelope*, who held out a *Siege* as long as that of *Troy*, where her *Husband* was carrying on one of the Principal *Attacks*: But you are forc'd to go as high as the *Fabulous Age* for one ſuch Story, while we ſee there's few Husbands need go over their *Threſholds* to find the *contrary*; for if they are but *abſent* in another *Room*, it may be as *effectual*, as if at the *utmoſt diſtance* the *four Seas* wou'd allow him. Which, by the way, are the exact meaſure of a Woman's *Conſcience*, and our Great Grandfathers *Wiſdom*; for was there ever ſuch a *Law* made in any other Nation of the World, that a Man muſt *thankfully receive* all the two-legg'd *Bleſſings* his *Bountiful Wife* will

will beſtow upon him, tho' he has no more to do with 'em than the *Great Mogul?* If it be pleaded for you, that you are *tempted* to *Falſhood* by the *Remiſsneſs* of the *Laws* on theſe occaſions; may it not with more Reaſon be *retorted*, that had you any *Ingenuity*, you wou'd therefore be the more *Faithful*. Sometimes you don't love *Reſtraint*, and 'tis being ty'd up ſo *cloſe* makes you break your *Halter*. But what can you ſay in this caſe, unleſs that even *this Law* has not left you *Rope* enough, and that the *four Seas* ought, in Chancery at leaſt, to be extended to both the *Indies*, which wou'd doubtleſs have ſeveral good Conſequences, and make your *Huſbands Abſence* more *comfortable* to you, and profitable to themſelves; and in the mean while you wou'd not be ſuch *unfruitful*, unprofitable Members of the *Common-wealth*. 'Twou'd effectually prevent much *Jealouſie* and *ill Blood* in the *Nation*. A Man wou'd not then look *ſour* upon his *Spouſe*, at his return from a long Voyage, only becauſe ſhe had been Trading too in his abſence, and improving that little Stock he left her; whoſe unkindneſs to her might have very *ill Effects*, make her, it may be, loſe what ſhe goes with, if not break her *tender heart*.

But then if one *Law* be favourable to the *Sex*, there's *another Cuſtom* that I wonder you don't *Petition* againſt, and *try* to get it alter'd in *Parliament*, and that is, the *unconſcionable time* you are oblig'd to ſtay without *hearing* from *your Husband*, before *you* dare

*hope*

*hope* him *dead*, and admit the *conſolation* of another.

*Seven Years!* why, 'tis a *Life-time*, and ſuch a tedious ſtate of *Widow-hood*, more properly a *Civil Death*, than Rowing Ten Years in the Galleys. The only *Comfort* is, you can ſet *one Law* againſt t'other, and then the *Scales* will be pretty *even*.

The greateſt wonder to me is, that any ſhou'd be ſo unreaſonable as to expect *Fidelity* and Conſtancy from you. Why does he not as well expect *ſoftneſs* from a *Flint*, or Oyl from a *Pumice-ſtone*? The *Winds* and *Seas* are old *Similies*, for their *Conſtancy* as well as their *Silence*: And if 'tis not in their *Nature* to be *conſtant*, hardly in *Evil*, much leſs ſure in *Vertue*, and leaſt of all, in ſo ſtrong a Vertue as *Fidelity*, which they may pretend is too *rough* and *maſculine* for their *ſofter Natures*. And if this ben't to be expected, even *after Marriage*, where there are all the moſt Sacred Tyes imaginable, all the Obligations of *Gratitude*, and *Conſcience*, and *Intereſt*, and *Honour* to keep 'em ſteady, how thick muſt his *Sword* be, who hopes for it *before Marriage*, in the *abſence* of him to whom they vow'd *Eternal Friendſhip*? Is't not fair for a Woman to ſtand to her Word, while you are by, to remember her of it? We know they are *forgetful Creatures*, they are *weak*, and if they venture *alone*, we muſt expect they'll *fall*, and ſo *brittle*, that if they do, we may be ſure they'll be *broken*. But they'll ſay, I'm now

now Arguing on their ſide. Let 'em make what uſe they pleaſe on't, but this is matter of *Fact*, and ſhews that they are not, or cannot be *conſtant* if you truſt 'em out of ſight. For the Lover takes his Miſtreſſes *Vows* and Promiſes along with him: He has 'em in his own *keeping*, as afterwards, if he gets her, the *Writings* of her *Eſtate*, and let him *look* to 'em, and not blame her if they are *loſt*, nor be ſo unreaſonable to expect her Conſtancy ſhou'd follow him all the World over.

A Woman's *Oaths* and *Promiſes* are certainly what they report of *ours*: She'll claim the *Clergy* of a *Lover*, and pretend they may be *broken* upon good *occaſions*, and thoſe ſhe'll never *want*, till ſhe wants *Invention* or *Confidence*: And concludes without any.

Her *Friends* are *againſt* the *Match*, and ſhe dares not go againſt her *Conſcience* and Intereſt in a matter of ſuch great *concern*. Or he is *unfaithful firſt*, and gives her both Example and Authority to treat him in that manner. Or he is not in a *capacity* to make good the *Propoſals* he made her; and if they marry'd, they ſhou'd only live miſerably, and *ſtock* the World with a *Race* of *Beggars*: Or he has *neglected* and *affronted* her, either by *Silence*, or want of that *Reſpect* which becomes a Faithful *Lover*. Or ſhe has heard of ſome of his *former Pranks*, and, forſooth, can't think ſhe's bound by any Promiſe to a Perſon of ſo little *Vertue*. All theſe ſhe thinks *good Reaſons*, tho' the true one lies ſtill at the *bottom*.

His

His *Fortune* is not *plentiful* enough to maintain her *Extravagance* and *Pride*, or ſhe has ſome *richer Fool* that makes his *Addreſſes*, and outbids the *Joynture* offer'd by the *former*: Or it may be he's a *Man of Senſe*, and then he's *half condemn'd* before any other tenders his *Service*: However, if ſome *briſk Fop attacks* her, he infallibly carries all before him, having the *Fate* of her *Sex* to favour his *Pretenſions*; and oftentimes ſhe only *changes* for the ſake of *change*, for dear charming irreſiſtible *Variety*. The *Impreſſion* of her former *Vows* wears off from her Memory as faſt as the *Face* of him to whom ſhe made 'em: There are none of thoſe pretty little *Amorous Quarrels*, which us'd to *blow* up and feed their *Paſſion* when *preſent*. Nor are *Letters* ſtrong enough to ſupply the want of actual Management, and appearance in proper Perſon: They are too *cold* to keep *Love* long alive, or to continue it in an unconſtant *Heart*, where at leaſt 'tis eaſily *driven* out by a *newer*, and therefore more *faſhionable Amour*. There's as much difference between actual Perſonal *Addreſſes*, and Epiſtolary Confabulations, as there is between a diſputable *Bill* and good hard *Ready Money*. Woman is indeed ſo far like a *New diſcover'd* Country, that the *firſt comer* pleads a Right to her; but if he withdraws for a while, and a ſtronger *Rival ſteps* in, he *ſeizes* the *Ground* as his own, cuts up the *Turff*, and *Heirs* the whole *Plantation*.

Some-

Sometimes, 'tis true, you have ſomething more of Excuſe for your *Infidelity*: The *Unhappy Lover* is betrayed by a *falſe Friend*, or miſ-repreſented and abus'd by the *Malice* of his *Enemies*. But were that *Generoſity* in your Sex which you pretend to, half that *real firmneſs* which you have in an ill Cauſe, you wou'd weigh the Circumſtances, and hear his *Defence*, and not run away with the firſt heat of *Paſſion*, *throw* your ſelves away (if that can be) on one that cannot *Merit* you, or is, it may be, as falſe as your ſelves, and give poor forſaken *Manly* one Reaſon more to Curſe the World by your *unkindr* and *baſeneſs*.

But you are *Faithful* to your *Love* it may be you'll *boaſt*, even after *Death* and much more when they are only abſen but ſtill *living*. Yes doubtleſs, if we granted the one, we ſhou'd ſcarce ſtand to quarrel with you upon the *other*: But how many *Artemiſia's* and *Portia's* have you to boaſt of? The latter of whom ſeems rather to have ſuſpected her *Conſtancy*, than to have given ſuch an *Illuſtrious Tryal* thereof, as is generally apprehended: The moſt Charitable Interpretation we can make of what ſhe did, is, that ſhe was *afraid* ſhe ſhou'd not keep up the *Grandeur* of her *Name*, and the Glory of *Cato's Wife*, and therefore took a Cordial of *Live coals* to ſettle her while ſhe was in a *good Mind*, and prevent any *ſecond Marriage*.

*Thomas* ——

Anſwer

## Anſwer to LETTER XXVII.

*For Abſence.*

## By Madam *Godfrey.*

WHether or no *Abſence* be the more *advantagious* to a *Lover*, or his being *preſent* to *ſolicit* his *Suit* with the *Fair* One; which ſide ſoever of the Queſtion I ſhould engage in, it could be no *Reflexion* on our *Sex*, at leaſt not diſtinctly from yours; for there have bin more *falſe Theſeus*'s then *Clytemneſtra*'s, and till you could ſhow us *one* of your Sex that wou'd be proof againſt *Intereſt* and *Opportunity*, that when his *Miſtreſs* was *abſent* would refuſe a *Richer*, and a *Handſomer* if the Offer was made, you muſt not lay all the *weight* on *others ſhoulders*, but ſupport at leaſt an *equal ſhare* in your *proper Perſons*.

But letting that reſt, I ſhall now examine what you Advance on *this Subject*, and doubt not to prove that in many *Caſes*, and on ſeveral *Accounts*, *Abſence* is more favourable to a *Lover* than the contrary; he has many Advantages by it, which he cou'd not have if preſent with *her* he *loves*. For he can *write* to her, and *expreſs* many things that *way* which he *could* not any other. It remedies his

his *Baſhfulneſs*, (if any of your *Sex* are yet *Oppreſt* with that unfaſhionable Malady:) However, he avoids being confounded and *dazled* with the *Splendor* of her *Beauty*, which has often ſtruck *dumb* as ſtout Men as Sir *T.* without any Reflexion upon his *Valour*. The fear leaſt any Expreſſion leſs *proper* or *reſpective* ſhou'd *drop* out unawares, as it often happens in *Converſation*, is here *avoided*: A Lady will bear many things in *black* and *white*, which it may be ſhe wou'd not care to have told her by the *Writer* if he were preſent. Many don't *love* to *hear* they are *lov'd*, or at leaſt, think it not *decent* to ſit ſtill and hear their own *Panegyric*, which yet they can *read* well enough, if there be not too much *daubing* in't. A *Lover* may talk on as long as he pleaſe with his Pen, and reveal all his *Paſſion* without fear of being *interrupted*, either by the *Wit*, or *Ill-nature*, or *Modeſty* of his Miſtreſs. Many can *write* better than they can *ſpeak*, eſpecially Men of *Sence*, and this Obſervation ſcarce ever fails if they have not had much *acquaintance* or *converſation* in the World; and to ſuch as theſe, *Abſence* gives a mighty advantage: A Lover has time to *think* twice, to *chooſe* his *thoughts*, and only repreſent ſuch as will be moſt favourable to his *Paſſion*, when he makes it known by *Letter*; but in *Diſcourſe* he has no time nor room to *turn* an *Idea*, but his *Miſtreſs* muſt take it as ſhe finds it. *Generoſity* and *Fidelity* plead hard for him in his *abſence*, if he has made any *Progreſs* in his

*Amour*

*Amour* before he leaves her, which the Queſtion ſuppoſes: *Lovers* love to pleaſe themſelves, and repreſent the dear *Object* as *amiable* as their *Affection* and *Imagination* can deſcribe it, and as the *Man* ſees his *Lady* in this *advantagious Dreſs*, ſhe contemplates him in one that's full as agreeable, and both are ſure to *forget* what may *diſpleaſe* 'em, or make *excuſes* and *alleviations*, which they can't ſo well do when they have the *Object* it ſelf before their *Eyes*.

Then if to all this there be a faithful *Friend* of either ſide, a Confident to the *Amour*, it may go better on, and make a *larger progreſs* in *Abſence* than otherwiſe. When Perſons are long preſent and converſing with one another, they are apt to find out each others *Faults* and *Imperfections*: It is impoſſible but they muſt repeat the *ſame things* over and over, unleſs of an extraordinary *Wit*, *Invention*, *Memory*, and *Judgment*: At beſt there is but a *dull Satiety*, and *Wit* it ſelf, with nothing elſe for a long while together, would be apt to be *tireſome* and *offenſive*: Now *Abſence heightens* and *ſharpens* the *Paſſion*, as *Hunger* does the *Appetite*, and then none but a *Lover* can gueſs the *Tranſports* that parted *Lovers* experiment when they *meet* again. How *eagerly* they *claſp* each other to their *Breaſts*, and *look*, and *ſigh*, and *claſp* again, and are never *weary*. A ſight that would be enough to *Convert* the moſt *averſe* to *Love*, or at leaſt make 'em *Envy* ſuch a *Happineſs* as the *ſourneſs* of their *Natures* would never let them *poſſeſs*.

I

I had like to have forgot *Songs*, and *Verſes*, and a hundred *pretty Fancies*, which a Lover may ſend to his Miſtreſs when abſent, tho' it looks often but ſcurvily to repeat 'em himſelf when *preſent*, which is like carrying a Letter from himſelf to the Perſon to whom it's directed. Beſides the *partiality* of, I think, all Men living, at leaſt that ever I have obſerv'd, for their own Works, would be apt to render the poor *Author* uneaſie, and diveſt him of that *complaiſance* which is ſo neceſſary to one that pretends to our Hearts, if we ſhould think fit to diſlike any thing in them, either for the Tryal of his *Good Nature* or *Underſtanding*.

But beſides, as a Lady can bear much more in Writing than *Face* to *Face*, and her Lover expreſs himſelf more to his *Satisfaction*, ſo ſhe can ſay more to him this way if ſhe's ſecure of his Fidelity, Diſcretion, and Loyalty, than if he were actually preſent. She can tell him a *thouſand things* here, which would put a terrible *Violence* on the *Reſervedneſs* of our Sex, ſhould ſhe venture to ſay half as much before him: Nor would ſhe be this way in danger of his *Tranſports*, or ſeeing him throw himſelf out o' *Window* for *Joy* that ſhe has granted him ſuch a *Favour*. On all which Accounts, beſides *divers* and *ſundry Reaſons* more, too *long* to *repeat*, I conclude, that *Abſence* is moſt *Advantagious* to a *favour'd Lover*.

*Rachel Godfrey.*

LETTER

## LETTER XXVIII.

*Againſt* Nunneries.

## By Mr. *Preſton.*

WEre it an *Infallible*, or ſo much as a probable Conſequence, that *Nunneries* wou'd keep you *Honeſt*, I ſhou'd for ſeveral Reaſons, heartily wiſh that we had *more* in every City than we had in former *Ages*, and that all your *Sex* might be immur'd in 'em by your ſelves, which wou'd almoſt reſtore *Man* to his firſt *Paradice*. You want all imaginable helps to *Vertue*, but I wonder a certain *Politick Communion* ſhou'd ever fancy this wou'd *prove* ſo. And I wiſh there were not reaſon to ſuſpect they had quite different *Motives* for ſuch an Eſtabliſhment, ſince they cou'd not be ſo little acquainted with your *Inclinations*, as not to know that this was the direct way to make you long for what they pretended to deny you. A long *Lent* in truth they impoſe on your tender Stomachs, not only for two or three Weeks, or a *Year*, but all your *Lives* together, unleſs ſome Charitable *Confeſſor* will give you a Diſpenſation from the Severity of your *Rule*. I once more entreat you not to flatter your ſelves, that 'tis my *fondneſs* for your *Com-*

*pany*

*pany* that renders me averſe from having you *clapt* into theſe *Pinfolds*. No, you may aſſure your ſelves 'tis the quite contrary; for I think there's juſt ground to fear that reſtraining the *Fire* to ſo narrow a *compaſs*, will make it *blaze* more furiouſly, unleſs it cou'd be quite *ſtifled*. When 'tis thus *reverberated*, what can withſtand it? The *damming* up this vaſt *weight* of *Waters* is very *dangerous*, for if they once find a way through the Banks, as 'tis hard if they long contain ſo *ſlippery* an *Element*, then there's no Remedy, but they bear all down before 'em.

To be plain, I'm afraid thus wou'd you deal with us, were your Sex generally *confin'd* to *Nunneries*. You'd make a deſperate *Sally* at one time or other, fall upon our *Sex* when unprepar'd to reſiſt ye, over-run all *Mankind*, and *beat* us, as the *Amazons* did their *Neighbours*, till they made 'em *Raviſh* 'em in their *own Defence*, and meerly to *ſave* their *Lives*.

All the *Paſſion* and *Fire* we *ſee* and *wonder* at in the Letters from a *Nun* to a *Cavalier*, are no more than *painted Flames*, in compariſon of thoſe which muſt needs torment ſuch as are thus fatally immur'd. This they *fan*, but can never *allay* by their *Converſation* at the *Grates*, which ſure muſt be a *lively* Emblem of a *darker Priſon*, ſince this muſt needs keep their *Deſires* enrag'd, without giving 'em any *ſatisfaction*, unleſs you'll ſuppoſe 'em all ſuch *very Veſtals*, as to feel no more *tingling* when their *Hands*

are preſs'd and kiſs'd thro' the *Grate*, than thoſe very *conſcious Bars* that part the *eager Lovers*.

And when 'tis once come ſo far, and a ſettled *Amour* is *formed* between 'em, 'tis well if *ſcaling Walls*, and *breaking Necks* don't ſhortly follow, or it may be, more miſchievous Conſequences than either.

That poor Saint had a great deal of Injury done her, who put her ſelf in *Man's Cloaths* on purpoſe to get into a *Monaſtery*, and having there behav'd her ſelf ſo well, as to gain the favour of her Superiors, was it ſeems ſo envy'd by the reſt of the *Fraternity*, that they moſt Felonioufly hired a Strumpet to lay a Baſtard to her Charge, likely enough of their own begetting. For which the poor Innocent, not daring to diſcover her ſelf, was confin'd to her *Cell*, and condemn'd to very rigorous Penance all her Life. In which modeſt *ſilence* ſhe at laſt dy'd, and then all *came* out; for ſhe was not only found a *Woman*, but *Intacta* too, if we'll believe the *Skilful* Monk that relates it.

Now 'twas very well for this *poor Girl* that ſhe had no *Companion* aſſign'd her, no *Bedfellow* to comfort her all that while, nor none in her *Sickneſs* to *undreſs* her, or to *adminiſter* any thing whereof there might have been occaſion.

And 'twou'd be yet worſe, I fancy, if ſome *devout Brother* ſhou'd for ſome ſuch Reaſon, and out of meer *contempt* of the World, and hatred of the *Vices* of our *bad Sex*,

*Sex*, reſolve to *diſguiſe* himſelf in the *Habit* of a *Woman*, and ſo by that means get introduc'd among the *Siſters*, which they ſay, has not been without *Preſident*. How *ſweetly*, how *innocently* wou'd he live amongſt 'em? And if he ſhou'd happen to die there, like the She-Monk already mention'd, how many Ehs! and ſqueeks wou'd the poor Nuns make when they went to lay him out, and made the *Diſcovery*?

'Twou'd be well if Mother *Abbeſs* her ſelf did not come running in, as once before, with the Fryar's Breeches about her *Shoulders*, to ſee what was the matter.

What caution ſoever is us'd in theſe *concerns*, ſomething or other will now and then break out, to the Scandal of Mother Church, and *Diverſion* of us *Hereticks*, whence we can't help concluding that how *Angelical* ſoever their *Profeſſion* may be, their *Practice* is juſt like that of other *pieces* of *Fleſh* and *Blood*, that other French *Nuns* may be like thoſe who have bin diſcover'd to be no better then they ſhou'd be, and that the *Nuns* of *France* may be of a piece with thoſe throughout all the World.

If this be thought too Uncharitable a Cenſure, we'll find out another way for *Nature* to work for it ſelf, for it can't be *perfectly unactive*, as long as there's *Heat* and *Motion*.

We'll believe then that all their *Fiſh-ponds* are not ſtock'd at the ſame rate, and that they don't all *kill* their *Children* becauſe they han't occaſion for't. But then

they often *kill themſelves*, and one can ſcarce tell which is *worſe*. They ſee *Viſions and Revelations*, are fill'd with new *Light* and *Prophecy*, commence all *Pazzis* and *Julians*, and *Bridgets* and *Kates*, are *Canoniz'd* and *Pray'd* to, and their *Lives* enter'd in their *glorious Legends*, to the encouragement of Catholicks and confuſion of *Infidels*,---and all this becauſe the *Blaſt* works *upward*. *Progenies cœli eſt, & conſcia Flammina futuri*---I ask your Pardon, Ladies, for that ſcrap of that *Beaſtly Language*, which ſlipt from me before I was aware, but as *big* as it ſounds, your learned Advocate (*Anonyma*) who yoaked me ſo hard in defence of your *Topknots*, can eaſily tell you the meaning on't, which on the word of an *honourable Enemy*, is no manner of *hurt*, and nothing elſe but an end of *Hudibras* before recited, though dreſs'd ſo *fine* that he himſelf would hardly know it.

Once more pardon for *this digreſſion*, which if you do not give me preſently, I muſt be forced to make another *as long* to excuſe it.

But I think we were talking of *Enthuſiaſm*, which if any of your *Sex* inclines to *Devotion*, will be ſure to have a large ſhare in it. It Commands in you all, but it *Reigns*, it *Triumphs* in a *Cloiſter*, where either *Guilt* or *Weakneſs* makes People *Superſtitious*, gives 'em *falſe Notions* of Religion, and wild and extravagant Fancies; making 'em all Spiritual.

Then perpetual poring on their *Lives* of *Saints* and old muſty Legends, gives 'em a ſtrong

ſtrong Byaſs that way, makes 'em all Spiritual *Don Quixots*, and ſets 'em agog for ſome redoubted Adventure in their Religious ſort of *Knight Errantry*, which they themſelves confeſs have been the Original of ſeveral of their *Orders*, particularly of good St. *Loyola*'s, whoſe *Peaceable* and *diſintereſted Society* have been ever ſince they were firſt cubb'd ſo great a *Bleſſing* to the World.

But what's all this, you'll perhaps anſwer, to the *Engliſh Ladies?* You know we are good Proteſtants, and renounce *Nunneries* and all their works (except their *Point* and *pretty Pictures*) and ſhou'd not care to be of any *Order* amongſt 'em, except we might either be *Gallopping Nuns*, or, ——— ——— ——— But 'twould be enough to reply, that *impartial Juſtice* falls without reſpect on *all* your *Sex*, of whatever Age, or Countrey, or *Religion*, and theſe *Nunneries* being what you ſo much boaſt of, to ſhew you can live without us, they deſerved that particular *notice* which I have taken of 'em.

Nor is that all, for *you your ſelves*, you Proteſtant Ladies, who have renounced all *venial Sins* and *Confeſſions*, and no more believe *Virginity* the moſt excellent *ſtate* of *Life*, than you believe *Tranſubſtantiation*, even you have lately had a *ſerious propoſal* to make a *Schiſm* among your Sex, ſet up *Proteſtant Nunneries*, and *exclude* your ſelves from the *World*: The ſureſt way I muſt confeſs, to procure you *Husbands*. But if you *deſign* any thing elſe, 'tis eaſie to ſhew

how widely you'd be *miſtaken*: To ſay nothing of the *pleaſantneſs* of the *Propoſal* how ſeriouſly ſoever it might be intended, and not to enquire whether or no 'twould be *practicable* to ſet up a new *Society* of St. *Cyr*, here in *England*, or what *Diſcipline* could poſſibly be obſerved amongſt 'em, or if they did voluntarily enter into a *mutual compact*, how many *Moons* 'twould be, before their *Minds* would *change*, and they'd be all *diſpatch'd* again, and ranging the *Commons* of *Nature* as wildly as ever; not to trouble you, I ſay, with any thing of this *nature*, there's one or two Reaſons which I ſhall ingenuouſly acknowledge *prevails* moſt with me, and determines me to perſwade you againſt ſuch a *courſe* of *life*; one is for your *own* ſake and the other for *ours*: As for your ſelves, you know the *Cuſtoms* of your *Countrey* won't allow you ſuch *comfortable Confeſſors* in thoſe melancholy places, as you might have in *foreign Countries*. As for our *Sex*, I am only concerned, as in the caſe beforementioned, leſt your *abuſed Patience* ſhould be turned into *Madneſs*, and we ſhould be all in danger, if like ſome new *Goths* and *Vandals*, you made an *Irruption* into our Territories; but leaſt our own Sex too, when you kept your ſelves thus charily, ſhould be tempted to think there was ſomething *precious* in you, and meerly from the natural deſire after what's *forbidden*, ſhould *relapſe* from our *Original Reaſon*, and again learn to *eſteem* and *value* that *Trifle Woman*.

JOHN PRESTON.

## Anſwer to LETTER XXVIII.

*In Defence of Nunneries.*

## By Madam *Lake.*

I Wonder what *Fit* of *Ingenuity* has lately poſſeſs'd our angry *Antagoniſt*, that he ſo fairly confeſſes in this Letter, that the very Reaſon of his being againſt our *incloſing* our ſelves in *Nunneries*, is, leaſt for that very Cauſe he ſhould be more paſſionately *enamour'd* of us.

It is not only *Women* then, I perceive, who are eagerly *deſirous* of what is *forbidden* them, and that for no other Reaſon.

But yet we would be ſo *civil* to this Gentleman, altho' our declar'd *Enemy*, that we are willing to own his *Ingenuity* has had a *reſembling Effect* upon us; we are not wholly proof againſt ſo much *Good-nature*; and we muſt acknowledge, if any thing could make us *out of Love* with *Nunneries*, it would be the very ſame Reaſon that he brings againſt 'em: For fear they ſhould make him too violently in *Love* with us.

For what Pity would it be, that a hopeful Gentleman, in the *Flower* of his *Manhood*, the *Ripeneſs* of his *Experience*, and the ſedateſt Years of his Life, ſhould be ſeiz'd with all thoſe inexcuſable *Tricks* of

Youth that he talks of, and fall a *ſcaling* the Heſperian Gardens, to rob them of their *golden Fruit*, while the old *Dragoniſt* lay ſnoring under the Tree, and *dreamt* nothing of it! But if *Mother Abbeſs* ſhould chance to 'wake, Mr. *Preſton*, what a miſerable *plight* wou'd you be in! I know you do not mightily affect *old Women*; but ſure an *old Abbeſs* would fright ye into a *Swoon*, beyond the help of *tweaking* to *revive* ye.

Better therefore let us alone, as we *promiſe* we will *you*, and never *raviſh* you into our *Nunneries*, if you do not raviſh us out of 'em. And whatever the *Abuſes* of thoſe *Places* might have formerly been, I muſt needs ſay, I think the *Uſe* would be *excellent*, and we are extreamly oblig'd to the *Propoſer* of any ſuch *Expedient*. For what could be more deſirable than ſuch a *Voluntary*, and, if we pleas'd, only *temporary withdrawing* from the Publick? Which is what all *great* and *good Men* have deſir'd, to end their Days in *Peace* and *Silence*, or at leaſt to *breathe* a little, and get *free* from the huge Crowd of *Fools* and *Knaves* that peſter the World.

Here we ſhould have the Happineſs of *ingenious* and *religious Converſation*: We would keep the *Doors* ſo faſt, that none of your ſcandalous *Sex*, nor *Scandal* it ſelf, would enter: We would employ our ſelves in nothing but *innocent* and *diverting Studies*, and the *Exerciſe* of *Devotion*: *Improve* our *Minds*, *Exerciſe*, and thereby *ſtrengthen* our

our *Faculties*, and try if we could not *Think* and *Reaſon* as well as you, altho' you pretend to *monopolize* thoſe common *Gifts* of *Nature*.

You will ſcarce deny but there have been excellent *devout Men* who have formerly liv'd *retir'd* Lives, and forſaken the World. I have my ſelf the *Picture* of St. *Jerome* by me, (as they ſay, from whom I bought it,) *painted* upon *Glaſs*, with a *Death's Head* on one ſide, an Hour-glaſs o' tother, a large Book, I ſuppoſe it may be a *Bible*, open before him, in the midſt of a dark *Cave*, which, I confeſs, I can never look upon, but it ſtrikes me with a ſort of a *Religious Horror*. Such as him you cannot *condemn*, who in Times of Perſecution fled for that Safety to the wild *Beaſts* and *Deſarts*, which they could not find amongſt *Men*, and the more *unhoſpitable Cities* and *Villages*. This was not in it ſelf *evil*; nor can it be therefore Criminal for any of our *Sex*, altho' the Circumſtances ſhould not be exactly the ſame, to live much in the *ſame manner*: But I propoſe not an *Heremetical*, but only a *recluſe* way of *living*; ſuch as that of Scholars ſhould be in the Univerſities, with *Fellowſhips*, and ſuitable *Encouragements* for *Ingenuity* and *Learning*. Or, if you dare not truſt us with ſuch Advantages, leaſt we ſhould ſoon *exceed* our *Maſters*, let us at leaſt, if our Nation has not the *Ingenuity* of the *French*, who admit the Ladies to contend for the *Prize* of *Wit* and *Eloquence*, who often carry 'em away from the whole

*Academy*, let us, I ſay, enjoy however our dear *Privacy*, our *Quiet*, our charming *Solitude*, our *Peace* and *Content*, and *Indiſturbance*, either from you, or any thing equally *impertinent*. All the Follies of *Dreſs* and *Complements*, and *Viſits*, and the uſeleſs *Chat*, with which you ſo frequently accuſe us, would there be *ſtruck off*: We ſhould find other and better Employment than hearing or *ſpreading* thoſe venomous *Scandals* with which your *Sex* firſt generally *beſpatters* ours, and after you have done it, make it your Buſineſs, I confeſs, thro' our own Follies, to lay upon us the *odious Drudgery* of diſperſing 'em.

There might we enjoy *Friendſhip* fit for *Deſire*, above *Scandal*, and beyond the reach of *Envy*. We might every Day converſe with all the *mighty Dead*, *read* and *digeſt* the excellent *Hiſtorians*, and admirable *Moraliſts* of *former Ages*, take all the *ſubſtance* and *ſence*, and not *envy* you the *huſk* of *Languages*: And at other times, the great Men of our *own Nation*; the *Philoſophers*, the *Divines*, and ſome few *Poets*. And thus, either return again to the World, after we had been thus for a *ſettled* time *retir'd* from it, to try if we could make it *better*, or as our Circumſtances requir'd: Or elſe wear out a long and peaceful *Age* in ſome *bleſſed Retirement* with more *Wiſdom* and leſs *Contempt* than generally falls to our ſhare in thoſe Circumſtances when we live abroad in the World, till at length the *Lamp* of *Life* goes out without any *offence* or *ſtruggle*, and we

ſink

ſink into the Shades of *Immortality* without a Groan or a Murmur, and leave the World with a *Smile*, to think how happily we have *ſcap'd* it.

*Joice Lake.*

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## LETTER XXIX.

*Againſt the* Unquietneſs, Impertinence, *and* Garrulity *of Women.*

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## By Sir *Charles*----

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THat any who *talks* ſo little to the *purpoſe* ſhould yet talk ſo *faſt*, and ſo *loud*, would ſeem very *unreaſonable*, had you not this to plead for your ſelves, that 'tis very *natural* that *want* of *Sence* ſhould be *ſupplied* with ſome other *qualification*: and you have both *ſound* and *volubility* to *compenſate* for it, either of which oftentimes go farther than the *ſtrongeſt Reaſon.*

But would you then only *tattle* for the ſake of *tatling*, for your own *recreation*, or the *exerciſe* of your *Talent*, or to clear the *Air* in *Plague-time*, or when the Nation was troubled with *thick Vapours*, or other unſeaſonable *weather*, you might be at leaſt pardonable,

donable, nay, in ſomes caſe uſeful, and it may be, 'twould be worth the while to get your *Clacks Conſecrated* like the Popiſh *Bells*, to preſerve us from *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

But when the fair *Xantippe* moſt undutifully turns her whole *Forces* againſt her *Lord* and *Husband*, when ſhe uſes that *dreadful Weapon* which was given her to *fright away Enemies* from his *Houſe*, moſt ungratefully and prepoſterouſly to fright away the *right owner*, we muſt needs ſay this is a little of the *moſt*, and ſhe ought either to be totally *Diſarmed*, or, if a *Woman* without a *Tongue* would be thought *Monſtrous* and *Ominous*, that at leaſt her mouth ſhould be ſomething *contracted*, and if not ſown up like a *Ferret's*, yet *haſpt* a little at both *ends*, that it might be kept in ſome *compaſs* and tolerable *order*.

Were your *Muſick* ſo very *ſweet*, there might be more pretence for your love to hear your ſelves *Sing*, *Enchanting* I confeſs it is, and its Harmony was never better *deſcribed* than by your *faſt Friend* before-mentioned, who thus very remarkably of your moſt Raviſhing *Marriage Muſick*,

Sweet, as a *Screech-Owl's Serenade*,
Or thoſe *Inchanting Murmurs* made
By th' *Husband-Mandrake* and his *Wife*,
Both bury'd (like themſelves) alive.

Here he gives an Account of the *ſweetneſs* of your Cadence, and the harmony of your Numbers, as a little before he lets us know

know how *ſoft* it is, and how like the Muſic of the Spheres, too delicate for the ears of *Mortals*.

That *Conjugal Petarr*, that tears
Down all *Portcullices* of *Ears*,
And makes the *Volley* of one *Tongue*
For all their *Leathern Shields* too ſtrong.

I muſt confeſs I cannot tell whether the greateſt *Amazon* can with exact propriety of Speech be ſaid to fire a whole *Volley* out of *one Piece* though never ſo often *repeated*, unleſs they commend the *double barrelled Invention*, and let off a whole *File* by one *Touch-hole*. This however muſt be granted, that Eccho will repeat the ſound almoſt incredibly, and the Female Head being generally not too full, there's the advantage of the *hollow* place, for the *Reverberation*, which may return the Sound oftner than that of *Tibbalds* or *Woodſtock*, and like the famous *Whiſpering Wall*, render that or a Speaking Trumpet, as loud as Thunder, which was in it ſelf but a *gentle whiſper*, hardly audible from *one Ear* to the other.

Yet if your *Diſcourſe* were but worth the *hearing*, we might bear a little better with the *vehemence* of the Expreſſion, but ſuch perfect Froth, ſuch unſufferable *Impertinence* who can endure, unleſs *another Woman*. For among your ſelves there is ſeldom any *Nonſenſe loſt*, you talk to each others *Capacities*, and all is well *enough*---Either what an extraordinary

traordinary pretty Gown you have, Madam! pray, who made it? Or how do's little Maſter and Miſs. do this Evening? well, they are the prettieſt Creatures,---and then a long *Narration* of their *Childiſh Follies*, which their Age renders *excuſable*, if not diverting at firſt hand, though nothing more nauſeous than when repeated by a Mother's fondneſs a hundred times over.

And well if they *ſcape* with bare *Folly*, which can only be for want of *ſubſtantial Scandal* to work upon. This *Railing* at their *Neighbours* is a more neceſſary and *gentile* part of the *Entertainment*, than *Tea*, or *Chocolate*. 'Tis true, *Dulneſs* may in a great meaſure force 'em on ſuch a *Practice*; they *Rail* at others, as many Swear, meerly for *want* of Diſcourſe, and to ſtop *Gaps* in *Converſation*: and this wou'd, but even this can't excuſe 'em, ſince this *Dulneſs* is ſo viſibly *affected*: They ne'er deſire to be better imploy'd; they are wonderfully taken with this miſchievous *apiſh* ſort of *pleaſure*, they'll not be *abridg'd* of it for the ſake of their deareſt *Friends*, or their own *Mothers*. Yet ſtill, you'd be *more* tolerable, wou'd you keep your *Converſation* to your ſelves, and not break out upon us, and even *infect* us with your *Follies*.

Whom are we to thank that all ingenious and profitable *diſcourſe* is almoſt utterly baniſh'd out of the World, but only the *Women*, who taking the advantage of the *fondneſs* of the Engliſh Cuſtoms, will be every where

where intruding amongſt us; and having the *odds* both in *ſwiftneſs* and *loudneſs*, will either *talk* all themſelves, or ſoon drown any other who offers to talk Senſe, becauſe 'tis to them an *unknown Language*. And when once they begin, who ſhould ſtop 'em, any more than a *Bowl* rolling down a *Hill*, which is only ſet forwards by the *Rubs* it meets with, which it eaſily *leaps* over, and *deſcends* with *greater Fury*.

I value my *Senſe* of *Hearing* too much to *venture* in amongſt a *Hive* of 'em, when they are juſt *Swarming* at a Goſſiping. I have often wondred how 'tis poſſible for their Mind to keep pace with their Tongue, believing they ſpoke Rationally like other People, till at laſt the thing was eaſie, ſince 'tis plain their Speech is only a ſort of a *Mechanical Motion*, and they can't afford to *think* with it. Travellers deſcribe the *Chattering* of a whole Neighbourhood of *Monkeys* in the Woods in the *Eaſt-Indies*, as one of the moſt *Importunate* and *Ungrateful ſound* imaginable, and therefore the moſt like that of the *Tatling Sex*, who wou'd fain be accounted *Humane*.

The *Fable* of *Midas* had a *good Moral* in't. The *Woman* cou'd no more forbear *Tatling* of her Husband's *long Ears*, than all the reſt of her Sex in the ſame condition; nay I believe there's no doubt, if he had *Horns* as long as his *Ears*, but ſhe'd have publiſh'd one as freely as the other.

*Charles*--

Anſwer

## Anſwer to LETTER XXIX.

*Concerning the* Garrulity, Impertinence, *and* Unquietneſs *of Women.*

## By Madam *Haithorn.*

DID *Women* ever *plead Cauſes*, or *pull Quoifs* in *Weſtminſter-Hall*? Or, have there not been Times, far enough within our Memory, when *Billingſgate* it ſelf might have *learnt* from the *Bench*, and a Judge would have made nothing at fair *Scolding* to have run down an *Oyſter-Wife.*

Do we ever *write Books* againſt one another, and ſcold in *Mode*, and *Figure*, and *Greek*, and *Latin*? Did you ever hear of a *Council* of *Women*, that *hang'd*, and *damn'd*, and *burnt* one another, for what one of us *underſtood*, after ſo many hundred Years *jangling*? Is it we that make *Wars*, and uſurp upon the *Territories* of our *Neighbours*, and cauſe Confederacies and Taxes, and ſo many Hundred Thouſand *Lives* to ſet all *right* again?

If you dare not ſay *we* are *guilty* of one of all theſe *Accuſations*, it will be eaſie to anſwer who is; and from thence it will as eaſily appear, who are the great *Diſturbers* of the World.

If you did not tell your Tale to your ſelves, how could you expect to gain Belief when

when your *Malice* is ſo *ill contriv'd*, and ſo *unlikely*? That ever a Creature made for *Love*, her *Mind*, and her *Body*, and even her *Voice*, ſo much more ſoftly *turn'd* than that of rough and bruitiſh Man, ſhould yet be accus'd of thoſe very *Crimes*, whereof our *Accuſers* are ſo notoriouſly *guilty*! You accuſe us, that a great part of our Converſation is made up of *Scandal* againſt our *Neighbours*: Sometimes indeed we are no better employ'd than in talking of *you*; And then how ſhould we mention you, without hearing ſomething *ill* or *ſcandalous* concerning you, ſince ſuch ſort of *Actions* you *boaſt* of, and make 'em the great *Employment* of your *Lives*? And if the Subject be one of our own *Sex*, Of what can we diſcourſe more *beneficially* than our own *Faults*, that we may learn to amend 'em?

But you'll ſay, we don't ſo much trouble our ſelves about thoſe, as the *Miſcarriages* of *others*. But in them we ſee our ſelves. Every Woman is her Neighbour's *Glaſs*; and if any of us are Criminal, *Freedom* of Speech, in Cenſuring our *Crimes* among our ſelves, one would think ſhould be the likelieſt way to *amend* them. Beſides, you forget that this Method of *Converſation*, were it ſo general as you would have it believ'd, has this one good *Effect*, That it often puts the *innocent* in a way to *clear* themſelves; which they could never do, ſhould we mutter about *Scandal* as you do, in *Corners*, and by *Innendo's*, ſtab the faireſt

faireſt *Reputation* with a *ſmile* and a *ſide-blow*, in ſuch a manner as 'tis *impoſſible* to be *arm'd* againſt you.

And after all, let us *manage* our *Diſcourſes* how we will, you cannot deny but the *ſubject* of 'em is for the moſt part more *Noble* than yours. When the *Cloath's* remov'd, and we retire to our *Tea-Table*, and leave our *Maſters* at their *Claret*, pray is not our *Loſs* extreamly great, in being depriv'd of their *beneficial* Converſe? *Dogs* and *Foxes*, and *Hares*, and *Horſes* are the Top of your *Entertainment*, or elſe a little *grumbling* at *Taxes*, and banning the confounded *Bankers*; but that muſt be *after* the third *Bottle*, when the *Spirit* of *Politicks* begins to come upon ye. But then, what a *Harmony* is there, and how many *Rooms* off may it be *heard*? Never blame us for *Goſſiping* once a Year, when you do it every day. A *dozen Women*, talking with all their might, and ſtretching to the utmoſt the weak *Pipes* that Nature has given 'em, would eaſily be drown'd by one *ſmall knot* of *Good-Fellows* got together. Sometimes *every one* talks to *every one*, then you *ſingle*, and each takes his *Antagoniſt* at this terrible Tongue-Combat, which, *defend* every *poor Woman* from falling into! Can any thing be *lowder* or more *impertinent* than you are, on theſe occaſions, as if you were diſputing for *Lives* and *Fortunes*, and no leſs were upon the *Wheel* than ſome *Grand Affair* of Chriſtendom? And yet, this is *you* who blame us for *noiſes*, and tattling, and *Impertinence*,

*tinence*, when we can defie you, as *wiſe* as you are, in twenty Converſations with any of *your Cronies*, to bring away ſo much as one *ſingle Sentence* worth remembring.

You ſay, a *Woman* is never *weary* of *talking*, and you gueſs without doubt from your own *inexhauſtible Faculty* in *Billingſgate Eloquence*; but I'm ſure we are often enough weary of *hearing* you, both your *Anger* and your *Love* being equally troubleſome: Your *beſt* is e'en *bad* enough, and *tedious* enough, and how many *Thrumms* of *Plays*, what an abominable deal of ill-contriv'd *Fuſtian* muſt we patiently hear during the *Quarantain* of your *Courtſhip*, though we *believe* juſt as much of it as you your ſelves.

But when you once get us faſt, you ſoon treat us with clear another ſort of *Eloquence*, a *Snarling Rhetorick* at beſt, if not downright *opening* and *worrying*.

And yet in the mean time where is your *Conſcience*, and the boaſted *Civility* of your *Laws* towards us? What a piece of unexperimented *Barbarity* is it, and how much do's it reliſh of your firſt *naked Pictiſh* Anceſtors? If a *haſty word* happens to eſcape a poor Woman, away preſently to hurry her to the *Ducking-ſtool*; your Mobbiſh ſelves being the Judges and Executioners, *mount* her in the *Air*, and plunge her in the *Water* in the moſt *rigorous Seaſons* of the Year, to the *imminent hazard* of her Life: Tho' we muſt needs ſay you have no more Law for this inhumane Practice, than for your Water-Tryal of poor

Old

Old Women for Witches, when you have no choice but to hang or drown. Thus we yield you the day both in *Noiſe* and *Nonſenſe*, in talking *loud*, and *faſt*, and a *great deal*, and a little to the *purpoſe*; and therefore pray let us no more hear you *exclaim* at your uſual rate, as if it were impoſſible for the greateſt *Tongue-Hector* of you all to *ſilence* a *Woman*.

*Frances Haithorn.*

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## LETTER XXX.

*Of Womens Longing.*

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## By Mr. *Hollis.*

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WHatever your *Sex does* at all, you *overdo* it. Your *Love*, your *Friendſhip*, your *Anger*, your *Hatred*, your *Devotion*, your *Irreligion*; whatever 'tis, you are ſtill in the *Extreams*, and equally *Extravagant*: Yet in all this you have ſome *Excuſe*, ſomething or other that *leads* you into't, either the *tempers* of your *Bodies*, or the *weakneſs* of your *Minds*; but what is't, in the name of Wonder, that throws you into this *Gigantick Whimſie*, more *unaccountable* than *any* of the reſt? *Longing*, if it be any thing, is

*perfect*

*perfect Humour*; you *do* it becauſe you *will* do it, for there wou'd be ſome *Excuſe* for't if you cou'd not *avoid* it. Not that I believe you can *chuſe* whether you will *Long* or no when you have once wound up your *Imaginations* to the *height*, and let your *Fancies run away* with you ſo far that they have once got the weak *Curb* of your little *Reaſon* between their *Teeth*; for then, if you had never ſo much *mind* to't, you might *pull* your *Heart* out without *ſtopping* 'em.

But one wou'd think if you wou'd but ſuffer your ſelves never ſo little to *reflect* on the *Folly* and *Madneſs* of this *Affection*, you would take care to *ſtop* it while 'twas in your power. You are *Proud* enough, and *Vain* enough in other matters, and don't very well like to be made a Publick *Ridicule*: Why will you be ſo *here*, when 'tis ſo eaſie to *avoid* it?

Can you ever perſwade any *Rational Creature* that you can't help *Longing* for a *New Gown*, a Set of *Pendants*, a fine *Locket* or *Jewel*, or a *Coach* and Six? Well, let's grant theſe are ſuch things as 'tis *Natural* for the *mouths* of all your Sex to *water* after 'em; nay, were it only delicate *Fruit*, a fine Diſh of *Fiſh*, or a Haunch of *Veniſon*. But what can you ſay to a *Tarr-Loaf*, or the *wind* of a pair of *Bellows*, or the delicious *Gravy* dripping from a pair of *ſweaty* Stockings, or worſe than all this, two or three luſty *plucks* at that *Part* of a *brawny Porter*, from whence *Taliacotius*

*tranſ-*

*transplanted* his *Noses*? I don't so much as mention your *Longing* to give your Husbands a good *thundring Box* o' the *Ear*, or it may be *two* or *three* one after another, because I suppose you need not *pretend* a great *Belly* for such a *Liberty*.

Cou'd there be any *Consequence* more *frightful* to you than your being *ridicul'd* and *laugh'd* at for this wretched *Folly*, I wou'd urge the *Expence* that 'tis to your *Family*, and the many Inconveniencies it carries along with it: But this wou'd be to suppose you *capable* of *Reason*, and that you had some concern for the *Ease* or *Fortunes* of your *Husbands*. Let's try therefore if *Sense* can *move* you: If your *own Children*, a *part* of your selves, can prevail any thing with you. What *hurt* have they ever done you, that you shou'd render 'em both *ridiculous* and *deform'd*, before they come into the World; that you bestow so many *Cherries*, and *Cow-heels*, and *Hare-lips* upon 'em before they see the *Light*? Or d'ye do this out of meer *Revenge*, because they *spoil* your *shapes*, and make you so sickly and *qualmish*, that you can neither *endure* your selves, nor any body else *endure* ye.

You're a common *Nuisance* where-ever you come when in this *condition*. All the *Company* must eat in as much *fear* of ye as the *Scotchman* did of the *Wolf*, that *invited* himself to *Dinner* with him when he was Travelling through the *Forrest*; or as a *Tyrant*, lest he shou'd be *poison'd* with every *bit* he eats.

The

The *Markets*, the *Stalls*, the Poulterers, the Shambles cannot eſcape ye, and woe to him that denies a poor Creature in that Condition, tho' nothing but an *Old Cuſhion* is often in *danger*, and no need of a *Midwife*, when an *Upholſterer* will ſerve the *turn*.

You are ready enough all of you to exclaim at one or two *miſerable wretches*, who make a hard ſhift to live by cheating thoſe who are good-natur'd enough to believe 'em, in that *manner*: They have a better Excuſe than the moſt of their *Sex*, they make a noiſe out of *Neceſſity*, but you out of *Wantonneſs*, and when you have no manner of need on't.

And then you are as extravagant in the *Quantity* as you are in the *Quality*. *Wood* and *Marriot* were but Green-Sickneſs *Girls* t'ye; you have an Art beyond *Tranſubſtantiation*, and can ſwallow a greater bulk than your ſelves; as the Serpents in *Africa*, a whole *Calf*, while their *Bodies give way* to make room for't.

And if the *Whim* runs o' tother ſide, and you are rather for *Liquids*, you'll make no more to *ſuddle* your *Husbands* with *Drinking* with you, than you wou'd if they were to *eat* with you to *burſt* 'em: By which you gain a double Advantage, and ſatisfie the Canine *Appetite* of your *Mind* as well as *Body*; for when you have once turn'd your *Maſters* into *Brutes*, who ſo fit as you to *ride* 'em?

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It may be you'll pretend there's a neceſſity of *Nature* in theſe *Infirmities*, and that we our ſelves *occaſion* it: This would be ſomething if you never *long'd* till you were *marry'd*; but alas, you began it a great while before; you were in a *Longing Condition* from your *Infancy*, nay, from your *very Creation*. You begin it in your *Hanging-Sleeves*, there's a ſort of *oddneſs* in your *Palate*, that you *always* had, and which will never be *reform'd*. You begin with *Chalk*, and *Wall*, and *Oatmeal*; you *eat* your *Dirt-Pies* as ſoon as ever you have *made* 'em. You ſhow your *Judgment* in your *Choice*, *Traſh* is your *Delight*, and will be ſo. In this only you are of a *Thread*, and you as ſurely doat on *Trifles* from the beginning, as you'll afterwards *ſlight* a *Man* of *Senſe*, and throw your ſelves away on a *Blockhead*.

If you had but ſo much as a *Chance* to be in the *right*, and were but upon even *Ground*, you might as well ſometimes light on a Prize as otherwiſe. But where there's but any *poſſibility* of *erring*, you have a *Million* to *One* againſt you. You are *falſe* within, you have a *Jaundice* in your Minds, that *diſcolours* every thing you do but *think* on. Neither can you caſt the blame on your *Sex* only, for no *She-Creature* ever longs but a *Woman*, eſpecially for what's *forbidden*; and as an infallible Proof on't, let but any when you are *walking* in a *Garden forbid* you any *one Tree*, tho' the verieſt *Crabs* in Nature, and your *Grandmother* will certainly *work* in you,

you, and you'll *fall* upon that without *mercy*, tho' you had a *Paradice* round about you.

*Gabriel Hollis.*

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## Anſwer to LETTER XXX.

*In Defence of Womens Longing.*

## By Madam *Radford.*

I Can't tell whether you'll be ſo *Charitable* to give me *Credit* if I ſhou'd aſſure you I am not yet in a *Longing Condition*, and probably never may be, and therefore mayn't perhaps ſufficiently *underſtand* the *Subject* to give you a compleat Anſwer. But when you fall thus *fouly* on our *Sex* only for being *Women*, when you are ſo *diſingenuous*, and ſo *unnatural* to accuſe 'em for what's no more in their own *power* than thoſe other *Miſeries* of *Life*, which but for *you* they cou'd never know; 'tis then a *Common Cauſe*, and we are all *engag'd* in't, and muſt try according to the beſt of our knowledge to *defend* one another.

And in the firſt place then, how much ſoever you pretend to *hedge* your *Betts*, 'tis a

clear Caſe that if this be a *miſchief*, it is to *your ſelves* that its *Original* is owing: 'Tis the *perverſeneſs* of your *own Sex* wherewith you have *infected ours*; all other *Longing* is but *trifling*, ſome little *Qualms* which we owe to our *Fathers*, and brought with us from them into the World. Moſt of the *Inſtances* you bring, do evidently relate to your own *handy-work*. Much in the ſame manner you deal with thoſe of *our Sex*, who without ſomething *ſurer* than your own *Oaths* and *Honours*, have no more *Wit* or *Vertue* than to believe you; firſt *ruine* 'em, and then *inſult* over 'em. And when we have you as *faſt* as the Laws of Heaven and Earth together can *hold* ye, what *ſtrange Creatures* do you quickly make us? Our *Beauty* vaniſhes, almoſt as ſoon as you *blow* upon it; our *Complexion*, our *Shape*, our *Health* is utterly ruin'd; we contract a *Hundred Diſeaſes*, which we owe either to your *Vice*, or at leaſt to your *Pleaſure*; we undergo the moſt terrible *Pains*, and the greateſt *Hazards*, and often more than *die* for every *Child* is born you; and theſe are your *Thanks*, this your *Kindneſs*, theſe the *Generous Returns* you make for all we endure for *your Satisfaction*.

Wou'd any be in *pain* unleſs they cou'd *help* it, or mortally *tormented*, and run the imminent *hazard* of their *Lives*, if they knew how to *avoid* it? What *Pleaſure* is it to *Long*, any more than to be *Hungry*? We are forc'd for the ſake of *Decency* to put a conſtant *Violence* upon our *Nature* on theſe *Occaſions*.

*Occaſions.* Are your *Minds* indeed as you boaſt, ſo much *ſtronger* than *ours?* Has your *Reaſon* ſo abſolute a Command over your *Appetites?* Let us then ſee *you* refuſe a *Glaſs* of *Delicious Wine ſparkling* before ye, when you are juſt ready to die for *Thirſt*: We do this and more, and for *you*, and often *repeat* theſe and greater pieces of *Self-denial*, and thus it is you Reward us.

If 'tis ſo *painful*, as you ſeem to acknowledge, to be *deſpis'd* and *ridicul'd*, why do you treat us in that manner your ſelves, when you have firſt *expos'd* us to all that know us? If we *Long* ſometimes for ſuch things as are *nauſeous* and frightful by the common Rule of *Taſte*, this is a *demonſtration* that from the very beginning, 'tis not in our *power* to *avoid* it. Were it only for the beſt *Viands*, and moſt *Delicious Dainties*, you wou'd have ſome *Pretence* to think ours was no *more*; but when you *acknowledge* the *contrary*, one wou'd think you might be contented with your *own Anſwer*.

You had pleaded enough for us already, but you ſtill extend your *Kindneſs* farther, and alledge another Argument, which proves as ſtrongly as the *laſt*, that this troubleſome *Affection* of many of our *Sex*, when in that *Condition*, is perfectly *involuntary*: And that is, that it often *injures* our *Children*, which are *parts* of our *own Bodies*: Well, and are we ſo *unnatural* to do this out of *Delight* and *Choice?* Wou'd any *Mother* chooſe to have a Child *deform'd* and *monſtrous*? But there's

more than this in the caſe, for both *Child* and *Mother* not rarely loſe their Lives on theſe *Occaſions*.

It may be, you'll ſay, they were *deſperate*. Yes, it may be the ill Uſage of the *Brute* their Husband made the *miſerables* deſirous to leave the World, and not leave any of their unhappy *Race* behind 'em. But you cannot ſay it is always ſo, for we muſt be ſo juſt to *Mankind*, to acknowledge there are ſome few who know better how to *value* us, who have a juſter *tenderneſs* for us, and from whom we meet with *fairer Uſage*.

And I'm miſtaken if ſuch as theſe think much of every *Glaſs* of *Wine* that goes beſides their own *Inſatiable Weaſand*; or are ſo extreamly *Thrifty*, as not to allow their *t'other ſelf*, what a *Friend*, nay, a *Servant* has every day at his Command.

But if you are of that Mind, good Mr. *H.* never ſpoil *two Families*; let the *Widow* you wot of alone, and diſturb her no *further*: Be contented that you have *turn'd one Wife* over, and got *rid* of her by one means or another: But if you think to make your *Court* to a *Second* in this manner, certainly unleſs ſhe *Longs* already, and that for ſome ſuch odd things you were lately *diſcourſing* of, ſhe'll never *take* you to ſave her from *Miſcarrying*; for *all Women* don't *doat* on ſuch as you ſpeak of, tho' ſometimes the *Proverb* helps 'em.

If we have this *Diſeaſe* from our *Cradles*, which on my word if it be true, is a rare

Diſcovery

Diſcovery in *Nature*, why then are you ſo unjuſt as to bear ſo hard upon us for what, for that further Reaſon, we cannot *alter*? Why don't you *chide* your *ſelves*, or your *Friends* for bringing the *Gout*, or *Stone*, or other Hereditary Diſtempers with 'em into the World? Which if it be true, never blame 'em as if their own *Extravagancy* had *pull'd* 'em on them.

But no *Creature Longs* but *Woman*: The more *unhappy* ſhe then, and the more *pity* does ſhe deſerve. But are you in earneſt, Mr. *H*? Did you never hear of *Men* that *long'd* too, and that as *paſſionately* and *violently* as any of thoſe whom they *deſpiſe* and *reproach* for the ſame *Reaſon*: Nay, even for thoſe very *Perſons*, at leaſt their *Fortunes*, and had Infallibly *miſcarry'd*, had *hang'd* or *ſtabb'd* themſelves (or elſe they are luſtily *Perjur'd*) if they had not *obtain'd* 'em.

But more than this, *Men* have *long'd* for ſome of thoſe ſilly things for which they make ſuch loud out-cries on the *poor Women*, for *Fruit*, for a *Diſh* of *Meat*, and twenty other things, after which their *depraved Appetites* have *rambled* to that degree, that they have *ſwoon'd* away when diſappointed. And when they'll aſſign us a Reaſon of ſuch an odd *Effect*, as well as of thoſe ridiculous *Antipathies* which diſturb many *Men* all their *Lives*, then we Promiſe to give 'em *another*, and a *better*, why *Teeming Women* are ſo often *afflicted* with *Longing*, contrary to their own *deſires*. *Prudence Radford.*

## LETTER XXXI.

*Of the Remedies of Love.*

## By Sir *Thomas* ——

AFter the innumerable *Miſchiefs* whereof your *vexatious Sex* are the *Cauſes* and *Authors*, ſome of which I have endeavour'd to ſet in a *juſt light*, that the World may *beware* both of *them* and *you*, I ſhall end as I began with *Love*, the moſt *dangerous* and *fatal* of 'em all, and take my leave of that and you together. And that I may not only diſcover this Epidemical Diſtemper, but like a good Phyſician, apply ſome Remedies to thoſe who are *viſited* with it, I intend to conclude my preſent Addreſs to your moſt *egregious Vanities*, with a few choice *Receipts* for the *Cure* of this Fatal Paſſion, which if taken time enough, is not perhaps ſo impoſſible as you wou'd have us imagine.

And in order to this deſirable Alteration on all ſuch as are not yet quite paſt hope, I muſt firſt adviſe 'em to remove the *Cauſe*, which I cou'd never find was any other than an *Idle* and *wretchleſs diſpoſition*. *Lazineſs* is as near a-kin to *Love*, as a *Fever* is to an *Ague*; and I verily believe that *hard Working* wou'd be as good a *Cure* for one as 'tis for t'other.

t'other. *Chambers*, and *Couches*, and *Alcoves*, and Beds of *Moſs* or *Roſes*, are the dear delight of that *Jack a-napes* of a God, that *Cœleſtial Baſtard*, the Son of *Venus* and—ſhe *ſcarce her ſelf knew whom.* There he *lolls* and *ſtretches* himſelf, and *ſwaggers* and *domineers*, and is wonderful *Valiant* on his own *Dunghil.* Where you wou'd almoſt miſtake him for *Mars* himſelf, his Mothers *Gallant*, he looks ſo big and terrible on all thoſe who are *tame* enough, and *Fools* enough to be his *Vaſſals*; who lie groaning, and cry, 'tis *impoſſible* to break their *Chain*, or riſe from under ſo many Pelions and Oſſa's of *Flowers* and Billet-deux's which *Oppreſs* and *Fetter* 'em, becauſe they han't the *Reſolution* to make one brave *Effort* to recover their *Freedom.* It muſt be then a full Tyde of *Buſineſs*, their Hands and Heads full of ſome Honeſt, and Brave, and Uſeful *Employment*, which is one of the moſt *proper* and *probable* means to effect a Cure on ſuch as have a mind to be rid of their Diſtemper, and who for the moſt part fell in *Love* at firſt for no better Reaſon than becauſe they had *nothing elſe to do*: As is evident from the Character and Quality of thoſe who make up the greateſt number of *Lovers*, among whom you rarely or never find Men of *Age*, or *Buſineſs*, or confirm'd and ripen'd *Judgments*, but *looſe Young Men*, diſſolv'd in *Riot* and *Idleneſs*, either not capable of any more *Noble* and *Manly Employments*, or rendring themſelves actually *unfit* for it by *affecting* to remain *unbent* and

*uſeleſs* to themſelves and all Mankind, meer Cyphers and Blanks in the Creation.

But I talk on this Subject like a *Lover* who is commending his *Miſtreſs*, and ſcarce know when I've done. Let's leave this therefore, which I look on as the moſt *Effectual Remedy* of any other, and proceed to enquire what further *helps* may be found againſt ſo dangerous a *Diſtemper*.

There was an *honeſt old rough Fellow* among the *Grecians*, who being ask'd what *Remedies* ſhou'd be us'd for one in *Love*? He bluntly aſſign'd only theſe three following: Either, ſays he, let 'em *Faſt* it out, or let *Time* Cure it, or if both theſe fail, there's no *Cure* but *one*, and that's a *Halter*.

The two *firſt* will be thought too groſs for the *nice Pallats* of our *Silken Gallants*, yet if they are wiſe, they'll rather make uſe of 'em, than come to the laſt, which however muſt be confeſs'd that many of their *Tribe* have found *Infallible*.

If they wou'd ſtop ſhort of this laſt, let 'em uſe others leſs *violent*, e're the *Diſeaſe* be arriv'd to too great an height. Let 'em *fly* from the fair *Cockatrice*--- ſhut their *Eyes*, their very *Souls*, their Memories, their Imaginations. Turn her out, never ſo much as *Dream* of her, at leaſt without *chiding* themſelves afterward. Never *talk* of her, nor let others do it in their hearing, or *fly* ſuch Diſcourſe, and even all thoſe who are themſelves in *Love*, and be as careful to *weather* 'em as you wou'd one that was newly come out of a *Peſt*-

a *Peſt-houſe*, and ſcatter'd Infection, Plague, and certain Fate around 'em. Fly your *Country*, as you wou'd for any other *Tyrant*, or if it were infected with continual *Peſtilence*. For *change* of *Air* is ſometimes as *wholeſome* to the *Mind* as 'tis to the *Body*. Don't *think* of her tho' you can't *help* it; that is, *reſolve* you *will* not, tho' you *do*, and *muſt* at preſent, for in time at leaſt you'll get *ſome Ground*, and if it be never ſo *little* at firſt, your *Heart* will by degrees be all your *own*. If ſhe intrude never ſo often, tell her, ſhe has nothing to do there, her Reign's at an end, and drive her out, as you wou'd a *Fury*. Think how like a Fool you look, and how many Monkey-tricks this Love makes you play daily. Conſider what you get if you obtain your deſires, either to be fairly *cheated*, and turn'd off to make room for ſome new Fool, or *tir'd* with an odious *Satiety*, or at beſt, pay *dear* for *Repentance*. To all which, do but add a real *will* to be cur'd, and a firm belief that you may be ſo, and (believe one that has try'd) your *Recovery* is more than half perfected.

*Thomas*——

## Answer to LETTER XXXI.

*Of the ways to be Lov'd.*

## By Madam *Godfrey*.

HOW extreamly you are *afraid* of being too much pleas'd, and how much *concern'd* for fear your Sex shou'd be *over-happy*! You take a great deal of care to *unman* all Humane kind, and to reduce 'em to a *Stoical* sort of *Insensibility*, to *cut off* a part of their *Souls*, tho' 'tis so far from being *Gangreen'd*, or useless, that it's the most *vigorous* and necessary part of 'em, if you consider 'em as *Members* of the *Universe*, and sensible and *conversible Creatures*: I mean, the *Passions*, which are the *Feet*, or rather the *Wings* of the *Soul*, and nothing that's Great and Noble can be atchiev'd without 'em; for I can hardly believe, when you are so earnest to force *Love* it self into *Exile*, that you'd leave any of its Kindred behind it. Delight, and Joy, and even *Hope* are its near *Allies*, there's a strict *Confederacy* between them, you can never hope to sever 'em, and they'll certainly run the *same Fortune*. You wou'd make your self incapable of *Sense* as well as *Happiness*, render all you *hear*, and *see*, and *taste*, insipid and *indifferent*; reduce your selves to the condition

condition of a *Stone* or a *Log*, and what's that better than *being nothing?* I expect in your next Eſſay that you ſhou'd publiſh ſome *Choice Remedies* againſt the *Fatigue* of Breathing, and give us ſome of the moſt ſpeedy and Infallible ways to *Cure* the great *Diſeaſe* of *Life*: Tho' I ſhou'd think 'twou'd be a more *Friendly Employment* to let us know how we might *Improve Life*, *ſweeten* it, and make the *beſt* on't, and doubly enjoy all its *Innocent Satisfactions*: And I'm miſtaken if a Vertuous and *Honourable Love* will not produce all theſe *Happy Effects*, and a great many others which I have not nam'd. For whether or no 'twill make us more *beautiful*, as *Lady Single* is at laſt convinc'd by ſuch another *Railmore* as your ſelf; this is certain, that 'twill make any Perſon more *careful* to *appear* ſo; it has chang'd the moſt *Remarkable Slovens* into *Compleat Gentlemen*, it *refines* the *Manners*, and *ſoftens* and gilds the *Converſation*.

But this having been already better manag'd by other *Hands*, I ſhall rather chooſe to *cloſe* the *Campaign* with an Attempt to force your *Line*, to level all the *Entrenchments* you have made againſt this Powerful God, nay, to take you *Priſoner*, and ſhow you how you may be *Happy* whether you will or no, which you can never be compleatly, unleſs you *Love*.

And the firſt great *Secret* in the *Art* of *Love*, is *Love* it ſelf, how great a Paradox ſoever that may appear: My meaning is, that

any

any one who desires to be *lov'd*, must himself *Love* with all his might, and to the utmost of his *Power*; for there is no such *Charm* for *Love*, as *Love*, resolv'd, vigorous, constant, which is almost irresistible. For 'tis in *Love* much as 'tis in other *Passions*, if you wou'd transcribe 'em into another's *Breast*, write 'em first *legibly* on your *own*.

And when you have once begun the *Attack*, be sure you *push* it *home*, regarding no *consequences*, but that your *Intentions* be *Honourable* and *Vertuous*, without which, *Love* it self is but a *Dream* of *Happiness*. Take care your Addresses be *Lawful*, and then the *warmer* the *better*; for *none* of our *Sex* but *hate a luke-warm Zealous Love*, which is of it self so *warm* and *active* a *Passion*, that where the *Pretender* is *cold* and *heavy*, how shou'd he make us believe he's in *Love* at *all*, any more than that there's any *Fire* where we see nothing but *Ashes*, not the least *appearance* of Heat or *Motion*.

You can't think I mean the Old Romantick way of down-right *dangling* for a *Mistress*, or that the poor enamour'd Knight shou'd lug out cold *Iron*, and make a *Window* in his *Breast*, that the *obdurate Lady* might see what a *huge Hole* he has in his Heart: No, this is now as justly *ridiculous* as powdering a Mistress all over with *Ruby* and *Diamond*: Or the other Extream, the Lubber-Gallant's *lolling* upon a *Couch*, *Courting* none but his *sweet self*; or if he can afford a word or two, only *makes Love* in *stylo recitativo*,

*citativo*, and humms out a few ends of Verſe, or *Scraps* of Songs, as if he thought our *Hearts* were to be *won* the ſame way they took of old, by *Muttering* and *Incantation*: But 'tis the *middle way* between both of theſe that can only expect to be *proſperous*, and the ſame *application* of Mind is here required that is neceſſary in any other Affair of equal *weight* and *moment*, and whereon depends the *Happineſs* of a Man's *whole Life*.

Nor muſt this be only for a *ſpurt* and away, we ſhou'd be Cowards indeed, ſhou'd we yield at the firſt *Summons*, and you'd think us very ill provided, cou'd we not beat ye off the firſt *Storm*. You will not let us be ingenuous if we had a mind to't: You hate a cheap *Conqueſt*, and part with it as eaſily as you *gain'd* it. Let's *Humour* you then for once, and *Pleaſe* you at your own *coſts*, while at the ſame time we preſerve our Sexes *Decency* and *Modeſty*. The *Girdle* of *Venus* (as one who knew it very well aſſures us) was made up of *Denials* as well as *Grants*.

But yet at the ſame time we'd have ye *importunate*, you muſt take care to find the way not to be *troubleſome*. You muſt not turn your *Courtſhip* into a *Perſecution*. You muſt give us ſome ſpace to *breath* in, and to conſider of *Articles* and *Terms* of *Surrender*, which you may ſafely allow, ſo the *Truce* be not over-long; which will *retard* your *Approaches*, and make us think you mean to *Raiſe* the *Siege*, and that you either

deſpair

deſpair of *Conqueſt*, or do not think us worth your *Labour*.

And more than all this, we expect you ſhou'd *treat* us very *fairly*, and *humour* us at leaſt before we *yield*, and we think we have reaſon, for we know 'twill be your *time* afterwards. You may be *Humble* for a little while, and lay by your *Majeſty*, *rebate* your *Rays*, and ſheath your *Thunder*, as *Jove* himſelf did on thoſe Occaſions. Such a ſhort *Diſguiſe* one wou'd think ſhou'd be a *Diverſion* t' ye, ſince there's no fear you ſhou'd get a Habit on't; but *Nature* will break out ſome time or other, and we muſt be that *all* our *Lives* to pleaſe you, which you with ſo much *violence* to your ſelves appear to be, in order to oblige us for a few hours only.

Tho' if by endeavouring to *gain* your *Miſtreſs* you ſhou'd alſo *regain* your ſelves; if by *ſtriving* ſo earneſtly to *pleaſe* us, you come at laſt to be really *like* us; if by having continually before you the Charming *Idea's* of *Meekneſs*, Complaiſance, *Gentleneſs*, *Humility*, Compaſſion, and Goodneſs, you ſhou'd become e're you were aware, *infected* with thoſe *Vertues*, and *wonder* at the change without *comprehending* it; you'd yet have no Reaſon ſurely to complain of the Alteration.

In ſhort, if you deſire the *favour* of a *Woman* of *Senſe*, you can't expect it without ſome *difficulty*, and for *ſuch Gold* you can never pay too *dear*: You muſt be *brave*,

*coura-*

*couragious*, *diſcreet*, *conſtant*, and *liberal*, and in a word, a *wiſe* and *vertuous* Man; and then, if ſhe han't *Engagements* to the contrary, what ſhou'd hinder you from *ſucceeding*?

*Rachel Godfrey.*

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## LETTER XXXII.

*That Women are the oddeſt things in Nature, in a particular Letter to Madam ——*

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## By Mr. ——

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THIS is now the ſecond time I have told you in Print, that you Women are the oddeſt things in Nature; if any one of Sincerity tells you of their Eſteem, you preſently deſpiſe him, but your manner of doing it is wonderfully particular, your Language uncommon, and your Action ſo full of unmannerly Pride, that ſhou'd my Footman have the Eſteem I had for you, I ſhou'd conclude him Fool, and diſcharge him of my Service. I had the Opinion you were Miſtreſs of ſome Underſtanding, and more Goodneſs, and that Opinion laid me open

to

to an Impreſſion troubleſome enough, but the brutiſh returns made me, has raſed that Character, and ſtain'd every drop of Blood I have, with the much truer one of haughty, inſolently proud and vain. *Proud* and *Vain* were given you in your earlier Age, and then you were excuſeable; but in *declining Years*, when ſcarce any thing but Goodneſs is left to recommend you, to double the Humour, is intolerable. You think poſſibly the Title of Sir —— and my Lady's Daughter, a Coach, and the Reputation of a Thouſand Pounds a Year, (tho' ſomething over-valued) with the Acquaintance of a Neighbouring Earl or two, entitle you to your Phantaſtick Air, your haughty *Toſs* and *Step*, and to deſpiſe implicitly all without the Title of my Lord, Sir —— or your Ladyſhip. I'm ſure this Opinion ſuits your Meen, and I miſtake if not your Underſtanding, and in Complaiſance take this Wiſh at parting —— May your Pride have the lofty Title, and the empty thing familiarly tack'd to it, and may that Idoliz'd Title be your only Satisfaction, and be aſſur'd when next you make my Proſpect a Contemning Smile, remember me, that towring Vanity in her proudeſt dreſs muſt down, tho' ſet in Beauty; that the Beggar will level with us all, and have ſix Foot of Ground as good as the proudeſt ſhe; nay, perhaps better; for *Osborn* ſays, which you had known had you conſulted Books half ſo much as your Looking-Glaſs, *He that lies under the Herſe of Heaven is convertible*

*vertible into Sweet-Herbs and Flowers that may reſt in their Boſoms, who wou'd ſhriek at the ugly Buggs may crawl in the Arch'd and Coſtly Tombs of Kings* —— And now adieu, *Incomparably Proud* and *Violently affected* —— fondled into Folly by doating Parents, who having none but you to repreſent 'em, have hugg'd their Image 'till they have defac'd it.

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## Anſwer to LETTER XXXII.

(Which was dropt at a certain Coffee-Houſe.)



*Written by a Club of* —— *and directed to the Lady concern'd.*

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'TIS a *ſwinger* we muſt confeſs; tho' after all, the Style ſpeaks the *Writer* a Perſon of *Senſe*, and a *Gentleman*; nay, as ſtrange as that ſeems, a *Lover* too, for that's a *vain*, *capricious*, *teſty*, *angry* thing, that knows not what he writes, nor does, nor ſays—We confeſs, *Madam*, he has wounded you in the moſt ſenſible Part: If he had only call'd you Vain, or Haughty, they had been but ſuch Characters as may indifferently ſerve for almoſt all Perſons. We ſay, if this had been all, 't had been no great matter; but

but to tell you you were *Old* too, if you'd pleaſe ingenuouſly to confeſs, this makes it *ſting* deeper than all the reſt; and did you not need all the Goodneſs your Lover ſays you are Miſtreſs of, to forgive it: However, if your Ladyſhip thinks fit to take our fooliſh Opinion in this matter, We think you may honourably enough forgive him, for this Reaſon, becauſe you are not to believe one word that a Lover ſays or writes either for or againſt you, ſince that Arch Wag *Cupid* as ſoon as e're he has caught 'em, puts his own *Muffler* about their *Eyes*, and make 'em play at *Blind-man's-Buff*, running about like Mad-folks, feeling and ſtumbling, and breaking their own *Noſes* and *Shins*, and other Folks, and woe to them that ſtand in their way, or come within their Clutches. But now to be graver: We think, *Madam*, your *Goodneſs* will, and your *Honour* may forgive him, becauſe he gives you the ſatisfaction of asking your Pardon, on which Account you may ſtill entertain his *Honourable Love*, it being very poſſible for him to Write ſuch a Letter as he is a *Paſſionate Lover*, nay, very *Natural*, *Love* and *Anger* being both great Paſſions, and very near a-kin, though ſo far different, as the ſame *Muſcles* of the *Face*, are made uſe of for *laughing* and *crying*. Yet in our Opinion, you ought to ſeem to be as angry with him as you can, as long as you can, (a few Moments) and to make him paſs a Purgatory before he gets to his Elyſium. Nor need you do more, we think, effectually

to

to mortifie him, than now and then to ſhow him his Letter, and when he ſues for any Favour —— a Touch or Kiſs —— of your Hand — remember him you are — Old— Keep him thus at Eyes-end and Lips end but for a Week or a Fortnight, and we'll Undertake for him he becomes as true a Humble Spaniel-Lover as any in Chriſtendom.

MADAM,

*Your Ladyſhip's Humble Servants*, &c.

## LETTER XXXIII.

*Againſt the* Sexes Inconſtancy.

## By Mr. *Harcourt*.

SO *various* you are, that it can't ſatisfie you to change *Servants*, *Humours*, *Lovers*, *Faſhions*, *Complexions*, *Eyes*, *Teeth*, and *Hair*; nay, your *Religion* (if one knew what 'twas) but you muſt ſometimes take a *Fegary* to *change* even *Sexes* too, and really *transform* your ſelves into *ours*, on purpoſe to *diſgrace* it. For we have ſeveral Modern *Inſtances*, which ſatisfie us, the Story of *Tireſias* was more than *Fable*. See but to what

a *Condition* your *Levity* expoſes both your ſelves and us: We can never be *ſure* of ye, you are the *Moral* of *Proteus*, and how ſadly wou'd it ſcare any poor *Husband* (as who knows whoſe *Caſe* it may be next?) to go to Bed with a ſmooth, ſoft *Wife*, and when he turns about the next Morning, ſhou'd *find her* perfectly alter'd, a huge *Hee-Face* and *brawny Shoulders*, ten times worſe than the Bear-fac'd Lady?

What is there to which you are ever *true* and *conſtant*, ſo much as *Fortune* her ſelf, to your own *Inconſtancy*; for if you ever happen to remain *five live long Minutes* in the *ſame Mind*, 'tis purely out of *Croſsneſs*, and for the ſake of *dear Variety*. You *will*, you *will* not, you *doat*, you *ſcorn*, you *hate*, you *love* by turns, and all in a *quarter of an hour*. Thoſe who compare you to the *Moon*, are hardly ſo near the *Truth* as ſhe is to the *Earth*, for ſhe *changes* but once a *Month*, and we know when to *expect* it; but your *Circle* is much *ſhorter*, and all the *Flamſteds* in the World cou'd never give us your exact *Theory*. One great Benefit however this is to *Mankind*, that you can ſcarce be *reſolv'd*, even in *Miſchief*, at leaſt Variety pleaſes there too, and you are in ſearch of *another*, before you've finiſh'd the *former*. 'Tis ſaid our Nation is *richer* in *Humour* than any in *Europe*, and tho' the Stage has large *Supplies* from it, yet it can never be *exhauſted*. If it be ſo, *Ben. Johnſon* ſtands faireſt for *Treaſurer*, tho' he need not have gone farther than

than any one of his *Merry Wives of Windſor* to have employ'd him all his Life: He needed but have *ſhown one Face* in one *Play* to have had ſufficient *Variety*. The Vulgar are apt to *ſtare* at ſtrange *Cuſtoms* and *Habits*, and ſhou'd there happen to meet in the *Exchange* but *one Perſon* of every *ſeveral Dreſs* in the World, 'twou'd be thought a very odd *medley*. There's this and more in *Women*, they are all *Rainbow* in their Minds, whatever colour their *Faces*; or rather it's a *Scandal* on that more beautiful and *ſtable Meteor* to be compar'd with them, for that remains *fix'd* as long as the *Sun* and *Clouds* that make it: Nay, tho' the *Rain* is but ſucceſſive, and new drops are ſtill a *falling*, that unites it ſelf with 'em all, and is ſtill *immoveable*; nor do's it ſo much as ſhift its *Colours*, but the *blue*, and *red*, and *green*, and *yellow*, and that lovely *mixture* of 'em all, which we can ſcarce *deſcribe*, remain in the ſame *Order* when it begins to *faint* and *wither*, as they did when it *firſt appear'd* or ſhin'd in its greateſt *Glory*. But what's all this to *Women*? Truly not much, for they are quite the contrary. They are all *ſhift*, and alteration; have the *perpetual motion* in their *Minds* as well as *Heads*, and think it as ridiculous to ſtay long in the ſame Opinion as in the ſame *Gown* or Toppings, or to have the ſame *Lover*.

And there indeed is the *Cream* of your *Conſtancy*, for you are as Remarkable for your *ſtability* in *Love*, as you are in *Vertue*.

*Forſaken*

*Forſaken Lovers*, we are to believe, are only Tales invented by the *malicious*, the *unfortunate*, and the *undeſerving*. So that we durſt not think ſo unworthily of your *Sex*, as that you'd ſuffer a Perſon of Merit to *languiſh*, or that any of you cou'd prove falſe to him, or forſake him, had we not almoſt as many *Inſtances* of it as we have of *ſuch Lovers*, who after all perhaps ought to made *Examples*, becauſe by their *own* they infect others with the ſame *Folly*. She that has not a new *Amour* to appear in once a *Month*, is as Melancholy as a poor Girl at a *Country Wake*, that's taken out to *Dance* without a new *Waſtcoat*. 'Tis well the World is not now much in the Humour of *dying* for *Love*; if it were, what wou'd you have to Anſwer for? And how many *Graves* wou'd you tread on of your own *making*? And how many *Lovers Ghoſts* wou'd haunt you, and upbraid you with your *Infidelity*, and their *Ruine*?

And yet after all, why ſhou'd you not be *conſtant*? Is't becauſe you have no *Notion* of it, or think there's no *Pleaſure* in't? Do but try it, and you'll ſoon *underſtand* it, and own how much you have been *miſtaken*. If *Conſtancy* and *Fidelity* are in themſelves very Noble and *Charming Vertues*, why ſhou'd they not become a *Woman*? And how far wou'd they *out-weigh* the Satisfaction you receive in the empty Vanity of ſeeing every day a *new Adorer*? Who is there that can read the ſtories of Ancient Friendſhips, tho'

ſome

ſome of 'em perhaps Fabulous, without *Motions* of *Admiration* and *Love*?

Of inviolable *Faith* of Women to their *Lovers*, *Ladies* to their *Husbands*, and the like, which you hardly believe *all Romances*; and why if they are *worthy Admiration*, why not too of your *Imitation*, unleſs becauſe *Conſtancy* is render'd almoſt *impoſſible* t'ye, by the *Levity* of your Tempers, and by a contrary *Habit*? For when you do once get into the Humour, you have all of you *Reſolution* enough to make *Epheſian Matrons*.

I ſhou'd Diſcourſe too a little with you concerning your *Conſtancy* to your *own Sex* in your moſt *Sacred Profeſſions* of *Friendſhip*. But you have one *Convenience* more than we, and that is, that you are all upon the *Square*, *Cheat* that *Cheat can*, is your *Motto*, and there's no *Deceit* or *Infidelity* ever *loſt* amongſt you.

*Thomas Harcourt.*

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## Anſwer to LETTER XXXIII.

## By Madam *H*----

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I'M ſenſibly touch'd with Commiſeration for this *poor Gentleman*, whom I perceive has receiv'd a Wound from one of thoſe *Proteus*'s he ſpeaks of, who having *thrown*

*her*

*her Granado into his Heart, it has in the breaking much damnified his Brain*; ſure nothing leſs cou'd excuſe this great perturbation that obſtructs his Diſcerning Faculty, elſe why might not he as well as others acknowledge *all things muſt obey this Fatal Law of Change*? Not to mention more remote Inſtances, I'll go no farther than **your ſelf**, who've no doubt *chang'd from Infancy to Youth*, and 'tis to be hop'd have *chang'd your Ignorance* to a little Underſtanding, and 't may be, a *Hobby-Horſe for a Miſtreſs*, your Innocence for ſome experienc'd Evil, your Money for many changeable Trifles; nay, to ſhew you *how impoſſible 'tis to avoid change*, conſider but your **Reſpiration**, you'll find every puff of Breath you ſend out *changes Atoms* with what we receive: And now I hope I've ſaid enough for your Conviction, let me, pray, but recommend one Change to you, which will be much for your eaſe, do but *change from a* —— *to a wiſe Man*, and then I'll engage the **Inconſtancy** of Women will never trouble you.

*A. H.*

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LETTER

## LETTER XXXIV.

Being a ſecond Anſwer to Mr. *Harcourt*'s Letter concerning Womens Inconſtancy; wherein is proved,

*That Women are more Conſtant than Men.*

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## By *Ephelia.*

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THrough the Univerſal Charity and Good Will I bear to my fellow-Creatures, indifferently of either Sex, I have been willing to hope that one day Men wou'd become *ſuch lovers of Truth and Juſtice*, and ſo free from the Natural Prejudices of Self-love, as to allow of, and be pleaſed with the many good Qualities in ours, and leave off their malicious and groundleſs Reproaches; tho' I think I may be allowed to ſpeak in the Defence of oppreſſed Innocency, ſince I ſee there's but little probability of a change in our Enemies; for one can hardly paſs *a Book-ſeller's Shop*, without ſeeing ſomething upon the Stall againſt us; nor be in a Converſation, but ſome of the *wou'd be Wits* muſt ridicule our Sex, 'tis even become as faſhionable an Error as 'tis to laugh at *Prieſt-craft, or Religion* it ſelf. Perhaps our Adverſaries may tell us, 'tis an Argument for their being in the right; that 'tis not only the Opinion of ſome, but almoſt all: To which we An-

ſwer, That will prove nothing in their Favour, ſince 'tis ſo common to be miſtaken in the Judgments made of things, that there is *but here and there a wiſe Man that can diſtinguiſh Truth from Falſhood*; and eſpecially in ſuch caſes as this, where they imagine their Intereſt concerned; for ſhou'd it be once own'd by 'em, that we have as great a ſhare *in Vertue, Prudence, Affability, Good Manners*, and whatever may render Society agreeable, as they themſelves have, what appearance of Reaſon cou'd they bring for treating us ſo deſpicably and *unmannerly* as they do? But they think by that means to make us have an ill Opinion of our ſelves, through a miſtaken Policy, believing that then we ſhall the more eaſily ſubmit to their Yoke; which is doubtleſs an Error, for *every wiſe Woman will obey the reaſonable Commands of her Huſband*, ſince not only her Duty, but the Cuſtom of our Country oblige her to it, both for her own and his Reputation. And what Excuſe cou'd a falſe and treacherous Lover, or Ill-natur'd, Vicious, *Fantaſtical Husband* find, but by endeavouring to make us as like 'em as poſſible? And thus by throwing their faults upon us, they think they juſtifie and clear themſelves. Which of 'em our preſent Enemy is, I won't determine, yet methinks he writes with ſo much *eagerneſs and fury*, that he muſt needs have a tang of one of theſe Perfections; nay, I believe hardly ever any Perſon under other Circumſtances appeared againſt us; for tho' a deſerving Man

may

may be forſaken, or a *good Husband ill treated* (for I won't pretend to juſtifie all my Sex) yet they will immediately reflect, that 'tis their Misfortune, and not falſly conclude all Women are baſe and ungrateful, becauſe they have found ſome ſo. And that our Antagoniſt has more Malice than Truth of his ſide, we ſhall ſoon find by Examination: He gives us not one Inſtance of our *Variouſneſs*, as he calls it, but we can give a good Reaſon for it, or ſhew the Men to equal, if not exceed us; — *We change our Servants*, why not where they're undeſerving? Our Humours, I believe there will be no need of proving that we are always more Obliging, Courteous, and ready to do good Services to others, than you are; leſs reſenting, and more eaſie to forgive. If there's any *Place of Honour or Profit to be gain'd, he's the ſureſt to ſucceed, who makes the Ladies his Friends*; for where they Promiſe any Service, or Friendly Office, they are indefatigable till 'tis obtain'd. Let any one that Affronts us, but acknowledge the Fault, and beg Pardon, we are reconcil'd, whereas nothing *but Blood can quiet your Revenge.*— Our Lovers, Ay, there you gain the Point; we yield, we yield; perhaps here and there a Lady may find reaſon to diſcard a Lover or two in her whole Life, becauſe of the diſadvantages we lie under in that Affair, ſince we han't the Priviledge of chooſing where we pleaſe, but by Cuſtom are obliged to accept of ſuch as offer themſelves, therefore may ſometimes chance

to admit a Lover, whoſe Imperfections once diſcovered, will in ſome meaſure *juſtifie this change*; but you, poor Souls, are ſuch *conſtant, pretty, whining things, that for fear of miſſing of being Happy in ſome, you'll Court the whole Sex*, and are true to one, but till you ſee the next Face; and ſuch a value you put upon theſe Conqueſts, that he that has *betray'd half a dozen Ladies*, thinks he has done more to brag of than *Alexander*. Whereas our Love, when placed on a worthy Object, is great and laſting; *David* acknowledges it as ſuch, and we have *more Examples in Hiſtory of the ſurprizing and conſtant Love of Women to their Husbands, than of Men to their Wives*: Nay, in our time, to hear of a Wife that's indifferent (till Weather-beaten to't) is very rare; whereas moſt Men impudently declare, *there's no Love after Marriage.*— Well, but *we alter our Faſhions*, the Men do juſt the ſame; *and our Complexions, Eyes*, &c. Who wou'd not change a bad one for a good? Beſides, Friends, here you are in for Cakes and Ale, and *perhaps, lick, ſcrub up, and powder, as much as we*; the better ſort of either Sex have their ſhare in this Vanity. *Our Religion, if we've any, there I think we're well met, if I'm not miſtaken.* Sir, I might go on in making Remarks on other Parts of your Letter, but Madam *H*—— having already ſo ingeniouſly defended our Sexes *Conſtancy*, and proved you guilty of what you charge us with, the leſs is needful to be ſaid by

*EPHELIA.*

LETTER

## LETTER XXXV.

*Againſt* Learning *in* Women.

## By Mr. *Harcourt.*

I Know many who are againſt ſo much as extraordinary *Senſe* in a Woman, and the Reaſon they give for't is, becauſe even a good *Judgment* it ſelf, which is a ſort of a *Ballaſt* in *Mankind*, will be apt to *ſink* your light *Veſſels*: You will be always *full* of your ſelves, as a *Bubble* is of *Air*, how empty ſoever you are of any thing ſolid and *commendable*; but if there happens to be any *ſubſtance* too firm for your *feeble contexture*, it breaks it immediately, as in the caſe of your *Lively Emblem* already mention'd.

But whatever we conclude of *Senſe* in Women, I am ſure *Learning* is a moſt mischievous and dangerous *Qualification* for an of 'em. This *puffs* the *Bubble* to an *immenſe bigneſs*, and hurries it into the *Air*, till loſt in *Clouds*, and its ſlender *frame* diſſolving, it *drops* into *nothing*.

The *Frog* wou'd fain be an *Ox*, but what did it get by it's *big looks*? Only one Advantage, that it ſoon *burſt* its ſelf, and let out the *Wind* that *tormented* it.

You are neither *qualify'd* for *Learning*, nor *equal* to it, cou'd you, beyond expectation, attain to any *Proficiency* in it. 'Tis ſo far from being *neceſſary*, or ſo much as *uſeful* t'ye, that 'tis rather miſchievous and hurtful, and is very inconvenient, both for *us* and *you*. A *Hee-Spinſter* and *learned Woman*, being equal Abſurdities.

Why ſhou'd a vain *Ambition* thus *urge* you againſt *Nature*? To attain any good degree of *Science*, there muſt not only be *quickneſs* of *Apprehenſion*, and *ſoundneſs* of *Judgment*, but beſides this, an unweary'd *Diligence*, an *Unſhaken Conſtancy*, an *Indefatigable Induſtry*. And pray, for which of theſe *Vertues* are your Sex the moſt commended? Much Reading is not *Learning*, any more than the richeſt *Stationer* is the beſt *Philoſopher*; or than 'tis an Argument of *Health* and *Strength*, to have a *Canine Appetite*.

The *Knowledge* of *Things*, and the uſeful *ranging* 'em in the *Memory*, and working 'em into the *Practical Judgment*, ſo as to have 'em at *hand* on every occaſion, this I'm afraid is too *hard a Task* for your Sexes Undertaking.

The *Cauſes* of things are ſo far remov'd from *ſenſe*, that you'll not find it ſo eaſie to come at 'em. *Truth* lies in ſo deep a *Well*, that I wiſh you are not *tired* a long while before you have drawn it up. *Philoſophy* is ſo *vaſt* a *Field*, that you can ſcarce hope not to be *loſt* in't. The *Knowledge* of all *Knowables*, *Divine* and *Humane*, how ſhou'd it ever be contain'd in your puny *Nutſhell*?

The

The *greater* the *Genius*, the more *things* doubtleſs a Man may attend to at *once* without *Diſtraction*; the wider his *graſp*, the *faſter* his *hold*: But how can you who are ſufficiently employ'd with your little *Family Affairs*, or your own *Follies* and *Vanities*, and almoſt *over-ſet* with 'em too, and often *unequal* for 'em; how can you pretend to aim at what has as much more of *difficulty* in it as it has of *variety* and *diſtraction*? You are ready to *ſplit* when you are but *Coaſters*, and who then will *Inſure* you when you launch out into the vaſt *Ocean*? Learn firſt to *ſpell* well, and you'll have done a great matter, a *piece* of *Learning* a little more *ſuitable* to your *Capacities*, tho' ſo very few of you ever *attain* it. No, from the *firſt*, you have had an inveterate *inclination* to *Rambling*: Any *where*, but where you *ſhou'd* be; and any *Thing*, but what's your *Buſineſs*.

Beſides, cou'd you get *Learning*, what wou'd you do with't? For ſo much is any one the *better* for his Knowledge, as he's capable of bettering *others* by it, and *filling* his *Poſt*, and diſcharging his Part, as becomes a *Citizen* of the *World*, a Member of the great *Common-wealth* of *Nature*. But pray what need of *Metaphyſicks* to *make* a *Pudding*, or of knowing *who beat who*, at *Pharſalia*, or *Marathon*; to make *Point*, or *thread* a *Needle*? To *know* for the ſake of *knowing*, and that ſuch things only as neither teach us to *regulate* the *Paſſions*, or *exalt* the *Mind*, is a loſs of *Time* as *criminal* as 'tis *ridiculous*. But you can *Ad-*

*vantage* others, you'll ſay, and improve your own uſeful *Knowledge* either by *Diſcourſe* or *Writing*--- 'Tis ſo often indeed you've that *calmneſs* of *Temper*, that *coolneſs* of *Thought*, and freedom from *Prejudice*, and *pliableneſs* to *Conviction*, which is ſo neceſſary to all who wou'd gain any thing by Diſcourſe *themſelves*, or *Inſtruct* others. And beſides, wou'd it not be as *creditable* for us to *learn* of our *Inferiours*, as 'twould be *modeſt* for you to pretend to *Documentize* your *Maſters*? The old *Romans*, 'tis true, often made uſe of their *Slaves* as *School-Maſters* for their *Children*, but one wou'd think they hardly *learnt* of 'em *themſelves*, or ſubmitted to a *Servile Ferula*, when they were *Lords* of the *World*.

And for your *Writing*, 'tis yet more *intolerable*: Han't we *Paper-ſpoilers* enough of our own *Sex*, that you muſt come in to help us? A Wiſe Man doubtleſs he was, that firſt taught ye to *Write*, when your *Mark* it ſelf had been too much. But if you muſt ſcribble now and then, that you mayn't quite forget it, one wou'd think a *Billet-deux* wou'd ſuffice you, or at leaſt a paſſionate *Love-Letter*; or if you pretend ſo far as a *Verſe* or *Song*, you meddle beyond your Province, and ought to be ſent back from one *Conſtable* to another. No, I'm ſo far from thinking it Decent or Lawful for your *trifling Sex* to *write* for *Publick* view, that tho' twou'd ſound like your *own Cruelty* to Vote that your three *Writing-fingers* might be ſerv'd as the Breaſts of the *Amazons*, yet I cou'd heartily wiſh there

there were a Law to *tye 'em up* a little, both for our sakes and yours; or to *pin* 'em down by your *sides*, as they do *Childrens*, never to be let loose till you had found sufficient *Sureties* for their *Good Behaviour*.

If even that cou'd secure us, for we know 'tis as Natural for you to *scratch* with 'em, as 'twas for *Pus's* to *Mouse*, when she was transformed into *one of you*. If a Man desires to *see* Ill-Huswifry and Sluttery in Perfection, let him find one of these *Learned Women*. But you'll be at your *Old Cant* I know of *improving* your *Minds*, and *cultivating* your *Hearts*, and advancing in *Wisdom*. We take you for once at your *words*, none will *envy* you such *Learning* as is useful for you, but then we hope you'll not be for *Riding* the *Great Horse*, or for the Noble *Science* of *Defence*, or *Gunnery*, or *Fortification*, or the *Art* of *War*. Nor have you any more to do with *Logick*, for you have enough of the Natural without the Artificial, and *chop* that fast enough with your Husbands. You have all the *Topicks* of *Railing*, and can make admirable use of the *Fallacies* without ever *learning* 'em. If you are fond of the *Mathematicks*, we shan't be so ill-natur'd to deny your venturing so far in that *crabbed Study*, till by the unsearchable depths of *Algebra* you are able to discover this great Secret, that *Two* and *Two* make *Four*, and that *Three* and *Five* are *even and odd*. Learn so much *Ethicks* as to know your *Duty* to your *Husband*, which is best taught you at the end of your

own *Matrimony*. Forget not Oeconomicks, and the care of your own Houſhold.

*Surgery* enough to cure a *Whitloe*, and *Phyſick* enough to fright away an *Ague*. *Muſick* enough to be *tun'd* as exactly to your Huſband's *Temper* as *one Uniſon* to *another*; and *Rhetorick* enough to be *ſilent*, and then the *World* will no more find fault with a *Learned Woman*.

*Thomas Harcourt.*

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## Anſwer to LETTER XXXV.

## By Madam *H*---

SURE 'tis either for your Eaſe or Diverſion, you go ſo far out of your way to conſider, *Whether Women ſhou'd be learn'd*, ſo little Senſe and Judgment as you allow 'em, ſhou'd methinks put 'em out of the danger, and then of what uſe is all your Declamation for fear we ſhou'd beyond expectation attain to *any Proficiency* in a thing ſo miſchievous, hurtful, and inconvenient to our ſelves, and you, I fear *your Apprehenſion has been too quick for your Judgment*, to ſuffer you to run away with ſuch a Miſtake.

By your leave, Sir, I think 'tis no *equal Abſurdity*, a Woman's Ambition to raiſe her ſelf above her Sex, and ſuppoſe ſhe cou'd do't; as for a Man ſo *meanly to degrade himſelf*, that when deſign'd for ſuch Great and Noble Employments, he ſhou'd be content with the moſt contemptible of *Female Perfections, and become a Spinſter.*

We're oblig'd to you for telling us the way of attaining *any good degree of Science*; *you ſay, it requires a quick Apprehenſion, ſoundneſs of Judgment, an unweary'd Diligence, an unſhaken Conſtancy, an indefatigable Induſtry*; all which Vertues, whatever you may think, are no ſtrangers to our Sex, nor againſt our Natures, as perhaps the Stationer by his Reading may know better than you with all your Philoſophy.

We envy not your *ſtrong Dogs Stomach to digeſt* thoſe hard Bones of Philoſophy, and the Cauſes of Things, *We can content ourſelves with gueſſing, which is as far as you can go, and our puny Nut-ſhells will contain as many may-be's as yours*; and you're not ſo ſure of all *knowables Divine and Humane*, but that with ſome degree of Application we can go as far as you, and in the Practick part of Divinity, **far out-go you.**

I can't deny the facility *a large Genius* may give to Learning, but ſuppoſe Womens ſhou'd be more contracted, dos't follow, they muſt deny their Genius all Improvement, and *throw all away on Folly, Vanity, and Domeſtick Affairs, for fear of Shipwrack, when*

they

*they launch out into the vaſt Ocean of Learning*, without your Inſurance, which we may be ſure you'll never give us whilſt under the Miſtake of *believing we can't ſpell*, and yet pretend to Learning, only becauſe 'tisn't ſo much our buſineſs as yours? A great ſign you do't ill, we've ſuch a mind to mend it.

If *a Woman's a Member of the Commonwealth of Nature* (which can't be deny'd) and ought to fill her Poſt, and diſcharge her Part as *a Citizen of the World*, ſhe'll have uſe enough of her Learning in her Converſe with Men, and *ſo much Wit*, no doubt, to employ't in *regulating her Paſſions, exalting her Mind, and freeing't from Prejudice, Heat, and Obſtinacy*, rather than apply 'em in making a *Pudding, threading a Needle, and teaching Domeſtick Affairs*, knowing by Experience how ill Men ſucceed when-ever they go by *ſuch learn'd Rules to inſtruct their Wives in Family-Buſineſs*, which does as ill become your Sex, as it does *ours* by Diſcourſe or Writing to pretend to *Documentize our Maſters*.

Undoubtedly the Man that *firſt taught us to Write*, appears as wiſe, if not a little wiſer, and perhaps more juſt than thoſe, that for *tenderneſs of ſpoiling Paper*, (which afterwards ſerves for ſo many uſes) wou'd condemn us to ſo ſevere a Puniſhment, as to deprive us of *three Fingers*, which wou'd for ever diſable us from *making a Pudding*, *or threading a Needle*, the higheſt Perfection of our *Trifling Sex, according to Mr.* Wiſeacre.

I'm

I'm ſurpriz'd to find a Man of ſo great Undertaking, as that confining our Sex's Scribling to a *Billet-deux, or Paſſionate Love-Letter*, ſhou'd at the ſame time be ſo afraid of us as to call in the *help of Laws*, and require us to bring *Sureties for our Good Behaviour*, and yet after all, can hardly think himſelf ſecure from *ſcratching*; you had better have ſecured your ſelf by Law before you had meddl'd with us; for 'tis not your Wife's being an ill *Houſe-wife, and a Slut, will hinder us from ſcrawling and blotting Paper*, and doing all thoſe things you'r ſo afraid of. Truly, Sir, you're miſtaken in this laſt, fear of our *Old Cant of Improving our Minds, Cultivating our Heads, and advancing in Wiſdom*, for now we're convinc'd of the Error, and perceive in you that Learning works none of thoſe Effects.

Nor ſhall we quarrel with you for the *Military part of Learning*, ſince we've, by your own Confeſſion, ſo much as enables us to *make War with our Husbands when they invade our Priviledge or Prerogatives*. And for that part of *Ethicks, Mathematicks, and Muſick*, your good Nature allows us, we return it you with many Thanks, for we've Naturally as much of thoſe as ſerves our Occaſions, for the *Man I fear with all his Learning diſcharges his Duty to his Wife no better than the Wife to the Husband*; and to require the Wife ſhou'd be *tuned exactly to the Temper of her Husband*, ſhews the weakneſs of his Reaſon, whilſt

whilſt not that, but his Temper, muſt govern both himſelf and Wife.

I only beg a greater Liberty in *Surgery and Phyſick*, ſuppoſing 'tis none of your Province, but that without danger you may grant it, for we ſhall neither *Write nor Teach* it, nor Practice on our Husbands, for there the Law ſecures you; nor ſhall *Oeconomies* be forgotten, if that will pleaſe you.

But the hardeſt Task you impoſe, is to learn *Rhetorick* enough to put us to ſilence, and then give over; we're all fond of Praiſe, and a thing ſo commendable as the *Art of Speaking*, weighs more with us than the *Vertue of Silence*, 'twill be hard to ſtop us in a purſuit of ſo much Glory; if any thing prevail, it muſt be the only conſideration, that obſerving your Rules, the World muſt needs be very much oblig'd by ſuch *a ſort of Learned Women*.

*A. H.*

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The End of the Firſt Battle.

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Subjects designed for [the Second Battle] which are here inserted, that so every Lady (that will joyn with Madam *Godfrey*, &c. against Sir *Thomas*, and his Adherents) may chuse *what Points they can best defend* —— What Letters they'll Answer, shall be sent to 'em, if they'll send their Names, and Place of Abode to Mr. *Darker*'s (in *Bull-Head-Court*, near *Cripplegate*) the General Place of Rendevouz.

Note, *That those Subjects that have this Mark* †, *are already Chosen by the* Ladies, *and those with this Mark* *, *are Chosen by the* Men.

1. *AGainst Womens Riding astride.*
   *Defended by Madam——*
2. *That no kept Mistress was ever true to one Man.*
   *Denyed by Madam——*
3. *Against Womens making use of Perfumes.*
   *Answer'd by Madam——*

4. *Against*

# Subjects design'd for

4. *Against Red-hair'd Women.*
*In Praise of Red Hair, by Madam——*
5. *Against wearing Ear-Rings, &c.*
*In Praise of 'em, by Madam——*
6. *Against Womens powdering their Hair.*
*Defended by Madam——*
7. *Against trying Tricks to dream of Husbands.*
*Defended by Madam——*
8. *Against the Practice of Chusing Valentines.*
*Answered by Madam——*
9. *Against Night-Roils.*
*Defended by Madam——*
* 10. *That there's a Sex in Souls.* By Leander.
*Denyed by Madam——*
11. *That there's no Love without a mixture of Lust.*
*Denyed by Madam——*
12. *Against Black-patches.*
*Defended by Madam——*
13. *Against Ladies keeping Lap-dogs.*
*Defended by Madam——*
14. *In praise of Hermaphrodites.*
*Answered by Madam——*
15. *Against Kissing.*
*Defended by Madam——*
16. *That Women have more Imperfections than Men.*
*Denyed by Madam——*

17. *That*

17. *That 'tis better marrying a Whore than a Slutt.*
*Answered by Madam* ——
18. *That Women, when lewd, are more Impudent than Men.*
*Answered by Madam* ——
19. *That Men always love their second Wives best. By Madam* ——
* *Denyed by Sir* Henry.
20. *Against loving several Women at the same time.*
*Answered by Madam* ——
21. *That a long Courtship is best.*
*Denyed by Madam* ——
22. *That the falling out of Lovers is not the renewing of Love.*
*Denyed by Madam* ——
23. *Against Womens smoaking Tobacco.*
*Defended by Madam* ——
24. *Against Womens taking the upper hand.*
*Answered by Madam* ——
25. *Against making Joyntures.*
*Answered by Madam* ——
26. *Against Womens Preaching in the Church.*
*Defended by Madam* ——
27. *An Essay upon Match-making.*
*Answered by Madam* ——
28. *Against Fruition. By Madam* ——
* *Answered by Sir* Charles

29. *That*

# Subjects design'd for

29. *That 'tis good to have Rivals in the Courting of a Coy Mistress.*
*Denyed by Madam* ——

30. *That crooked VVomen are the best natur'd, and make the fondest Wives. By Madam* ——
* *Denyed by Sir* Thomas.

† 31. *That Singing is the best accomplishment for a Woman. By Madam* Prestwood.
* *Denyed by Mr.* Harman.

* 32. *That Drunkenness is worse in VVomen than Men. By Mr.* Hallet.
*Denyed by Madam* ——

33. *That 'tis best marrying an Old VVoman.*
*Answered by Madam* ——

34. *That Poor VVomen love best.*
*Denyed by Madam* ——

35. *Against Confidence in VVomen.*
*Answered by Madam* ——

36. *Against Clandestine Marriages.*
*Defended by Madam* ——

37. *Against giving Presents before Marriage.*
*Answered by Madam* ——

38. *Against changing the VVomans Name in Marriage.*
*Answered by Madam* ——

39. *Against VVomens wearing the Breeches.*
*Defended by Madam* ——

† 40. *That there be Virgins, whose Chastity is invincible. By Madam* Godfrey.

* *Denyed*

* *Denyed by Mr.* Brooks, *in an Essay upon the Virgins of this Age.*

41. *That 'tis a great Happiness to have a Scolding VVife.*
*Answered by Madam——*

42. *That little VVoman are the most fruitful.*
*Denyed by Madam——*

43. *That a Midwife is the most Honourable Employment for a VVoman.*
* *Denyed by Sir* Henry——

* 44. *Against the Old fashion of wearing Fardingales, and Ruffs. By Mr.* Bruce.
*Defended by Madam——*

45. *That a mercenary VVoman is the greatest VVhore.*
*Denyed by Madam——*

46. *Against Ladies long Trains.*
*Defended by Madam——*

47. *That a Friendship 'twixt Persons of a different Sex may be very innocent.*
*Answered by Madam——*

* 48. *That no VVoman ever dyed for Love. By Sir* Thomas.
† *Denyed by Madam* Godfrey.

49. *That 'tis Lawful for a man to Marry his Cousin-German.*
*Answered by Madam——*

50. *That 'tis Lawful for a Man, having buried his VVife, to Marry her own Sister.*
*Answered by——* 51. *That*

# Subjects design'd for

51. *That most VVomen marry too young.*
*Answered by Madam* ——

52. *Against Quakers Marriages.*
† *Defended by* Ariadne.

53. *Against crying in the Act of Marriage.*
*Defended by Madam* ——

54. *That a private Courtship is best.*
*Denyed by Madam* ——

* 55. *That if Females went a Courting, there would be more Marriages than now there are. By Sir* Thomas.
† *Denyed by Madam* Godfrey.

56. *That all Beauty is imaginary.*
*Answered by Madam* ——

57. *That 'tis Lawful for a Man to beat his VVife.*
*Answered by Madam* ——

58. *That a Person Divorced by Law may Lawfully marry another, though those they were first married to, are yet living.*
*Answered by Madam* ——

† 59. *Against Polygamy. By Madam* Prat.
* *Answered by Sir* Charles.

* 60. *Against stealing of looks. By Mr.* Breme.
*Answered by Madam* ——

† 61. *Against VVomens answering Love-Letters. By Madam* Axtel.
* *Defended by Mr.* Harcourt.

62. *That*

62. *That 'tis not modest for a VVidow to Marry in less than a Year after her Husband's Decease.*
*Denyed by Madam———*

63. *That the Eye is of greater Service than the Tongue in making of Love.*
*Denyed by Madam———*

† 64. *An Essay upon Godmothers. By Madam* Sland.

* *Answered by Sir* Thomas.

65. *Against those Ladies who refuse to Bed with their Husbands.*
*Answered by Madam———*

66. *That 'tis much safer going to the Wars, than to Marry.*
*Denyed by Madam——*

67. *That they never thrive, who Promise Marriage to one man, and wed another.*
*Denied by Madam———*

68. *That Coyness is the only thing valuable in a VVoman.*
*Answered by Madam———*

69. *That our Laws against Adultery are too favourable to the VVomen.*
*Answered by Madam——*

69. *That he that is once a Cuckold, is ever so.*
*Denied by Madam———*

70. *That a VVomans wit is best at a pinch.*
*By Madam———*

*Denied*

# Subjects design'd for

* *Denied by Mr.* Harcourt.

71. *That all VVhores are* Jacobites.
*Denied by Madam*———

72. *That the Barren VVoman is more happy than the Child-bearing.*
*Answered by Madam*———

† 73. *That 'tis possible to find some Vertue in some VVomen. By Madam* Grimes.
* *Answered by Sir* Thomas.

74. *Against hanging Pictures in the Chambers of Big-belly'd VVomen.*
*Defended by Madam*——

75. *That VVomen are more prone to Love than other Creatures.*
*Denied by Madam*——

† 76. *That 'tis possible to be deeply in Love with a Lady we never saw. By* Leander.

† 77. *Answered by* Ariadne.

78. *That Love is blind.*
*Denied by Madam*——

* 79. *That the Passion of Love cannot be kept secret. By Sir* Henry.
† *Denied by Madam* Godfrey.

* 80. *That there may be a greater Love between Man and Man, than between Man and VVoman. By Mr.* Graves.
† *Denied by Madam* Hoy.

81. *An Essay upon the Churching of VVomen.*

*Answered*

*Answered by Madam*——

82. *That VVomen hate the more for being loved.*

*Denied by Madam*——

83. *An Essay upon Honey-moon.*

*Answered by Madam*——

84. *That 'tis more Noble to love, than to be loved.*

*Answered by Madam*——

85. *The Brutes love.*

*Denied by Madam*——

* 86. *An Essay upon the Ladies Dressing-Room, Library, and several Trinkets belonging to her Closet and Wardrobe. By* Leander.

† *Answered by* Ephelia.

† 87. *Against Ringing the Bell on the Wedding night. By Madam* Grange.

*Defended by Sir* Charles——

88. *That the Poetesses of the present excel all former Ages. By Madam*——

† *Denied by Madam* Plaisto.

89. *That no Bawd ever died Rich.*

*Answered by Madam*——

90. *That there has been no Instance of a converted Whore this Fifty Years.*

*Denied by Madam*——

91. *An Essay upon Chamber-maids to Persons of Quality.*

*The*

# Subjects design'd for

*The Conduct of Chamber-maids defended by Madam——*

92. *That Women are capable of as high Improvements as Men.*

* *Denied by Sir* Thomas——

93. *That 'tis Ominous to lose the Wedding-Ring.*

*Denied by Madam——*

94. *A Paradox upon the first Fashion of going Naked.*

*Answered by Madam——*

* 95. *Against Black-patches. By Sir* William——

† *Defended by Madam* Astford.

96. *Against Lap-dalliance.*

*Answered by Madam———*

97. *Against Dowries.*

*Answered by Madam———*

* 98. *A* Satyr *upon the Flitch of Bacon given at* Dunmow *in* Essex, *to those that Marry, and don't Repent. By Mr.* Hart.

† *Answered by Madam* Licot.

99. *Against Importunity.*

*Answered by Madam———*

100. *That Love makes men valiant.*

*Denied by Madam——*

101. *Against unequal Matches.*

*Answered by Madam———*

102. *An Essay upon the* London *Night-walkers:*
*Answered by Madam*——

103. *That Passive Obedience is the chief Duty of a Wife.*
*Denied by Madam*——

* 104. *Against making use of Philters, Amulets, and Charms in Love-Affairs. By Mr.* Carter.
*Defended by Madam*——

105. *That all Women love those Men best who had their first Affections.*
*Denied by Madam*——

106. *Against VVomens gazing in the Church.*
*Defended by Madam*——

107. *Against VVomens Acting in Plays.*
*Defended by Madam*——

108. *Against a sweet Breath.*
*Defended by Madam*——

109. *A Satyr upon the Stews.*
*Answered by Madam*——

† 110. *Against the Salique Law. By* Caliste.
* *Defended by Mr.* Valdo.

* 111. *Against a man's trusting his Wife with his Secrets. By Mr.* Field.
† *Defended by Madam* Egleston.

112. *A Satyr against the use of Fans. By Mr.*——

# Subjects design'd for

*Answered by Madam——*

113. *The equality of both Sexes asserted. By Madam——*
*Denied by Mr.——*

* 114. *An Essay in Vindication of Jocular writing. By* Leander.
*Answered by Madam———*

115. *Against Commodes. By Mr.——*
*Defended by Madam——*

116. *Against Women having their Pictures drawn. By Mr.——*
*Defended by Madam———*

117. *That 'tis not possible to hate those we have really loved. By Mr.——*
*Denied by Madam———*

118. *That the Pleasures of Love consist chiefly in the Chace. By Mr.——*
*Denied by Madam——*

119. *Against an incredulous Woman. By Mr.——*
*Answered by Madam———*

* 120. *Against second Marriages. By* Philaret.
*Defended by Madam——*

These

# the second Battle.

These are but part of the *Challenges designed for the Female War*: And that the Men may have no occasion to laugh at what they *fancy ridiculous* in Women, before the *Peace is concluded*, there will be added by the Ladies, *viz.*

† 1. *A Satyr against the Town-Fops.* — *By Madam* Crawford.
*Defended by Mr.* ——

† 2. *Against long Wiggs. By Madam* Godfrey.
*Defended by Mr.* ——

† 3. *Against Cotqueans. By Madam* Chase.
*Defended by Mr.* ——

4. *Against mens wearing of Muffs.*
*Defended by Mr.* ——

† 5. *Against the Sword-Knot now in Fashion. By Madam* Gilford.
* *Defended by Sir* Thomas.

† 6. *Against the mens taking Snuff. By Madam* Rose.
* *Defended by Sir* Charles.

† 7. *Against Saluting by the Hat. By Madam* Stafford.
* *Defended by Sir* Henry.

# Subjects design'd for

† 8. *Against Old Batchelors. By Madam* Godfrey.

* *Defended by Mr.* Graves, *in an Essay, proving that a single Life is best.*

† 9. *Against Drinking Healths. By Madam* Floid.

*Defended by Mr.* ——

† 10. *Against Beardless men. By Madam* Turpit.

* *Defended by Sir* Henry.——

11. *That black men are the most Amorous. By Madam*———

* *Denied by Sir* Thomas———

† 12. *That Bastards always resemble the unlawful Father. By Madam* Haithorn.

* *Denied by Mr.* Reading.

13. *Against Promising Marriage to another VVoman whilst the first VVife is living. By Madam*——

*Defended by Mr.*——

† 14. *Against Enjoyment before Marriage. By Madam* Beesly.

* *Answered by Mr.* Colet.

† 15. *A Satyr against the* Italian *Husbands. By Madam* Harford.

* *Answered by Mr.* Breme.

16. *Against the Husband's crying down his VVife. By Madam*——

*Defended by Mr.*——

† 17. *Against*

† 17. *Against Batchelors keeping Young House-keepers. By* Ariadne.
* *Defended by* Leander.

18. *Against the Annual Lampooning the Ladies at* Tunbridge *Wells. By Madam*——
*Defended by Mr.*——

† 19. *Against bragging of Womens favours. By Madam* Godfrey.
* *Defended by Sir* Thomas—

20. *Against Duelling for a Mistress, by Madam*——
*Defended by Mr.*——

21. *Against the Husband's telling his Wives Secrets. by Madam*——
*Defended by Mr.*——

22. *Against Stock-Jobbers. By Madam*——
*Answered by Mr.*——

23. *Against writing Love-Verses. By Madam*——
*Defended by Mr.*——

24. *Against admiring a handsom man. By Madam*——
*Defended by Mr.*——

25. *That 'tis better to marry for Vertue than either Beauty or Riches. By Madam*——
* *Answered by Mr.* Hill.

26. *That Sighs are the truest marks of a great Love. By Madam*——
*Denied by Mr.*——

27. *An Essay on Modesty. by Madam*——
*Answered by Mr.*——

† 28. *Against mens Kissing one another. By Madam* Bail.
* *Defended by Mr.* Royse.

This is likewise but *Part of the Ladies Charge* against the Men, but here's enough relating to *both Sexes*, to give an Idea of the *whole Encounter*; at the end of which will be added,

1. *A Form of Courtship, writ by Mr.* Grot.
2. *The Character of what Wife Sir* Thomas *wou'd have, if he ever marries.*
3. *The Ladies* Form *of* Prayer *for Husbands, with a Project to provide 'em with good ones.*
4. *The Articles of Peace betwixt both Sexes.*

# Newly Published

*The Secret History of* Whitehall, *writ at the Request of a Noble Lord, and conveyed to him in Letters by a Gentleman who was Secretary-Interpreter to the Marquess of* Louvois, *and who by that means had the perusal of all the Private Minutes between* England *and* France *for many Years.*

THE New Discoveries made in this Book are concerning, (1.) The *French* Court's opposing K. *Charles* the Second's Restoration. (2.) The Matches propos'd to K. *Charles* the Second by the *French*, with His Majesty's Answers thereunto. (3.) The Sale of *Dunkirk*. (4.) The Firing of the City of *London* in 1666. (5.) An Account of a Letter sent by the *Dutch* to K. *Charles* the Second, and of its being privately sent to the *French* Court. (6.) The Secret of the Duke of *Buckingham*'s Embassy into *France*. (7.) What pass'd at the Private Interview between K. *Charles* the Second and his Sister the Dutchess of *Orleance* in 1670. (8.) How Mrs. *Carewell*, Woman to the Dutchess of *Orleance*, (and afterwards Dutchess of *Portsmouth*) came to be introduc'd to be K. *Charles*'s

Miſs. (9.) The Private League between K. *Charles* the Second and the *French* King. (10.) The Duke of *York*'s Secret Correſpondence with that Court, with an Account of his Penſion from thence. (11.) *Coleman*'s Intervention with both for his own Advantage, and the Topicks he went upon, his Rencounter with the *French* Embaſſador, and his Private Papers. (12.) The Intereſt the *French* made both in *England* and *Holland*, among the ſeveral Sects, to prevent the late Queen's being married to King *William*. (13.) The Methods concerted to trapan Her late Majeſty into *France*, with her Father's concurrence, and how prevented. (14.) Father St. *German*'s attempting K. *Charles* the Second in his Religion, with the King's Anſwer, *&c.* (15.) *Coleman*'s Wife's Petition to the *French* King, with his Anſwer; and an Account of her Hanging her ſelf. (16.) M. *Le Telier*'s Speech about the Invaſion of *England*. (17.) The Duke of *York*'s Perverſion to the Church of *Rome*. (18.) K. *James*'s Private League with *France*, when Regnant. (19.) The Eſſay made by the *Spaniſh* Embaſſador, to draw him into the *Auſtrian* Intereſt, with his Anſwer and Refuſal, in favour of *France*. (20.) How Father *Peters* came to be made a Privy-Counſellor. (21.) Why Mr. *Skelton* was Impriſon'd in the Tower. (22.) Of the ſhutting up the Exchequer by K. *Charles* the Second. (23.) An Account of the Five Perſons that made up the Cabal in *England* in 1671. (24.) The

(24.) The Methods uſed by the *French* Miniſters to corrupt our Embaſſadors. (25.) The Offers made by the *French* King of the Soveraignty of the United Provinces to King *William*, then Prince of *Orange*, with his rejection of them. (26.) The Earl of *Shaftſbury*'s Advice to K. *Charles* the Second, to ſend an Embaſſy to the *French* King. (27.) How my Lord *Shaftsbury* came to be removed from being Chancellor. (28.) How the *French* gain'd their Point, in Marrying the Princeſs of *Modena* to the Duke of *York*. (29.) The Attempts made to engage the Prince of *Orange* in the *French* Intereſt. (30.) Of the Duke of *York*'s moving the *French* Court for Money, according to his Private Agreement. (31.) Of K. *Charles* the Second's urging the *French* Court for his Remittances. (32.) The Arguments uſed againſt the Duke of *York*'s Marrying his Daughter to the Prince of *Orange*. (33.) The Embaſſy ſent by the *French* King to K. *Charles*, in order to break off that Match. (34.) Some Secrets relating to the Popiſh Plot. (35.) Of the Duke of *York*'s retiring to *Bruſſels*, with K. *Charles*'s Promiſes to him before his departure. (36.) The Overtures made for K. *Charles*'s Divorce from Queen *Katherine*. (37.) Of the Duke of *York*'s being twice privately in *France*, and Cloſeted by the *French* King. (38.) Of the Marqueſs of *Louvois*'s being Privately in *England* ſeveral times in K. *Charles* the Second's Reign; and of his being Cloſeted by him. (39.) The Myſtery

of the Presbyterian Plot. (40.) Of King *Charles* the Second's Death. (41.) An Account of K. *James*'s Design of destroying the Duke of *Monmouth* in *Holland*. (42.) Why K. *James* was not Crown'd by a Popish Bishop. (43.) The true Reasons why the Duke of *Monmouth* and the Earl of *Argile* miscarried in their Invading *England* and *Scotland*. (44.) Of the Opposition made by several Noblemen against K. *James*'s discarding the Militia. (45.) Propositions made by the *French* Agents to K. *James* the Second, for Modelling and *Bridling of Parliaments*. (46.) The Intrigue of the Tryal and Suspension of the Bishop of *London*. (47.) Of K. *James*'s Closeting several Persons, *&c.* (48.) A particular Account how my Lord *Castlemain* came to be sent Embassador to *Rome*; and of K. *James*'s receiving the Pope's Nuncio in *England*. (49.) The Design in Committing the Seven Bishops to the Tower of *London*. (50.) The Sense of the *French* Court, with respect to the Prince of *Wales*'s Birth. (51.) An Account of K. *James*'s ordering Mass to be said on Board his Fleet; and of his going on Board himself, to engage the Officers to turn *Roman* Catholicks. (52.) Of the Count *D'Avaux* acquainting the *French* King with the Prince of *Orange*'s Preparations against *England*. (53.) Of the means whereby Mr. *Skelton* came to know of the Designs in *Holland* against K. *James*, and of his acquainting the King his Master therewith; as also his Negotiations

tiations in *France.* (54.) Of the Slights uſed to make K. *James* negligent to provide againſt the Invaſion from *Holland.* (55.) My Lord *S*--- charged with Treachery to his Maſter K. *James.* (56.) Of my Lord *S*'s. being excuſed by ſome of the *French* Faction. (57.) The Arguments uſed by the *French* Agents to gain K. *James*'s Conſent to receive *French* Succours into *England*, anſwered by my Lord *S*--- (58.) K. *James*'s Speech to his Officers upon the Prince of *Orange*'s Landing in *England.* (59.) The motives for the Queen's carrying the Prince of *Wales* into *France.* (60.) Inſtructions given to the *French* Emiſſaries, on K. *James*'s deſerting the Crown. (61.) How the *French* Court received the News of the Prince and Princeſs of *Orange*'s being Proclaim'd King and Queen of *England.*

These New Diſcoveries, to name no more, tho' the reſt are of equal Curioſity, (and compleat this Secret Hiſtory, from the Reſtoration of *Charles* II. down to the Abdication of the late K. *James*) had been for ever buryed in Oblivion, had not the Fate and Addreſs of this Gentleman led him to fetch 'em out of the dark and almoſt inſcrutable Receſſes of the *French Cabinet Minutes.* The whole Publiſh'd from the Original Papers, By D. Jones, Gent.

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